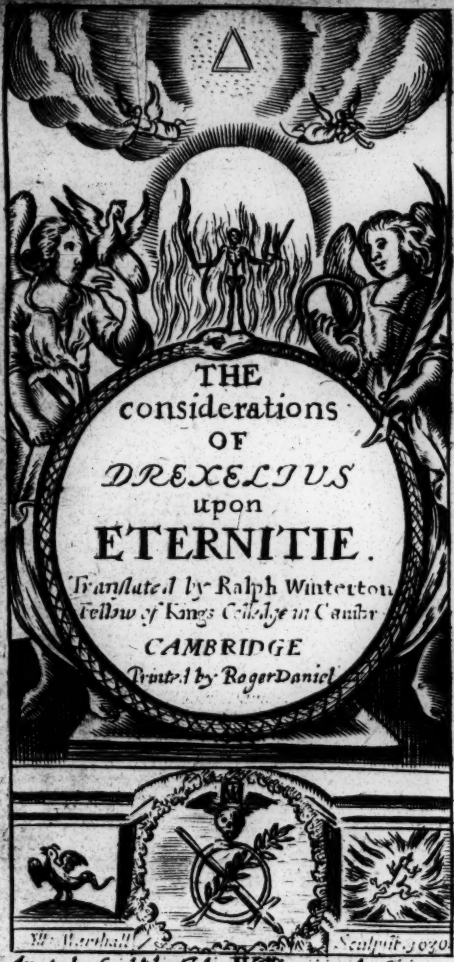

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The Considerations OF DREXELIUS UPON *ETERNITIE.*

Translated by RALPH WINTERTON Fellow of Kings Colledge in *Cambridge* 1632.

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TO

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

and truly religious Esquire,

Mr EDVV. BENLOVVES of *Brent-Hall* in *Essex* R. W. wisheth Internall, Externall, and Eternall happinesse.

IT was well answered by him, who being asked, *what this life was*, said thus, *It is nothing else but the Meditation of Death.* If a man should ask me, *what Time is*, I think I might fitly answer thus, *It is nothing else but the Meditations of Eternitie.* Our *Life* is but a *Posting unto death*; and our *Time*, *a short dayes sail unto Eternitie.* In this *Time* of *Life* we are, as *Pilgrims* and *Strangers*, travelling towards our *celestiall Countrey.* We are as *Sai-*

lers, bound for the *Haven* of *Eternitie*. But we muſt *run* through many *troubles* before we can come to our *journeys end*: We muſt *ſail* through *ſalt* and *bitter waters*, and *paſſe* through the *Gulf* of *Death*, before we can come to *Land*. There is a Land which is called *The land of the living*; and there is a Land which is called *The Land of Horrour and Deſpair*: There is a *two-fold Eternitie*; either of the *Bleſſed*, or of the *Curſed*: There is a *two-fold Life* after *Death*; either in *Eternall joyes*, or *Eternall puniſhments*. It is good therefore in this *ſhort Life*, to think upon *that Life which never ſhall have end*: It is good whileſt we are on the way to think upon our *Journeys end*: It is good in *Time*, whileſt we are ſailing, to have an eye ſtill upon our *Compaſſe*, and think upon *Eternitie*. To think upon *Eternitie*, is a *Soveraigne Preſervative* to keep us from falling into *Sinne*: To think upon *Eternall joyes*, ſweetens the *ſalt* and *bitter waters* of *Sorrows* and *Afflictions*: To think upon

upon *Eternall punishments*, make us not to set our hearts upon *Temporall Delights* and *Pleasures*. *Heaven* is even here on *Earth* in part *enjoyed*, whilest we *raise* up our *thoughts* to *meditate* upon it: And *Hell* may for ever be escaped, if by serious and frequent *thoughts* thereof, here in this life, we *descend* into it. Such *thoughts* as these moved *Drexelius* to write these *CONSIDERATIONS*, and me also to translate them. He wrote upon a *Generall subject*; And every man may challenge *a part* in it. What he wrote, he intended for a publick benefit; And so did I in the translating of it. I hope *He* and *His* shall find never the worse entertainment, because *He* is a *Stranger*, and come from beyond seas. It is the honour of our Nation, to be kind and courteous unto *Strangers*. He was commended unto me by a Traveller, a most religious and learned Gentleman (Be not angrie with me, Mr. *Benlowes*, if I say, He was as like you as can be in every respect; For indeed he was) bred

and brought up in the *Romish Religion*, and sent beyond seas to be confirmed in it, but yet brought home again by divine providence and restored to his *Mother* the *Church of England*, for the *Conversion*, I hope, of many, singled out of all his kindred to be a most *zealous Protestant*, born to good *Fortunes*, and yet not given to *Pleasures*, wedded to his *Books* and *Devotion*, spending what some call idle time in the best companie for the edifying himself or others; counting nothing good which he possesseth but onely that which he doth good withall; taking more care to lay out his money for the good of others, then others, in laying up money for themselves. To conclude, A Gentleman of whom I may most truly say, That his *Conversation is in heaven*, his *Discourse* on *things above*, and his *thoughts* upon *Eternitie*. Upon such a mans commendation as this, I could not but take a liking to the party commended, and the more I grew acquainted with him, the more

more I liked him. It is the counsel of *Horace*,

Tu quem commendes etiam atque etiam aspice : nè mox
Incutiant aliena tibi commissa pudorem.

Believe me, Mr. *Benlowes*, I have had such experience of this party, whom here I commend unto you, that I dare confidently say, If you entertain him into your service, you shall never repent you of it. *Philip* of *Macedon* appointed one every Morning to salute him with a *Memento* of *Mortalitie*: *Drexelius* his office shall be, if you please, To be your *Remembrancer*, and every Morning, Noon, and Evening, to round you in the eare with a *Memento* of *Eternitie*. But, I know, That is so often in your thoughts, that you need not any to put you in Remembrance of it. Neither yet do I intend here, though I have a fair occasion, to run over the *catalogue* of your *Christian Virtues*, specially that pair of Christian twins,

your *Pietie* and *Temperance*, with your *Charity* and *Bounty*. For the firſt, they that daily converſe with you cannot but ſee how you converſe with them. The other pair go along with you whereſoever you go, and though you deſire to hide them, cannot be concealed: in ſpeciall many poore Scholars, *godly* and *devout Miniſters* in the *Univerſitie*, and *abroad*, of ſeverall *Colledges*, have had a feeling themſelves of them, and cannot but make them conſpicuous nay palpable to others. Theſe ſhall praiſe you in your abſence: for my part, I do not love to praiſe a man to his face. But if the *living* hold their peace, the *dead* ſhall riſe up and praiſe you, I mean thoſe *many* and *excellent books* together with other *rare monuments* purchaſed at a great price, which without any ſolicitation at all, out of mere affection you bore to Saint *Johns Colledge* in *Cambridge*, where you were ſometimes a *Student*, you have beſtowed on their *Librarie*: Their *Librarie*, but the moſt magnificent work, and

and *Eternall Monument:* of the *Mecœnas* of our age, *John Lord Biſhop of Lincoln,* and true lover of learning, and Patron of Scholars. And now it appeares, *Mr. Benlowes,* that you have leſſe need of *Drexelius* his ſervice, then before. But howſoever, I pray you, entertain him: Let him have but the honour to weare your *Cognizance:* And both *He* and *I* will put it upon the file of *Thankfull Remembrance,* and regiſter it for a ſingular act of your *Beneficence.* Pardon my boldneſſe in this: And command me in what liberall ſervice you pleaſe.

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

The Epiſtle to the Reader.

IF *any man more curious incenſuring what is done for a common good, rather then ſtudious himſelf to promote it, ſhould queſtion me for meddling in another mans profeſſion, I might anſwer him in his own kind by way of queſtion, as* Menedemus *in* Terence *anſwered* Chremes *finding fault with him,* Tantúmne abs re tua eſt otii tibi, Aliena ut cures, eáque nihil quæ ad te attinent? *Haſt thou ſo much leiſure as to meddle with that, which nothing concerns thee?*

But to ſatisfie thee (Courteous Reader) who intendeſt, I know, with the Bee *to gather* Hony *out of this* Garden *of* Eternitie, *and not* Poyſon *with the* Spider, *I hold it fit to acquaint thee with the true occaſion that moved me to tranſlate this Book. No* Divine *I am indeed, neither*

neither yet can I be if I would never so fain: I would I were but worthy the name of a Physician! *But howsoever, being destinated by the Statutes of my private* Colledge *to the study of* Physick, *in the first place I thought good to spend some time in* Arithmetick, *as being a necessarie instrument and help in my* Profession: *In which* I *made some progresse, passing from* Numeration, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Reduction, To the Golden Rule, *or* the Rule of Three, The Rule of Falshood, The Rules of Proportion, *and* the Rules of Societie, *and the rest. But the knowledge of this cost me so deare, that* I *was forced to leave the study of it: For many nights together* I *was constrained against my will to practice* Numeration *oftener then* I *would, telling the clock, and could take but little rest. Whereupon* I *resolved with my self to leave the* Arithmetick School, *and so* I *went unto the* Physick *and* Musick Schools, *imploring at one and the same time the help of* Hippocrates

and

and the Muſes. *For at that time I turned the firſt book of* Hippocrates *his* Aphoriſmes *into Greek verſes, hoping to procure reſt by* Phyſick *and the* Muſick *of* Poeticall Numbers; *by which I found ſome reſt indeed (And therefore ſince I have well-nigh finiſhed at ſpare houres the other ſix books, which, if God permit, may ere long ſee light.) But though I found ſome reſt, yet I did not ſleep ſo ſoundly as at other times. So I left the* Temple *of* Hippocrates *and the* Muſes, *and betook my ſelf unto the* Sanctuarie *to learn of* David *divine* Arithmetick, *which conſiſteth in the due numbring of the dayes of this ſhort life, by comparing them with the years of* Eternitie: *And ſo I fell upon tranſlating this book of* Eternitie. *And this I found by daily experience to be the beſt* Hypnoticon *that ever I uſed; For it brought me to my reſt better then if I had taken* Diacodion. *Thus I found the old ſaying true,* Where Philoſophie ends, there Phyſick begins: and where Phyſick ends, there Divinitie

tio begins ; *which I interpret thus (as I found it true by experience)* When Philosophie by accident had done me harm, and Physick could do me little good, I found perfect help in Divinity. *And having found so much good by this book my self, I could not be so envious as not impart it unto others for a* Soveraigne Medicine, *to procure quiet sleep. Neither is it good for that onely, but (farre unlike to other medicines, which are onely good for some one disease, and falling into unskilfull hands oftentimes do more harm then good (it is a* Medicine *fitting* All Ages, Complexions, Conditions, Places, Parts, Diseases Spirituall and Corporall *whatsoever: It is a* Medicine Preservative, Curative, Restaurative: *It is an* Antidote *against the* poyson *of sinne: It is* Dictamnum *to drive out the fierie* darts *of* Satan: *It is* Catholicon *to purge out all ill humours. It is better then* Exhilarans Galeni, *to chear the Heart oppressed with* Melancholy: *It is an* Acopon *for all wearinesse, an* Anodynon *for all pains,*

pains, a Panchreſton *profitable for all things, or* All-good. *It is* Panacea, Hearts-eaſe, All-heal. *It is a* rich Treaſurie for *Engliſhmen,* A ſtorehouſe for the diſeaſed, *and* The ready way to long life, *even to bleſſed* Eternitie. *Let no man now challenge me for uſurping another mans office, or treſpaſſing upon* Divines; *I cannot ſee but* Divines *and* Phyſicians *may will agree together: Both are buſied about curing of* diſeaſes *either* Spirituall *or* Corporall: *And here is a* Medicine *for both.* Take *it and uſe it, Chriſtian Reader; And thou ſhalt find by thine own experience that it hath all the virtues above mentioned. So I commend thee to the* Phyſician *both of* Body *and* Soul, *and heartily deſire thy* Temporall *and* Eternall *Health and welfare.*

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

Upon this Book of Eternitie.

TO reach *Eternitie* our thoughts firſt climbe
On the ſucceſsive ſteps and ſtairs of *Time*.
And, What is *Time*? It is by *Poets* call'd,
And by moſt Painters repreſented bald:
But *Poets* and the *Painters* are too bold.
For *Time* was never yet a *Minute* old:
Nor yet God *Saturn*-like doth it devoure
The iſſue which it breeds; For every houre
Were then a Murderer. But while we ſtrain,
And all created natures for to gain
Time to their inch of *Being*; in the ſtrife
They quite burn out the *Taper* of their life.
But what's *Eternitie*? Good Reader look,
Not on my *verſes*, but upon this *Book*:
Which I do wiſh (and yet no harm) may be
To all *everlaſting*, Stationer but to thee.

Richard Williams.

LOok on the *Glaſſe* of mans *Mortalities*
Behold the *Mirrour* of *Eternitie*.
This *Book* is both; Herein behold thy face;
It waxeth old; thy *Glaſſe* doth runne apace.
It is appointed all men once to die;
And after *death* ſucceeds *Eternitie*.
This *Life's* no *Life*, which *Time* doth comprehend
But that's true Life indeed, which knows no end.
This *Book* will teach thee ſo to *live* and *die*,
That thou maiſt *live* unto *Eternitie*.

Thomas Gouge.

THis *Book's* a *Nautick Chard*: which kept in *Eye*
Doth *point* at th' *Haven* of bleſt *Eternitie*.
(O bleſſed *Haven*!) At which if thou wouldſt land
Let not this *Chard* depart out of thine hand.

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The word of God most High, is the fountain of wisedome, & her wayes are everlasting commandements: Eccl. 1.5

The infant playes with Fate & Nature, the fool with ETERNITIE: *but a wise man shall have dominion over the starres.*

Considerations upon *ETERNITIE.*

The first Consideration.

What Eternitie is.

Simonides being asked by *Hiero* King of *Sicilie*, *what God was*, desired one day to consider upon it: And after one day past, having not yet found it out, desired yet two dayes more to consider further upon it: And after two dayes, he desired three: And to conclude, at length he had no answer to return unto the King but this, That the more he thought upon it, the more still he might: For the further he busied himself in the search thereof, the further he was from finding it. The

Cicero lib. 1. de Na. Deor.

thing that we are here now to consider upon, is *Eternity:* And the first question that offers it self unto our consideration, is, *what Eternitie is.* *Boetius* saith, that it is altogether and at once the intire and perfect possession of a life that never shall have an end. And let no man take it ill, if we say, that it cannot be known, & that the more we search into it, the more we lose our selves in the search of it. For how can that be defined which hath no bounds, or limits? If any man urge us further, and desire us to shadow it out at least by some, though obscure, description: Our answer is, That it may easier be done by declaring what it is not, rather then what it is; so doth *Plato* concerning God. *What God is,* saith he, *that I know not: what he is not, that I know.* So *Augustine* Bishop of *Hippo* in his sixty fourth sermon upon the words of our Lord, describeth that true beatitude which is in Heaven, by removing from it the very thought of all evil. *We may more easily find,* saith he, *what is not there, then what*

Lib. 5. de Cons.

In Timæo.

what is. In heaven there is neither grief nor sorrow, nor penurie, nor defect, nor disease, nor death, nor any evil. So may we say concerning *Eternitie.* For whatsoever in this life we either see with our eyes, or let in by our other outward senses, that is not *Eternall. For the things that are seen,* saith S. Paul, *are temporall, but the things which are not seen, are Eternall.* Hence every man may say, this my joy, these my pleasures and delights, this treasure, this honour, this stately building, this life of mine, all is *Transitory,* nothing *Eternall.* A man can point at nothing which shall not perish and have an end. Indeed the ignorant multitude use to speak after this manner, This structure is for *Eternitie,* this monument is everlasting. And the impatient man is wont to complain that his pains are without end. But these *Eternities* are very short, & a man may easily in words comprehend them: Say what thou canst of the true *Eternity,* thou must needs come farre short of it: So saith *Augustine; Thou sayest of Eternitie* 2. Cor. 4. 18. In Psal. 63.

whatsoever thou wilt: But therefore thou sayest whatsoever thou wilt, because thou canst not say all, say what thou wilt: But therefore thou must needs say something, that still thou mayest have something to think which thou canst not say. *In Asclepio.* *Trismegistus* saith, *That the soul,* is the *Horizon* of *Time* and *Eternitie:* For, in that it is immortall, it is partaker of *Eternitie*: and in that it is infused by God into the body, it is partaker of *time.* But before we proceed any further, for orders sake let us see what men of former times *Romanes, Grecians, Egyptians,* & others have thought of *Eternity.* For they acknowledged it for certain, and represented it divers wayes.

CHAP. I.

What men of former times have thought of Eternitie, and how they have represented it.

First of all, they have represented *Eternitie* by a *Ring,* or a *Circle,* which hath neither beginning nor ending,

ending, which is proper onely to *Gods Eternitie*. Seeing therefore that God is *Eternall*, and his duration is properly called *Eternitie*, the *Egyptians* used to signifie *God* by a *Circle*. And the *Persians* thought they honoured *God* most, when going up to the top of the highest tower, they called him the *Circle of heaven*. And it was a custome amongst the Turks (as *Pierius* teacheth at large) to cry out every morning from an high tower, *God alwayes was, and alwayes will be*; and then to salute their *Mahomet*. The *Saracens* also used to call *God* a *Circle*. *Mercurius Trismegistus*, whom I named before, the most memorable amongst Philosophers, (who wrote more books then any mortall man beside, if we may believe *Seleucus*, and *Menecens*) said, that God was an intellectual *sphere* whose *centre* is every where, and *circumference* no where: because Gods Majestie and immensitie are terminated no where. For this cause the Ancients built unto their gods, Temples for figure *round*. So *Numa*

Pompilius is said to have consecrated to *Vesta* a *round Temple* at *Rome*. So *Augustus Cesar* in the name of *Agrippa* dedicated to all the gods a *round Temple*, and called it *Pantheon*: Hereupon *Pythagoras*, to shew *Gods Eternitie*, teached his scholars to worship him, turning their bodies round about. And there was a statute made by *Numa*, (as *Brissonius* witnesseth) That they which were about to worship God, should turn themselves round. Therfore *God* is, according to the Ancients, a *Circle*, but a *Circle* without a *Peripherie* or *circumference*, whose *Centre is* every where: becaus God is the beginning and end of all things. Whereupon *Job* most justly cries out, *Behold God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out.* Job. 36. 26.

Again, they have represented *Eternitie* by a *Sphere* and a *Globe*. Therefore *Faustina* the Empresse had money stampt after this figure and superscription; There was a *Globe* on which the Empresse sat stretching forth one hand, & holding

ing in the other a *ſceptre* with this inſcription, ETERNITIE. Hence it was that many of the Ancients thought the world to be *Eternall*, becauſe it was *Round*: whom S. *Baſil* anſwers very fitly, *Let the world be a Circle; but the beginning of the Circle, is the Centre.*

In the third place they have repreſented *Eternitie* by a *Seat*: by which is ſignified *Eternall reſt*. The *Naſamones*, a certain people of *Africa*, for the moſt part did not onely breathe out their laſt, ſitting upon a ſeat, but alſo deſired to be buried after that poſition, as having then attained to *Eternitie*, and a long ceſſation from all their labours: As in many places at this day Kings and Emperours are found ſitting in vaults under earth, in ſilence and mournfull majeſty. And it was uſuall with the *Romanes* to ſupport with ſuch like the molten ſtatues of their deceaſed Emperours, as having then the fruition of *Eternity*. Some there are that thus reaſon with themſelves oftentimes: Behold! I have been a long time held and op-

preſſed with cares and labours: But now why do I not take ſome reſpite? why do I not make ſome pauſe? why do I not reſt from my labours? I have laboured long enough: let others labour as much as I have done; for my part I'll reſt now, and take mine eaſe. So they ſet up their ſeats, and promiſe unto themſelves dayes of reſt: But (alas!) they are of no long continuance: They ſet up their ſeats, and embrace their eaſe; but neither in due time nor place. Oh! how truly and devoutly doth that golden book of the imitation of Chriſt, give us a pull by the ear, in theſe words, *Diſpoſe and order all things according to thine own will, and the luſt of thine own eyes, and yet thou ſhalt never find, but thou ſhalt alwayes ſuffer one thing or other, either willingly or by conſtraint, and ſo thou ſhalt alwaies find a croſſe.* The whole life of Chriſt was a Croſſe, and Martyrdome: and doſt thou ſeek reſt and pleaſure? Therefore we muſt ſet up our ſeat in heaven, and not here, for here amongſt ſo many

Kempis lib. 1. c. 12.

many troubles it can never ſtand quiet; and though all other things ſhould ſpare it, yet death at length will overturn it. There is no true reſt to be hoped for, but that which is *Eternall.* But if there be any reſt in this life, this is it, For a man to commit himſelf, and all that is his to the will of God, to put his whole truſt and confidence in him, and to account all other things beſide, but vain. So are we taught in *Eccleſiaſticus*; *Truſt in God, and abide in thy place.* Without this reſt of the ſoul all other things are mere troubles, a mere ſea of tempeſtuous waves, and the very preſence of hell. But I return to the Ancients. *Eccluſ.* 11.21.

In the fourth place they have repreſented *Eternitie* by the *Sun* and the *Moon.* The *Sunne* reviveth every day, although it ſeemes every day to die, and to be buried. It alwayes riſeth again, although every night it ſetteth. The *Moon* alſo hath her increaſe after every wane. *Catullus* hath pretty verſes to this purpoſe: *In Hendecaſyll.*

The Sunne *doth ſet; the* Sunne *doth riſe again.*
The day *doth cloſe; the* day *doth break again.*
Once ſet our Sunne, *again it riſeth never:*
Once cloſe our day *of life, it's* night *for ever.*

In hell there is *Eternall night* but without ſleep: There they ſleep not, becauſe they ſlept here, where they ſhould have watched: there they watch, becauſe here they ſlept in their ſinnes; indeed not long, but longer they would if they could, yea *Eternally*. But it is farre otherwiſe with thoſe that are in Heaven: For a perpetuall light ſhall ſhine forth to the Saints, and Eternitie of time: there, is reſt; there, is pleaſure after long labours and watchings.

In the fifth place they have repreſented *Eternitie* by the *Baſiliſk*. The *Baſiliſk* is the moſt venimous of all creatures, and it alone of all others (as *Horus Niliacus* ſaith) cannot be killed by humane force; yea it is ſo virulent, that it killeth herbs with the very breath of it, that

that it puts to flight all other creatures with the hiſſing of it, & that it makes all birds ſuddenly ſilent, upon the firſt preſence of it. *Ælianus* reports that in the deſart of *Africa* a certain beaſt fell down being tired, and that the Serpents came together as it were to a feaſt, to devour the carcaſe, and that they preſently ran all away and hid themſelves in the ſand upon the ſight of the *Baſiliſk*. *Eternitie*, whether of joy or of torment, cannot be ſhortned or diminiſhed, much leſſe taken away or avoyded. Neither is it ſtrange, if it affright all that are in their right wits, with the very thought of it. Infinite are the windings of this *Baſiliſk*; unmeaſurable, and untwinable are the *Orbs* and *Circuits* of it. Oh Dragon to be trembled at! Let us divert a little to our ſelves. It comes to paſſe ſometimes when a man deſcends into himſelf, and rips up his conſcience by confeſſion, that he finds many Serpents neſts, and whole broods of vipers, and thereupon much marvelleth in himſelf, ſaying, Whence

is there so much venime in my breast? Whence are so many fat Snakes, so many grievous & deadly sinnes? Whence is there so great an host of Lisards? whence so many filthy and lustfull cogitations? I am afraid my self at such a numerous and pestilent brood. But marvell not; we shall easily shew thee the cause thereof. A moyst and a rude place is very apt to breed Serpents. Lo then, there is a double cause, The moysture of the place, and the negligence of them that should look to it. So it is in the soul of man: If we spend all our care upon our body, handling it delicately, feeding it daintily, pampering it with feasts, and effeminating it with pleasures: it must needs be confessed that the soul the inhabitant thereof hath her dwelling in a moist place. Adde hither slothfulnesse, and neglect of divine duties: Let no care be had at all of salvation; so the body be sound, and it goeth well with it, let no regard be had what happens to the soul: Let confession of sinnes be seldome made unto God, and

when

when it is, but in a negligent manner: what marvel then, if a multitude of Serpents, and poysonous vermine breed there? But (O good Christian brother) Let the *Basilisk* enter into thy breast, that is, the cogitation of *Eternitie*, and thou shalt presently perceive that these venimous beasts will soon vanish away. Thou confessest that thy heart doth abound with these snakes: It is a signe therefore thou seldome thinkest upon *Eternitie*. Amend therefore, and now at length begin to think upon this with thy self, *That which delighteth is but Momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.*

In the sixth place, they have represented *Eternity* after this manner. There is a *vast den*, full of horrorur: round about which a *Serpent* winds it self, and in the winding bites it self by the tail. At the right hand of the den stands *a young man* of a beautifull and pleasant countenance, holding in his right hand a *bow* and *two arrows*, and in his left hand an *Harp*: In the very entrance

trance of the den sits an *Old man* opposite, and having his eyes very intent upon his *Table-book*; according as the celestiall globe by its motion, or the young man standing by, dictates unto him, so he writes. At the left hand of the denne sits a *grave matrone*, gray-headed, and having her eyes alwayes busied. At the mouth of the den there are *foure Stairs*, each higher then other: The first is of *Iron*, the second of *Brasse*, the third of *Silver*, & the fourth of *Gold*: On these are little children running up and down and playing, and never fear the danger of falling. This is the *Picture*: The meaning is this: The *Den* signifies the incomprehensibilitie of *Eternitie*: The *Serpent* that twines it self about it, *Time*: The *Young man God*; in whose hand is *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Hell*. On *Earth* and in *Hell* are the *Arrows* of the Lord fastened; but in *Heaven* there is nothing but *Joy* and the sounding of the *Harp*. The *Old man* is *Fate*, or rather, That which God hath *decreed* from all *Eternitie*: The *Matrone*,

trone, Nature. The *Stairs*, distinct *Times* and *Ages*: The *Children* running up and down the stairs, do signifie things created, especially *Man*, who is sporting in matters of Salvation, and playing and jesting in the very entrance of *Eternitie*. Alack! Alack! O mortall men, we have played too long amiddest these dangers: we are very near unto *Eternitie*, even in the very entrance of it, whilest we live: Let but death lightly touch us, and we are presently swallowed up of *Eternitie*. Death need not use any great power, or fight long against us: we are thrown down headlong in a moment, and tumble down these stairs into the *Ocean* of *Eternitie*. Bethink your selves well, you that play upon these stairs, and think upon any thing rather then upon *Eternitie*; It may be *to day* or *to morrow* you may be translated from *Time* to *Eternitie*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The secret sense and meaning of Scripture is unfolded.

AFter the Chapter of the *Type* and *Picture* of *Eternitie*, the holy Scripture of divine truth shall not unfitly follow. When *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of *Babylon*, had cast the three Hebrew children into the fiery furnace for refusing to obey his impious command, the flame is said to have ascended nine and forty cubits above the furnace. A strange thing: But not without a Mystery. What? Did any man accurately measure the height thereof? Did any man ascend and apply unto it a rule, to take the just measure of it? was it just nine and fortie cubits, neither more nor lesse? Why not fifty? For we use to number thus. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, though the number be somewhat more or lesse. Here in this place there wants but one of fifty. Surely there is a Mystery in it, and some secret meaning. The number of fifty was wont to signifie the year of

Jubilee.

Jubilee. But the flames in the fiery furnace of hell, although they rage both againſt body and ſoul, and infinitely exceed all the torments of this life, yet they ſhall never extend ſo farre as the year of grace and *Jubilee.* In hell there is no year of *Jubilee*, no pardon, no end of torments. *Now, now* is the time of *Jubilee*, not every hundred or fiftie years, but every houre, and every moment. *Now* one part of an houre may obtain pardon here, which all *Eternitie*, cannot hereafter. *Now* is the time, that in one little and ſhort day we may have more debts forgiven us, then in the fire of hell in all years and times to come hereafter.

Let us adde hither another explication of divine Scripture: When the people of God did paſſe over *Jordan*, *the waters which came down* toward the ſea of the plain (which is now called the dead ſea) failed, untill there was none left. And in *Eccleſiaſticus*, it is ſaid, *There is that buyeth much for a little.* Theſe two teſtimonies of Scripture

Joſ. 3. 16.

Eccluſ 20. 12.

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ture *Galfrid* joyneth together, and thereupon discourseth thus: If *Eternall* bitternesse be due unto thee, and thou maist escape it by tasting of *Temporall*, certainly thou hast redeemed *much for a little*. I confesse, It is a sea indeed in which thou saileſt, but yet a *dead sea*: And how much art thou bound to give thanks unto God, who, whereas thou hast deserved to be overwhelmed in the salt, roaring, and unnavigable sea, hath of his great mercy towards thee suffered thee rather to sayl in the *dead sea*, (O blessed change!) that so by the *dead sea* thou mayst passe into the *land* of the *living!* This writer compares all the *adversities* of this life to the *dead sea*, and *Eternall* punishments to the *salt*, and *unnavigable sea*. No man can escape both: He must needs sayl in the one, or in the other. What dost thou, O man? (cryes out S. *Chrysostome*) Art thou about to ascend up to heaven, and doest thou ask me whether there be any difficulties by the way? Whatsoever we do, this dead sea we must

must passe over: we may, if we will, arrive at the haven of Tranquillitie, and *Eternall* happinesse. *The word of God most high, is the fountain of wisdome, and her wayes are everlasting cõmandments.* Through this dead sea there is no other way into the region of the living, but the way of Gods commandments. We have a most clear place of Scripture for it: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments:* This is the onely way to *Eternitie.* If a man shall ask a Divine of our time this question, *what is Eternitie?* His answer will be, It is a *Circle* running back into it self, whose *Centre* is *Alwayes*, and *Circumference No where*, that is, which never shall have end. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *Orb* every way round, and like it self, in which there is neither beginning nor end. *What is Eternitie?* It is a wheel,

Eccles. 1.5.

Matth. 19.17.

Cornelius à Lapide.

A wheel that turns, a wheel that turned ever:
A wheel that turns, and will leave turning never.

Volvitur, & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

What is Eternitie? It is a *yeare* con-

continually wheeling about, which returns again to the same point from whence it began, and still wheels about again. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *ever-running fountain*, whither the waters after many turnings flow back again, that they may alwayes flow. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *ever-living spring*, from whence waters continually flow, either the most sweet waters of *Benediction* and blessing, or the most bitter waters of *Malediction* and cursing. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *Labyrinth* which hath innumerable turnings and windings, which alwayes leads them round that enter in, carrying them from turning to turning and so losing them. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *pit without bottome*, whose turnings and revolutions are endlesse. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *Spirall Line*, but without beginning; which hath circles and windings one within another, but without ending. *what is Eternitie?* It is a *Snake bowed back unto it self* orbicularly, holding the tail in the mouth, which in its end doth

again

again begin, and never ceaſeth to begin. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *duration alwayes preſent*, it is *one perpetuall day*, which is not divided into that which is paſt, and that which is to come. *What is Eternitie!* It is an *age of ages*, as *Dionyſius* ſaith, never expiring, but alwayes like it ſelf, without changing. *what is Eternitie?* It is a beginning without beginning, middle, or end. It is a beginning continuing, never ending, alwayes beginning: In which the bleſſed alwayes begin a bleſſed life, and alwayes abound with new pleaſures: in which the damned alwayes die, and after all death and ſtruggling with death, alwayes begin again to die, and ſtruggle with death. As long as God ſhall be God, ſo long ſhall the bleſſed be bleſſed, ſo long ſhall they reigne & triumph: ſo long ſhall the damned alſo fry in hell, and yelling cry, *We are tormented in this flame*, being ſtill to be tormented and tortured for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Why the place of Eternitie is called a Mansion.

JOHN, *Patriarch* of *Alexandria* a very devout and godly man, wa often wont to go to visit the sick, & took with him for his companion *Troilus* a Bishop, which had mor care of his money, then of the sick The *Patriarch* whispered him in the ear and said, I pray thee, brother, let us help the friends o Christ: whereupon *Troilus* like crafty companion concealing the disease of his mind, to wit, his covetousnes, bad his servants give to the poore, all the money which at that time he had about him to buy other things withall. Not long after it happened that he fell into a Fever which his covetousnesse had caused: whereof the *Patriarch* of *Alexandria* hearing, and easily guessing at the cause of his disease, went to visit him, and carried with him as much silver, as he had not long before given to the sick: and after a little conference had with him, he said thus,

thus, I did but jeſt with thee the other day, when I wiſhed thee to beſtow ſomething to the relief of the ſick: and it was becauſe my ſervant had no money about him. But behold here in good earneſt, I reſtore unto thee the money which thou laidſt out for my ſake, and I thank thee for it. When *Troilus* ſaw the money told, his fever began to leave him, and his heat to abate, and in every part he found himſelf much better: whereupon finding himſelf gather ſtrength, he roſe up to dinner, and ſat down at Table. About noon-tide when dinner was ended, and the Table removed, he went to ſleep, and ſweetly took his eaſe, and dreamed that he ſaw a very ſtately edifice, and in the *frontiſpice* thereof over the gate, this inſcription, *Manſio Æterna & Requies Troili Epiſcopi:* In Engliſh thus, *The Eternall Manſion and Reſting-place of Biſhop Troilus.* He was very much delighted with this dream. But not long after he had another viſion that troubled him. For there came one with a company

pany of workmen, and gave them a ſtrict charge, ſaying, Take away that inſcription, and put this in the place thereof, *Manſio Æterna & Requies Joannis Archiepiſcopi Alexandriæ, empta libris triginta argenti:* In Engliſh thus, *The Eternall Manſion and Reſting-place of John Archbiſhop of Alexandria, which he bought for thirty pounds.* With this viſion he was very much affrighted: but he made a very good uſe of it. For preſently, of an hard and covetous man, he became liberall and charitable, eſpecially to ſuch as were in need. So much did the very dream of an *Eternall Manſion* prevail with him.

But oh ye rather bleſſed manſions, and therefore bleſſed, becauſe *Eternall!* Oh! how exceedingly doth Chriſt deſire that we ſhould loath and forſake theſe our tabernacles, and ruinous houſes, and with earneſt deſire make haſte unto thoſe *Eternall Manſions! In my Fathers houſe,* ſaith he, *are many Manſions.* No man is kept back from thence but by himſelf. The

place

place excludes no man: for it is exceeding large. Time ſhuts out no man: for there is a Manſion, and that *Manſion* is *Eternall.*

A prayer.

O Eternall and mercifull God, O Eternall Truth, O *true Love*, O *beloved Eternity*; *So cure our blindneſſe, that by theſe preſent and ſhort ſorrows we may be brought to know, and ſo eſcape the future, horrible, and* Eternall *puniſhments. Direct us and teach us ſo to poſſeſſe things periſhing and* Temporall, *that finally we loſe not the things which are* Eternall. *Teach us ſo to lament for our ſinnes committed, that we may eſcape* Eternall *puniſhments. Teach us ſo to behave our ſelves in the houſe of our pilgrimage, that we be not ſhut out of the* Eternall Manſions. *Teach us ſo to make our* progreſſe *in the way, that at length we may be received into our* Countrey.

THE SECOND CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

In what things Nature repreſenteth Eternitie.

THE Idolaters themſelves therefore have acknowledged an *Eternitie*, ſuch as it was, and have deſcribed it alſo by certain ſignes: For God hath manifeſted it unto them, *ſo that they are without excuſe.* How much dearer therefore, and in what great eſteem ought the conſideration thereof to be amongſt all Chriſtians, to whom Eternitie is better repreſented, and in a more lively manner! *Therefore thou art inexcuſable, O man, whoſoever thou art,* that being often put in mind of *Eternitie*, doſt as often let it ſlip

Rom. 1.20.

Rom. 2.1.

out of thy memory. Thou hast often in thy sight and before thine eyes, *Rings* and *Circles*, *Spheres* and *Globes*, *Sunne* and *Moon*: If thou lookest upon any of these, they will put thee in mind of *Eternitie*. Nature her self like a good mother hath exposed them to publick view, that when we see them, or heare of them, we might be invited to meditate upon *Eternitie*.

Solinus reports that there is a stone in *Arcadia* called *Asbestos*, which being once set on fire doth continually burn: wherefore in times past they were wont in Temples and Sepulchres to make lamps of it: of which S. *Augustine* maketh mention. I adde that *Pliny*, *Volaterranus*, *Dioscorides*, and many others tell strange wonders of a certain kind of *Line*, or *Flax*, which is called by divers names: For some call it *Linum Asbestinum*, others *Carystium*, others, *Indicum*, and others *Linum vivum*.

Lib. 11. De Civit. cap. 5.

This is not only not consumed by fire, but also is purged and cleansed: wherefore the dead bodies of kings heretofore,

heretofore, when they were to be put into the fire and to be burned, uſed to be wrapped about with a Linen cloth made thereof, to keep their aſhes from confuſion, and to diſtinguiſh them from others. Of ſuch Flax *Nero* had a Towel, which he eſteemed of more price then gold and precious ſtones. Behold! *Nature* her ſelf like a *Miſtreſſe* and Guide leadeth thee by the hand, and pointeth thee to a thing which the fire hath no power to conſume. So ſhall all the damned burn, but never ſhall burn out: They ſhall alwayes burn, but never be conſumed: They ſhall ſeek for death in the flames, but ſhall not find it. Therefore juſtly doth one cry out, *Oh wo Eternall, that never ſhall have end! Oh end without end! Oh death more grievous then all death, Alwayes to die and never to be quite dead!* So ſaith divine *Iſaiah, Their fire never ſhall be quenched*: And the Angel in the *Revelation, They ſhall deſire to die: and death ſhall flee from them.*

In Horolog. ſapient.

Iſai. 66. 24.

Revel 9. 6.

That the *Salamander* for a little

time can indure, and live in the fire, beside *Aristotle*, *Plinie*, *Galen*, *Alian*, *Dioscorides*, S. *Augustine* also himself believed. This creature is very cold, and is generated of showers: The sunne and drought are death to it: Therefore, according to *Plinie*, it indures in the flame like ice. Of the skin thereof lights are made for perpetuall burning lamps. God, who made the *Salamander* of Earth and Clay, hath of his goodnesse formed man, though of the same matter, yet of a more excellent and noble nature. He hath *made him a little lower then the Angels*. He hath assigned unto him after this life the fellowship of the same Kingdome with the Angels. *But man being in honour had no understanding, and was compared unto the beasts that perish*. By his own malice he made himself such a *Salamander*, that must alwayes live, or alwayes die in *Eternall* flames. In those fiery prisons of Hell *all things are Eternall*; but these *six things especially*.

Psal. 8. 5.

Psal. 49. 20

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

What things are Eternall in Hell.

THe *damned* himself is *Eternall*, and dieth not. No man can make an end of himself, or another. *They shall seek death, and shall not find it.* Yea the very desire of death, in as much as their desire cannot be satisfied, shall greatly increase their torment. 1. Revel 9.6.

The prison it self is *Eternall:* It can never fall to ruine, it can never be broken down, it can never be digged through. It is barred up with rocks and mountains: The locks and barres are so firm and strong, that none can get out. If any of the damned should by Gods permission before the day of judgement come out from thence, yet still he should carry an Hell about him, and never be free from torment. 2.

The fire there is *Eternall.* Christ himself in *Matthew* saith as much expressely; *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire,* or *fire* 3. Matth. 25.41.

Eternall. Dost thou heare this word, *Eternall*? The anger of the Lord doth kindle this fire, and it shall never be put out. To this beareth *Isaiah* witnesse, saying, *The breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it*, it shall burn night and day, and *shall not be quenched, the smoke* thereof *shall ascend up for ever and ever. Eternall punishment* and *Eternall life* are *Relates*, as S. *Augustine* speaketh; and *Relates* are of like continuance: To say therefore, That *Eternall life*, shall be without end, and *Eternall punishment* shall have an end, is very absurd. Who therefore will deferre his conversion?

Isai. 30.33. *Isai.* 66.24. *Revel.* 14.11.

Lib. 12. *De Civit.* c. 23.

4. As the things mentioned before are *Eternall*, so is the *worm*, and conscience tormented with deep despair for the life past. *Their worm shall not die*: So propheseth *Isaiah*. The Poets of old translated this out of Holy writ into their fables: For what is that *Tityus* of whom *Virgil* feigneth, That a flying *Vultur* every day gnaws and tears his *Liver*, which is every night

Isai. 66.24.

night again repaired and made up, that every day the *Vultur* may have more prey to gnaw upon? What is the *Vultur*, but the *worm* we speak of? And what is the *Liver*, but the *Conscience* alwaies gnawen and tormented?

To this *Eternitie* of Hell belongeth also the *last sentence*, and the *last decree* pronounced by Christ the Judge, A decree (Alas!) irrevocable, immutable, *Eternall*. There is no *Appealing* from it; If the sentence be once pronounced by the mouth of this Judge, it stands irrevocable for all *Eternity*. In Hell there is no redemption, not any, no not any; but *Eternall* desperation. The bloud of Christ when it was newly poured out on the mount of *Golgotha*, though of infinite efficacy for satisfaction, yet reached not unto the damned. *If the yoke of the Lord*, saith Saint *Bernard*, *be a yoke of Repentance, you think that in it self it is not sweet: But this you must know, That it is most sweet, if it be compared with that fire of which it is* 5. Bernard.

Matth. 25.41. *said, Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire.*

6. The *Punishment* or *Pain of losse* also, as they call it, is *Eternall*, being the privation of the sight of God for ever, which together with all the other torments of the damned shall never have end: because there can be no place for satisfaction. For although these torments shall continue infinite millions of years, yet there shall not one day, no nor one houre, no nor so much as a moment of rest and respite be granted. There shall be vicissitude and variety of torments, but to their greater pain and grief. Christ often foretold it by *Matthew* in Matth. 8.12. plain words, *The children of the kingdome shall be cast out into utter darkenesse; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth: weeping*, for heat; and *gnashing of teeth*, for cold. How then can man be so forgetfull of himself and God? How can he so degenerate into a beast? Yea rather how can he become like a rock, or a stone, so senseleſſe, as, when he shall think upon

upon the unsufferable and unutterable torments of Hell, which never shall have end, then not to fear, and tremble, and say with himself thus? I am for certain in the way to *Eternity*, and I know not how soon I may come to my journeyes end: I sit on the stairs of *Eternity*, and every little thrust is ready to plunge me into the bottomlesse pit. But if it seem so grievous and intolerable for a man to lye, though but for one night, on a soft feather-bed, and never sleep or close his eyes, but to sigh and grone for pain in his head, or any other member, for the tooth-ach or for the stone: If the night seems long, and the day a great way off, and the sunne to slack his coming: And yet, as I said, he lyes upon a good feather-bed, and if he will have but a little patience, he may hope to find ease in the day, and help from the Physician: Alack! Alack! How intolerable shall it be, to lye night and day in the fire, for a thousand and a thousand and again, I say, a thousand years!

How

How intolerable shall it be, there to watch, to hunger, to thirst, to burn, to be tormented extremely in every part, and not to hope for any rest, or so much as a drop of cold water; but to be alwayes in despair, and so to fry and to be tortured for infinite millions of ages, and to be so farre from finding any end, as never to be able to hope for any end! There, saith *Thomas* one houres punishment shall be more grievous, then an hundred years here in the most bitter punishment that can be. There is no rest, no consolation to the damned. *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chastien me in thy hot displeasure. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions.* Unlesse thou wilt have mercy, O God, I must needs perish.

De Christi. imitat. lib. 1. c. 24.

Psal. 6. 1.

Psal. 25. 7.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Why Hell is Eternall.

HEre ariſeth a queſtion which is worthy to be known of all men, How it can be, that God, who is good and mercifull, and whoſe mercy is over all his works, ſhould notwithſtanding puniſh even one mortall ſinne, committed, it may be, in a moment, and in thought onely; how he ſhould puniſh ſuch a ſinne, I ſay, for all *Eternitie*, and ſo puniſh it, that it ſhall deſerve ſtill alwayes to be puniſhed, and though millions of years be paſſed, yet it ſhall never be ſaid, This ſinne hath been ſufficiently puniſhed, it is enough, he hath made ſatisfaction for the wicked thought by which he hath offended God.

What then? Hath God for one ſinne, and that in thought onely, decreed the puniſhment of everlaſting fire? What equalitie is there in this, For a *momentany* ſinne, to appoint an *Eternall* puniſhment? Why doth bleſſed *David* crie out? *O give thanks unto the Lord; for he*

Pſal. 106.1. 107.1. 118.1. 136.1.

he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. and why doth he repeat it twentie seven times, if God be so severe? To this S. *Augustine, Gregory, Thomas Aquinas,* and others answer, That in every mortall sinne the offence of its own nature is infinite, because it is an injury against the infinite majestie of God. Again, He that dieth guiltie of a mortall sinne without repentance, doth as much as if he should sin *Eternally*: For if he might live *Eternally*, he would sinne *Eternally*: He hath not lost a will to sinne, but life in which to sinne, still being ready to sinne, if he might live still: So he doth not cease to sinne, but doth cease to live. Further it is to be considered, That a damned person can never make satisfaction, though he should pay never so much: For being an enemy, and not in favour with God, his payment is not worthy acceptation; seeing that he himself is not accepted with him: Neither indeed, to speak truly, can he be said to pay any thing: because he doth nothing, but suffers onely punish-

punishment, and that against his will. We will make the matter yet more plain by a familiar example. Suppose a man should borrow of his neighbour a thousand crowns, and for the use thereof make over the rent of his house unto him for ever: It may be in twenty years he may thus repay the summe of money borrowed: But what then? Is he fully discharged of all the debt? Doth there remain nothing to be paid? The principall remains still as due to be paid, as if there had been nothing at all paid. For this is the nature of such lones, that although the yearly use be paid, still the principall remains intire, and due to be paid. So it is with the damned: For although they should pay never so much, yet they can never get out of debt. They are debters still, and ever shall be. *The strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.* Isa. 1. 31. *Suetonius* reports of *Tiberius Cesar*, that being petitioned unto by a certain offender to Suet. lib. 3. cap. 6.

hasten

haſten his puniſhment, and to grant him a ſpeedy diſpatch, he made him this anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay Sir, *You and I are not yet friends.* Chriſt is a moſt juſt Judge, no Tyrant, no *Tiberius*: And yet, if one of the damned after a thouſand years burning in Hell, ſhould begge and intreat for a ſpeedy death, he would anſwer after the ſame manner, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after a thouſand years more, he ſhould ask the ſame thing, he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after an hundred thouſand years yet more, yea millions of years, he ſhould ask again, again he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* The time was, I offered to be thy *friend*; but thou wouldſt not: yea thy *father*; but thou wouldſt not. I offered thee my grace a thouſand and a thouſand times; but thou rejected-

edſt

edst it. This I knew right well, and I held my peace and further expected fourtie, fiftie, sixtie years, to see if thou wouldest change thy mind, and course of life: But there followed no serious or true repentance. *Thou hast set at nought all my counsel, and wouldest none of my reproof. Thou hast hated instruction, and hast cast my words behind thee.* Eat therefore the fruit of thine own wayes, and be filled with thine own counsels. *I will laugh* at thy destruction for ever; neither shall my justice after infinite ages give thee any answer but this, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* O God which art in heaven! O sinne which throwest men headlong into hell, the hell of torments, & into the bottomlesse pit of *Eternall* pain! But *righteous art thou, O Lord, & upright are thy judgements.* Just and right it is, that he which would not by repentance accept of mercy when it was offered, should by punishment be tormented, and have justice without mercy, for ever.

Prov. 1. 25. Psal. 50. 17. Prov. 1. 26. Psal. 119. 137.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Other motives to the consideration of Eternitie drawn from Nature.

BUt I return to the schoole of *Nature* to consider further upon *Eternitie*. There are found *hot Baths* in certain mountains and rocks, whose waters in running make such a noise and murmuring, that the diseased persons that resort thither for cure, if at their entrance into the *Bath* they do but imagine they heare musicall instruments and an Harmonious consort, they have their ears so dulled with the continuall noise thereof, that the Musick which at first was sweet unto them, becomes at length, by their imagination working upon it, very loathsome, and a torment unto them: But if they imagine they heare a drum, or any other loud sounding instrument, they at length grow almost mad with the noise thereof dayly molesting and troubling them. From hence also we are led, as it were by the hand, to the consideration of *Eternitie*. The

weep-

weeping and wailing, yelling and crying which is heard at the firſt entrance of Hells mouth under thoſe infernall mountains ſhall never ceaſe, but ſhall torment the damned without end, and be no whit mitigated by time and long-ſufferance. But on the contrary the bleſſed in Heaven ſhall without wearineſſe heare the *Thrice Holy* ſung, *Holy, Holy, Holy*; yea and the more they heare it, the more they ſhall be delighted with the ſound thereof. Chriſt in his conference with the woman of *Samaria* makes often mention of *Eternitie*, and life everlaſting. *Whoſoever drinketh of the water that I ſhall give him, ſhall never thirſt: but the water that I ſhall give him, ſhall be in him a well of water, ſpringing up unto everlaſting life.* I would we did thirſt with the woman of *Samaria* after thoſe waters, and earneſtly pray for them! *O Lord, give me of this water, that I thirſt not.* Give me, O Chriſt, though but *a drop* of this water, that is, *ſome thirſt* and deſire after *Eternall* life.

John 4.14.

John 4.15.

In

In the yeare after the Nativitie o
our Lord, foureſcore and one (a
Suetonius, *Dion*, and *Plinius Se*
cundus tell at large) on the fir
day of *November*, about ſeven o
the clock, at the Mountain *Veſu*
vius in Campania there was a
horrible eruption of fire, befor
which there went an unuſual
drought, and grievous earthquake
There was alſo heard noiſe unde
earth, as if it had been thunder. Th
ſea roared and made a noiſe; th
heaven thundred as if mountain
had in conflict met together; grea
ſtones were ſeen to fall; the air
was filled with ſmoke & fire mix
together; the Sunne did hide hi
head. Whereupon it was though
by many that the world was almoſt
at an end, and that the laſt day
was come wherein all ſhould be
conſumed with fire: For there was
ſuch abundance of aſhes ſcattered
up and down over land and ſea,
and in the air, that there was much
hurt done amongſt men and cat-
tel, and in the fields, that fiſh and
fowl were deſtroyed, that two ci-

ties,

ties, the name of the one was *Herculanum*, and the name of the other *Pompeii*, were utterly ruined. These and such other *Caverns* in the earth with *Precipices*, and *fiery mountains* alwayes fluming, but never going out, are lively examples given us by God, to put us in mind of the fire of hell, in which the bodyes of the curſed ſhall be alwayes burning, but never be burnt out. Concerning this you may reade *Tertullian*, *Minutius*, and *Pacian*. See, O man, how providently even Nature her ſelf doth go before thee, and as it were leade thee by the hand to the contemplation of *Eternitie*.

Tertul. Apol. c. 48. Minut. in Oct. Pacian. De Pœnitent. & confeſſ.

To conclude, This *Time* of ours carrieth with it ſome ſigne & print of *Eternitie*. Nature fain would have us learn the thing ſignified by the ſigne, and take a ſcantling of *Eternitie* by the littlt *module* and meaſure of time. It is the ſaying of Saint *Auguſtine*, *This is the difference* between things *Temporall* and *Eternall*: We love things *Temporall* more before we have

In Sent. ſent. 270.

have them, and esteem them not s
much when we have them: For th
soul cannot be satisfied but wit
true and secure *Eternitie*, and jo
which is *Eternall* and incorruptible
But things *Eternall*, when they a
actually *possessed*, are much mo
loved, then before when they we
onely desired, and hoped for: Fo
neither could *Faith* believe, no
Hope expect, so much as *Chariti*
and *Love* shall find when once w
shall be admitted to possession. Wh
then doth not earth seem vile i
our eyes, especially when we mu
ere long forsake it? And why d
we not with ardent desire lift u
our eyes to Heaven where we sha
inherit a Kingdome, and that *E*
ternall?

[o]

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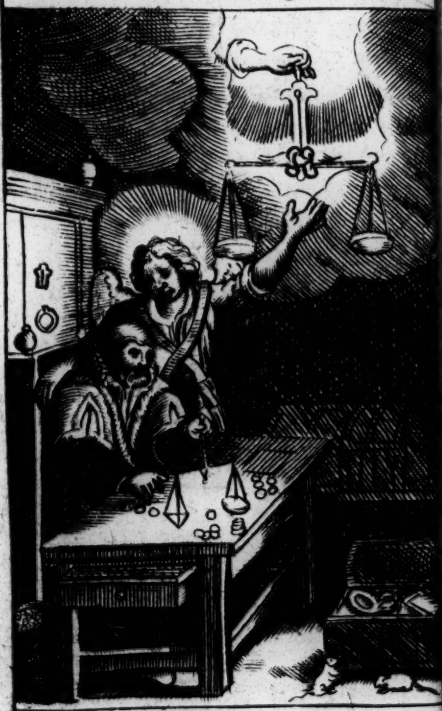
Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. *Dan: 5. 27*



That man regardeth not ETERNITIE *who weigheth his money more accurately then his life*

THE THIRD CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

Wherein the old Romanes principally placed their Eternitie.

PLinius *ſecundus* thought thoſe men happy, which either did things worthy to be wrote, or wrote things worthy to be read; but thoſe men of all moſt happy, which could do both. So the *Romanes* thought they might three manner of wayes eternize their fame, and tranſmit their names unto poſteritie. Firſt they wrote many excellent things; *many* excellent indeed, but *not all*, not all chaſte, not all holy: They committed to writing their own blemiſhes, their diſhoneſt loves, and filthy luſts; But this was no honeſt or Kings

Epiſt. 2. ad Tacit.

Kings highway to *Eternitie*. How many books have dyed before their Authours, and according to *Plato*, have been like unto the Gardens of *Adonis*, as soon dead as sprung up! They pleased not long which quickly pleased. But suppose the books of all the *Romanes* should out-live time, and be alwayes extant, and exposed to publick view, yet they should not be able to give life unto their Authours.

Again, the *Romanes* did not onely write, but also did many brave works worthy to be recorded by the pennes of eloquent and learned men, and these works were of divers kinds. They sought *Eternitie* in many things, but found it in nothing, as we are taught to believe. They were great (we do not deny it) in civill and warlike affairs, at home and abroad: admirable for their skill in Arts and Sciences: Magnificent and profuse in setting forth shews, and bestowing gifts: wonderfull even to astonishment for stately buildings,

Tombes,

Tombes, Vaults, Monuments, and Statues; as you may gueſſe by theſe few particulars which I will briefly run over. *Auguſtus*, in his own name, and at his own proper charges, ſet forth Playes and Games foure and twenty times, and at the charge of the common Treaſury three and twenty times: And never a one of thoſe coſt him under two Millions and five hundred thouſand Crowns; and this ſo great a ſumme of money, I ſay, was all laid out upon one ſhew. The very meaneſt and cheapeſt that ever *Auguſtus* ſet forth, came to a Million, two hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns.

Nero guilded over the whole *Theatre*, the Ornaments of the Tyring houſe and comicall implements he made all of gold; to theſe you may adde ſquare pieces of wood or wooden Lots ſcattered amongſt the people, which had for their inſcriptions, whole houſes, fields, grounds, farms, ſlaves, ſervants, beaſts, great ſummes of ſilver, and many times jewels a great number:

To whosoevers lot fell any one of these, he presently received according to the inscription.

The same *Nero* for a Donative to a common souldier commanded to be told two hundred and fifty thousand crowns.

Agrippina Nero's mother caused the like summe of money to be laid upon a Table, thereby secretly reprehending, and labouring to restrain her sonnes profuseness. Whereupon *Nero* perceiving that he was toucht, commanded another summe to be added as great as the former, and said thus, *Nescieba me tam parum dedisse, I forgot myself in giving so little.*

The same *Nero* entertained at *Rome* for nine moneths together King *Teridates*, and was every day at cost for him twentie thousand Crowns, which came in nine moneths to five millions and foure thousand Crowns. And at his departure he gave him for a *Viaticum*, or to spend by the way, two millions and an half. What should I tell you of their stately and magnificent buildings? *Cal-*

Caligula the Emperour made a bridge over an arm of the Sea, three miles long.

There were Temples in Rome foure hundred twenty foure, most of them very magnificent.

Domitian spent upon the sole gilding of the Capitol seven Millions.

On the stairs of the *Amphitheatre* which were made all of stone, there might sit very conveniently foureſcore and seven thousand spectatours; above, there might stand round about twelve thousand; in all foureſcore and nineteen thousand.

Beside many others there were twelve publick Baths made by the Emperour, where men might bathe *gratis*.

In the hot bathes of *Antoninus* there were of polished stone one thousand and six hundred seats, and there might so many men bathe themselves very conveniently.

In the Bath of *Hetruscus*, as *Plinie* saith, all was of silver, the passages for the water, the lips of

the Bath, and the very floore it self. But I passe to other things.

At *Rome* there were almost as many statues as men, of no worse matter then silver and gold, beside infinite others of Brasse, Marble, and Ivory.

Domitian had one of Gold in the Capitol, of an hundred pound weight.

Commodus and *Claudius* had also statues of Gold, each of them being of a thousand pound weight. *Claudius* had also in the place at *Rome* called *Rostra* another of silver. Hereupon there was a certain Officer appointed, who was called the Count of *Rome*, on whom there attended a great many souldiers continually, to guard and look to the great number of statues.

The way which is called *Appia* wile exercise a nimble footman five dayes in running it over. It reacheth in length from *Rome* to *Capua*; So broad, that two coaches may meet, and never trouble one another; so solid and firm, as if it

it were all of one ſtone, in no place looſe or broken up. There were alſo more wayes like unto this. It is incredible what good Authours do write of their Conduits and Aqueducts.

Claudius the Emperour beſtowed about one, ſeven Millions of Gold, and an half, and there were maintained ſix hundred men with the onely keeping and looking to the waters. Theſe were great works indeed, but the Authours thereof in part deſerved reprehenſion for their immoderate profuſeneſſe. There was at *Rome* one thing that ſurpaſſed their ſtately buildings, but as for name, to ſay no worſe, and to ſpare your ears, diſhonourable and not fit to be named. They had certain vaults under earth built with arches, you may call them the ſinks of the City (they called them *Cloacas*) running with water to carry away all the filth of the City. Of theſe there were ſo many, ſo large, and ſo long, that you may well reckon them amongſt the wonders of the

world. I need not instance in any more: these which I have named are sufficient. He that is any thing conversant in Histories, or hath heard of the great power and wealth of the *Romanes* in former ages will easily believe my relation: if he will not believe me, let him believe the testimony of *Suetonius*, *Dion Cassius*, *Plinie*, *Livie*, and others that have wrote of the *Romane* monuments.

These things which I have reckoned up are very laudable in themselves. But they governed their common-wealth so prudently, that in warre for the most part they were inconquerable, for Arts and Sciences excellent, for virtue illustrious; in so much that *Cyneas* an Ambassadour sent from *Pyrrhus*, a very eloquent and intelligent man, when he had all in vain solicited the Citie to make a league with his Lord and Master, which league could not stand with the honour of the *Romanes*, upon his return told the King, That he thought the *City* to be a *Temple*; and

and all the *Senatours*, *Kings*. Herein the *Romanes* were highly to be commended: but in this they were much overſeen (though otherwiſe very prudent men) in placing their *Eternitie* in ſuch things, as neither could give unto them, nor had in themſelves *Eternitie*. If the *Romanes* had made choyce of Saint *Auguſtine* for their guide in the way to *Eternitie*, he would have ſhewed them a more certain and readier way. For what ſaith he? *We do not account thoſe Emperours happy which have reigned long, or which have often triumphed as Conquerours over their enemies, or which have treaſured up much wealth. Theſe things often happen to thoſe that have no right or title to the Kingdome which is Eternall.* Who then in Saint *Auguſtines* opinion are to be accounted truly happy? Hearken O ye Emperours, O ye Kings and Princes: You ſhall in Saint *Auguſtines* ſenſe obtain true and *Eternall* happineſſe by the obſervation of theſe Rules following.

Auguſt. lib. 5. De civit. Dei, cap. 24.

1. First, the Rule of *Justice*. By ruling justly, and having the very vizard, and painted face of Injustice.

2. Secondly, the Rule of *Modestie*. By not being puffed up by the vain applauses, acclamations, and titles of honour, but by remembring yourselves to be but men.

3. Thirdly, the Rule of the *Fear* and *Love of God*. By propagating by all means the true worship of God; by subjecting all humane power to his divine Majesty; by serving him in *fear* and *love*.

4. Fourthly, the *Desire of Heaven*. By setting your love and affection upon the Kingdome which is *Eternall*, where one shall not envie anothers power.

5. Fifthly, the Rule of *Facilitie*, and readinesse to forgive. By being swift to forgive, and slow to punish, but when the glory of God and the necessitie of the Commonwealth calleth for it.

6. Sixthly, *Mercy* and *Liberalitie*. By tempering the severitie of the laws by the oyl of mercy, and the

the ſweet odour of beneficencie.

Seventhly, *Continency*. By not giving the rains to Luxury, but by bridling your appetites, and concupiſcences; and the more liberty you have, the leſſe abuſing it unto licentiouſneſſe. 7.

Eighthly, *Moderation of Paſſions*. By chooſing rather to get the conqueſt over evil Paſſions, then by domineering over Nations. 8.

Ninthly, the ſtudy of *Humility*, and *Prayer*. By doing all theſe, not for vain glory, but for the glory of God, and the attainment of *Eternall* felicitie: And again, by never neglecting that moſt noble ſacrifice of *Humilitie*, and *Prayer*. 9.

Theſe Rules or Laws hath Saint *Auguſtine* fixed upon the double gates of the world, for a glaſſe fit for Princes to look into. But, O ye *Romanes*, how farre have ye gone aſtray from the way that leadeth unto the Gates whereon theſe laws are fixed! Not to ſpeak of other things, You have in ſtead of one & the onely true God brought in innumerable others, to worſhip

them which are no Gods. For *Rome* seemed to make it a great matter of Religion, To refuse no falsity; and when she ruled almost over all nations, To serve and follow the errours of all nations.

But to let these things passe also; How vain and ridiculous a thing is it for them, to leave behind them all their *Eternity* in Parchments and Papers, in Marble and other stone, in Theatres, and Pyramides, in Monuments and Tombes! What is now become of their *Eternity* which was sometime carved in stone? The same hath hapned unto *Rome*, which also befell *Jerusalem*. The Disciples pointing at the buildings of the Temple at *Jerusalem*, said unto our Saviour Christ, *Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here.* Whereupon Christ answered and said, *See ye all these buildings? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.* So there is nothing *Eternall* in this world. And where is now old

Matth. 13.1.

Matth. 24.2.

old *Rome*? If this queſtion be demanded; the anſwer may be this, *Here it was.* Where are they that built it? *They are dead and gone.* There is not ſo much as their aſhes left of them. And ere long we muſt all go the ſame way, become like a ſhadow, return unto duſt, and be reſolved into nothing. Oh the poore and mean condition of mortall men, even at the greateſt! Oh the inſtabilitie and frailtie of the ſtrongeſt men, even in the prime of all their ſtrength! For what is now become of all thoſe things, or where are they? *They are quite vaniſhed away:* where is their money, which they heaped up beyond belief? *'Tis ſcattered abroad.* Where are their ſtately and lofty buildings? *They are not to be ſeen.* Such are all things elſe, though to us they ſeem never ſo great, nothing elſe but a mere ſhadow and a dream, if they be compared with *Eternitie*, and thoſe things which are *Eternall.* The foundation on which the whole fabrick of vaniſhing glory is ſet up, is too weak,

and

and mouldring, made but of clay. Stone and Marble cannot be engraven with Characters and inscriptions of *Eternitie*. Well saith *Lactantius*, *The works of mortall men are mortall*. That there was a *Babylon*, a *Troy*, a *Carthage*, and *Rome*, we believe: But if we will believe no more then we see, there be scarce any reliques or ruinous parts of them remaining, to perswade us that there were such Cities. So the seven wonders of the world, so *Nero's* golden palace, *Diocletian's* hot Baths, *Antoninus* his Baths, *Severus* his Septizonium, *Julius* his Colossus, *Pompey's* Amphitheatre, have no foot-step or print of them remaining, no, scarce upon record, or registred in books. And how farre have all these come short of *Eternitie*!

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

How farre the Romanes have gone astray from the true way of Eternitie.

AT *Nazareth*, in a certain conclave called by the name of the blessed Virgin, there is in one place mention made of a kingdome, *Of which kingdome there shall be no end.* Such was not the kingdome of *Solomon*: for that lasted but foure hundred years, even to the Captivitie of *Babylon*. Such was not the kingdome of the *Romanes*, neither of the *Persians*, nor yet of the *Grecians*. For where are now those kingdomes in former times most flourishing? where are those most ancient Monarchies? How great was *Nebuchadnezzar* in *Chaldea* and *Syria*, and after him *Belshazzar*? From them the Scepptre was translated unto the *Medes* and *Persians*, to *Cyrus* and *Darius*. Neither continued it there long. From thence it was translated into *Greece*, to *Alexander* surnamed *the Great*, King of *Macedon*, for a long Luke 1.33.

long time moſt victorious and fortunate: But as warlick valour decayed, ſo fortune failed. And ſo the Sceptre was tranſlated into *Italy* to *Julius Ceſar*, and *Octavius Auguſtus*. What is become of all theſe Kings? where are they? But thou, O Chriſtian man, ſeek that kingdome, *of which kingdome there ſhall be no end. Numantia, Athens, Carthage*, and *Sparta*, all are come to an end: They are utterly periſhed. But as for the kingdome which is above, *Of that there ſhall be no end.* The King that ruleth there is *Eternall*, and thoſe that live in that Kingdome are *Eternall. The Lord ſhall reigne for ever and ever.* On which words ſaith *Origen*, *Doſt thou think that the Lord ſhall reigne for ever and ever? Yea he ſhall reigne for ever and ever, and beyond that too.* Say what thou canſt, thou ſhalt ſtill come ſhort of the duration of his Kingdome: The Prophet will ſtill adde ſomething; as for example, after *For ever*, yet more, *and ever*, or, *Beyond that too.* And yet, ſaith *Iſidore*, though this king-

Exod. 15. 18. *Origen.* *Iſidore.*

kingdome be *Eternall*, though infinite, though every way blessed, though it be promised to us, not a word of that. For what man is there of a thousand that spends the least part of a day in meditating upon that? that ever once makes mention of that? that ever instructs his wife, his children and his servants concerning that? We prattle much of all other things; but as for heaven, there is scarce any mention made of that, or if there be, surely it is very rare. In setting forth the commendation of his own Countrey, every man is a nimble-tongued Oratour: But as for that which is our true Countrey indeed, we blush and are almost ashamed, being too modest in commending that. For it is come to passe in these dayes by the disuse of holy conference, that men think themselves not wittie nor facete enough, unlesse they speak idle and unprofitable words, and make foolish jests: nay that is not all, unlesse their cheeks swell, and their lips run over with filthy and unsavoury speeches. Oh! this is

to

to go astray quite out of the way. But let our hearts and mouthes be filled with the praise and desire of things *Eternall*; let our thoughts and words alwayes run after them: we have no other way to true glory but this; and there is no true glory but that which is *Eternall*.

The chief Priests and the Pharisees amongst the Jews, to overthrow Christs power (as they thought) and to eternize their politick Government, assembled themselves together in councel: and by their foolish wisdome (as it proved) made decrees to their own hurt. Elegantly speaketh S. *Augustine* of them, consulting and deliberating together in full court; The chief Priests, saith he, and the Pharisees took counsel together, what they should do for their own good, and yet they said not, *Let us believe*. The wicked and ungodly men sought more how to hurt and to destroy, then how to provide for their own securitie, that they might be saved. And yet they were in fear, and in counsel: For they said,

August.

what

what do we? For this man doth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romanes shall come, and take away both our place and nation. They were afraid to loſe things *Temporall*, and never thought upon the life which is *Eternall:* And ſo they loſt both. Such is the vanitie, and affected mockery of our fooliſh cogitations. What are we? And what is all that we call ours? *To day* we flouriſh like a flower, we are well ſpoken of, we pleaſe, and are in favour with men: But (alas!) *To morrow* our flower will fade, we ſhall be ill ſpoken of, and out of favour with God and man: man, whom hitherto we pleaſed; and God, whom we never ſtudied for to pleaſe. We neglect Heaven, and keep not earth: We get not the favour of God, and loſe the worlds favour. And ſo we are moſt deplorately miſerable, and deſtitute on both ſides. If death would but ſpare thoſe that are the happy ones of this world, it may be they might find here ſome

John 11. 47, 48.

ſome glory; ſome I ſay, ſuch as
is; For there is none true but th
which is in heaven and *Eterna*
But (alas!) Death ſpares no ma
ſees in the dark, and is not ſeen; a
watches his time when he may ſ
upon us, when we think not
him. What ſhall become of us
whither will he carry us, if here w
have lived wickedly? To the bar
of Chriſts judgement, and fro
thence to the pit of Hell: And fro
thence there is no redemption. No
bility from thence ſets no man fre
Power delivers no man. The ap
plauſe of men formerly given, yiel
there no comfort. Let us here ſee
the favour of God and his glory
That is the true glory which is go
by the ſhunning of vain glory: An
there is no true glory, but tha
which is *Eternall.*

Prov: 3.13. *Solomon* in the *Proverbs* deſcribeth *wiſdome* like a Queen attended by two waiting maids, *Eternity*, and *Glory*; the firſt on the right hand, the ſecond on the left. *Glory* is nothing worth, if there be not joyned with it *Eternitie*; that

hat which all we Christians do ex- Heb. 13. 14. 2. Cor. 5. 1. Psal. 112. 6.
pect. *For here we have no continuing Citie, but we seek one to come, Eternall in the heavens. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.* To give an almes to a poore man, to moderate a greedy appetite, to resist the enemy of chastity; These are works that require not much pains, or time for the doing: And yet the remembrance of these together with their reward shall be *Eternall.* What a small thing was it that *Mary Magdalene* bestowed upon our Saviours feet! How quickly had she done it! And yet it is made known *throughout the whole world.* Some others, it may be, would have admired other things in her, her cherry cheeks, her comely countenance, the pleasant flower of her youth, her rare grace, her great riches, her affability and courtesie and such like. These were not the things which Christ commended in her; but it was the office which she performed unto his feet. The thing it self was not great: Matth. 26. 13.

And

And yet it was a means to pro-
cure for her *Eternall* glory, and
never-dying name. *It shall b*
preached throughout the whol
world: This is the testimony o
Christ. This work of hers was no
engraven in marble, nor cast i
brasse, nor promulged in th
market place, nor proclaimed wit
a Drum and a Trumpet: And y
it hath continued for a memorial
of her to this day, and so shall it
ever, and *It shall be preached*
throughout the whole world. If yo
consider the *action* it self; *Judas*
Iscariot the covetous Pursebear
found fault with it; *Simon* th
swelling and proud Pharisee con
demned it: If the *matter*; it wa
but an Ointment, at the most no
worth above thirty small pieces o
gold: If the *place*; it was private
If the *witnesses* present; they we
but few: If the *person*; she was
woman, and one infamous: An
yet for all these, *It shall b*
preached throughout the whol
world. How many Emperours hav
advanced their colours, displaye
the

their victorious and triumphant Eagles, and ſet up their ſtandards in their enemies Camp! How many warlick Captains have led popular Armies, and commanded them worthily! How many provident Governours have ruled their people very wiſely! How many Kings have erected rare monuments, and ſtatues, and built Caſtles and Cities! How many learned men have waſted their brains in new inventions, and have like *Chymicks* diſtilled them into *Receivers* of Paper! And to what end all this? To keep their names in continuall remembrance, and to be recorded amongſt worthy and memorable men. And yet notwithſtanding they lodge in the bed of ſilence, and lie buried in the grave of oblivion. But one good work that the righteous doth, ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance: Time and envie ſhall never deface and conceal it: The wiſeſt men, Captains, Prelates, and Kings themſelves ſhall with reverence reade and heare it. *It ſhall be preached*

preached throughout the whole world.

The onely way then to immortalitie and true *Eternitie* is, To live well & so to die well. Go to now ye *Romanes*, If ye will seek *Eternitie* in Statues and Marble monuments but you shall never find it there. I for my part will wish rather with S. *Hierome* in the life of *Paul* the *Eremite*; Oh remember, saith he *Hierome* a sinner, who, if God had given him the choice, would have preferred the poore cloak of *Paul* with his good works, before the Scarlet robes of kings with the kingdomes. Let us Christians here whileſt we have time make over our riches, for fear leſt we lose them, let us send them before us into another world: Heaven stands open ready to receive them. We need not doubt of the safe carriage, the carriers are very faithfull and truſty; but they are the poore and needy of this world. We make over unto them here by way of exchange a few things of little value being to receive in heaven an ex-

2. Cor. 4. 17.

ceeding

ceeding Eternall weight of glory. For ſo hath Chriſt promiſed upon the performance of his precept. *I ſay unto you, Make to your ſelves friends of the Mammon of unrighteouſneſſe, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting habitations.* But let us paſſe from the *Romanes* unto others. Luke 16. 9.

CHAP. II.

A better way then the former which the Romanes followed, to Eternitie.

Darius the king of the *Perſians*, moſt notable for his ſlaughter, had in his Army ten thouſand *Perſians*, which he therefore called immortall (as *Celius Rhodiginus* interpreteth it) not becauſe he thought they ſhould never die (For where are there any ſuch?) but becauſe as any of the number was diminiſhed by ſword or ſickneſſe, it was preſently made up; ſo *Cel. Rhodigin. lib. 8. cap. 2. & lib. 25. cap. 1.*

so that still there was neither more nor lesse then ten thousand. Thus *Darius* framed unto himself a kind of immortalitie and *Eternitie*: But (alas!) it was a very short one; For within a little space he and all his army utterly perished. *The Presidents and Princes assembled together unto Darius, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live for ever.* Alas, how vain was this wish, and how short this *Eternitie!* We live but seventie or eightie years at the most: We are but in a dream, if we think to live here for ever. Not without cause therefore *Xerxes* (when for the conquering and subjugating *Greece* (as *Herodotus* reports) he carried with him out of *Asia* two great armies both by sea and land, in number three and twentie hundred thousand, seventeen thousand, and six hundred, beside others that attended upon souldiers) upon a day taking his prospect from a Mountain, and beholding his souldiers, fell a weeping: And being asked the reason why, He said it was, because

Dan. 6. 6.

cauſe after a matter of fifty or ſixty years, of ſo many hundred thouſand men ſo ſelect and ſtrong, ſcarce one ſhould be found alive.

We may dream, and feigne unto our ſelves I know not what *Eternities*: But in the mean time *we muſt needs die, and are as water ſpilt upon the ground.* 2. Sam. 14. 14.

Another and better type of *Eternitie* was found out at *Conſtantinople*, in the year of our Lord 459. The Church of *Conſtantinople*, in the time when *Gennadius* was Biſhop, was augmented by a new and noble foundation of a Monaſterie of *Acœmets* dedicated to Saint *John Baptiſt*. Theſe *Acœmets* were ſo called for not ſleeping, becauſe they were never all at once to ſleep, but ſtill to be exerciſed in their courſe night and day in ſinging praiſes unto God. Theſe *Acœmets* were divided after this manner into three companies, ſo that when the firſt company had made an end of ſinging divine praiſes, the ſecond ſhould begin; and when the ſecond had made an end, the

third ſhould begin. By means of this godly inſtitution the citie had in ſome ſort heaven within it ſelf alwayes ſounding with the praiſe of God; or at leaſt a type or repreſentation of the *Eternitie* in heaven, where God ſhall be praiſed for all *Eternitie*, with great delight and cheerfulneſſe, and without all wearineſſe. Therefore hath the *Pſalmiſt* good cauſe to crie out

Pſal. 84.4. *Bleſſed are they which dwell in thy Houſe; they will ſtill be praiſing thee.* Then ſhall all the bleſſed ſay as *Peter* did upon the

Matth. 17.4. mountain, *It is good for us to be here.* For, as S. *Bernard* ſpeaketh

Bern. Ser. 2. de Omn. SS. *Eternitie* is true riches without meaſure: but he addes this withall, It is not found unleſſe it be ſought with perſeverance. But how ſhall we ſo ſeek that we may obtein it? Heare what the good Father ſaith: By *povertie*, by *meekneſſe* and by *tears* there is renewed in the ſoul the ſtamp and image of *Eternitie* which comprehendeth all times. Firſt, *povertie* is the way to *Eternitie*. *Bleſ-*

ſed

ſed are the poore in ſpirit: for theirs is the kingdome of heaven. Matth. 5. 3. Where poore men are deſpiſed and forſaken, there is the heart and the money locked up together in the cheſt: Where money is expended according to the rules of *Avarice* there is no affect or love of povertie, there is no deſire or love of *Eternitie*. Secondly, *meekneſſe*: By *meekneſſe* we make our ſelves ſecure of things preſent, and have an aſſurance of things to come. *Bleſſed are the meek: for they ſhall inherit the earth.* Matth 5. 5. If any man ask, What ſhall we ſay of him that is void of *meekneſſe* and *patience*, that can ſcarce at any time ſpeak a mild word? What gains he by his implacable impatience? What doth it profit him to rage and fret with indignation, to make outcries and tumults, to ſhew his will to do miſchief, though he cannot effect what he would; or, to conclude, to ſalute no man civilly, as if he were an enemie to all humanitie and affabilitie? What ſhall we ſay of ſuch

a man? If there be any such, he is sure to suffer losse of goods or good name, or both: for the riches which he hath he possesseth not, but keeps them like a dog, whose propertie is to bark at a man, to flie upon him, and to bite him: As for his good name, if he have any, he shall not augment it by the title of impatience: and as for Heaven, he loseth that before he hath taken possession of it. Thirdly, *Tears.* For by weeping and mourning we redeem the time past, we recover what we prodigally spent by sinning. But this mourning and sorrow must not last for an houre onely, or for a day: for this is nothing else, but to do as he did, who at his mothers death put on mourning-clothes, forced for the present a few tears, and so went along after the biere, and left her not till he saw her buried; but the same day or the next day after wiped away all tears from his eyes, changed his weeping into laughing, cast off his mourning clothes and

and put on colours. This is not to mourn in good earneſt, to make an end of mourning ſo ſuddenly. But this we do (alasl) too often. To day we make publick confeſſion of our ſinnes to God, and heare abſolution; we repent us of our ſinnes, and receive the holy Communion: and within a day after we ſinne again with delight, and without fear, and oftentimes more grievouſly then before. We deteſt for the preſent the wicked courſe of our life paſt; and we return again to the ſame paſſe. We forſwear the ſins which we formerly committed; and again the ſame day we commit the ſame. So with the ſame tongue we proclaim Chriſt innocent, and crucifie him afreſh, as if we were the true brothers of *Pontius Pilate*, who with one and the ſame mouth did both abſolve him and condemne him, confeſſing that he *found no cauſe of death in him*, and yet adjudging him to be crucified. We are very fickle and inconſtant, but in nothing more conſtant

Luke 23.22, 24.

ſtant then in the repetition of a vicious courſe of life. Alas! alas! we carrie too much of the *Moon*, that is, inconſtancie, in our breaſt. Sometimes we are ſo zealous and ſo holy that we will not admit of a cheerfull countenance, for fear leſt it ſhould hinder our ſanctitie and devotion: we look demurely, caſting our eies down to the ground, and knit the browes as being angry with our ſelves, when we find in our ſelves the leaſt remiſſeneſſe or coldneſſe in holy duties: But this ſanctitie and devotion doth never continue long. After a while we begin to hate even pietie it ſelf, and the ſtream being turned, we turn again to our former riot and intemperance: and we are as ready to diſſolve the knot of friendſhip made betwixt God and us, as at the firſt we were unwilling to have it knit. At length *Pietie* attended with *ſorrow* and *repentance* preſents her ſelf again unto us, and puts to flight laſciviouſneſſe, untill the time comes that we begin to *repent*

pent us of our *repentance*. So we ſeldome continue long in any honeſt and godly courſe, for it ſeems unto us too laborious: and at every light beck we row down the ſtream of our former uncleanneſſe. Such is the inconſtancie of our life, that it preſents unto our minds all ſorts of pleaſures and vices. We make an outward ſhew of adoring vertue: but in heart and mind we fall down and worſhip vice, a moſt laborious kind of ſervice: This is not the way unto *Eternitie*, unleſſe it be of puniſhment and torments which ſhall have no end.

Let us ſingle out one Chriſtian man of many, and ſuch a one eſpecially as is moſt addicted to his pleaſure; let us carrie him along with us to the mouth of a furnace red hot and flaming; and then let us begin to queſtion him after this manner, How much pleaſure wouldſt thou aſk to continue burning in this furnace for one day? He will anſwer to this undoubtedly, I would not be tor-

mented in these flames for one day to gain the whole world and all the pleasures in the world. But let us propound another condition unto him, What reward wouldst thou ask to endure this fire onely for half a day? Propound what reward you will, there is nothing so delicate, so precious, so dear unto me, which I would be willing to buy at so dear a price, as these torments. But to trie once more, What reward and pleasure wouldst thou ask to go into this furnace, and to stay there but one houre? His answer certainly will be this, Let the most covetous and impudent man in the world ask what he can, that is not to be compared with the unutterable and unsufferable scorchings and torments of this fire, though they should last but for one houre. If these answers be good and agreeable to right reason, how comes it to passe, O God, that for a little gain, and that but vile, for deceitfull honour, and that fugitive, for filthy pleasure, and that not long,

long, ſo many men ſo little regard *Eternall* puniſhment in Hell-fire? We cannot be perſwaded with any reward, no though it be to gain a whole world, to ſtay but for one houre in fire *Temporall*: And yet, if either gain at any time inviteth us, or if honour ſmileth upon us, or pleaſure allureth us, we never fear Hell and fire *Eternall*. But thou wilt ſay, I hope for better; God is mercifull, and his goodneſſe will not ſuffer me to deſpair, or to be terrified with the fear of evil to come. So indeed we are wont to ſpeak: And the words in themſelves are not impious, if our works were pious. But for the moſt part our works are ſuch, that if we rightly conſider them we have little cauſe to hope for mercy. It is a very dangerous and fooliſh part for a man to live in a conſtant courſe of ungodlineſſe, and to hope for *Eternitie* amongſt the bleſſed. Alas! one ſinne is ſufficient to condemne us. Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath threatned in the

Gospel? *whosoever shall say unto his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire.* Knowest thou not what Christ hath forbidden? *whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.* Knowest thou not what Christ hath premonished? *Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven: but he which doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.* Knowest thou not that Christ shall shut many out of the gate? *He that loveth father or mother more then me, is not worthy of me: And he that taketh not his crosse and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* Knowest thou not what Christ hath openly and plainly said, and again repeated? *Many be called, but few chosen: Few* indeed, yea very *Few.* Knowest thou not how often Christ hath exhorted to amendment of life? *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdome of heaven.*

Matth. 5. 22.

28.

Matth. 7. 21.

Matth. 10. 37, 38.

Matth. 20. 16. & 22. 14.

Matth. 18. 3.

If

If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt and maimed, rather then having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. And not long after, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.* Knowest thou not, how expressely Saint *Paul* recites up all those things that hinder us from entring into that blessed *Eternitie? The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, Adulterie, fornication, uncleanesse, lasciviousnesse, idolatrie, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkennesse, and revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdome of God.* Now if any man be guiltie to himself of any one of these sinnes here reckoned

8. Luke 13.3. 24. Gal. 5. 19, 20, 21.

koned up, and is not so grieved for it that he seeks by all means possible to avoid it for the time to come: He may sing to himself, if he will, this vain *Spero*, I hope, and I hope; but this mans hope is indeed none at all, but mere rashnesse and presumption. For a man to adventure the danger of stripes and blows, is an evil that may be born. To lose at play an hundred or a thousand Florens, is a great misfortune, but may be endured. To lay his head at stake, and to bring his life in danger, is a bad adventure: but at the worst it is but losse of life, and that losse is not of all other the greatest. But to hazard the *Eternall* salvation both of body and soul, by living at uncertainties, by hoping in words, and despairing in works, nullifying hope by a wicked and ungodly life: This is the extremest of all evils: This is the most grievous misfortune a man can fall into: This is most pernicious rashnesse and boldnesse: This is extreme folly and madnesse. *Now consider*

Psal. 50. 22.

this

this, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.

CHAP. III.

That the way of Eternitie *is diligently and carefully to be sought after.*

LEt every Christian man therefore often ask himself, and others also, which are in the place of God, this question, What shall I do that I may obtein blessed *Eternitie*, or *Eternall* blessednesse? Am I in the right way that leadeth unto *Eternitie*? Something I do indeed, but it is but very little and not worth speaking of. I thirst and breathe after the joyes which are immortall and *Eternall*: But few are my works, cold and imperfect at the best, and altogether unworthy of an *Eternall* reward. I think it long till I arrive at the haven: But I am afraid of the troublesome waves and tempests by the way:

When

When as yet notwithstanding that is the safest and best way unto heaven, which is most rough and narrow. This the very Truth it self of Gods mouth pronounceth, and Christ proclaimeth, saying, *Enter ye in at the strait gate: For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be* (Alack! too many) *that go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be* (Alack! too few) *that find it.* Again, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate: For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.* Oh what a fearfull word is that, MANY! and that, FEW! How should it make us tremble! But we miserable men deceive our selves, rashly promising unto our selves *Eternitie:* And yet I cannot tell whether we may be more truly said to hope or to dream that we shall be reckoned amongst those few before mentioned. I would to God *now*, even *now* whilest

Matth. 7.13. 14. Luke 13.24.

whileſt it *is the accepted time* and *the day of ſalvation*, we would have a diligent and an intent eye upon *Eternitie*, and reaſon thus with our ſelves! Alas! what is all this that I ſuffer, or that I ſee others ſuffer? It is nothing if it be compared with *Eternitie*. What if I could reckon up as many labours and perils as Saint *Paul* himſelf did undergo, as they are by him ſet down in his ſecond Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, and the eleventh Chapter? If I ſhould endure *hunger* and *thirſt*, enmities and injuries, ſickneſſe and povertie? Yea more, what if I were *ſtoned* with Saint *Paul*, and *beaten with rods?* What if I *ſuffered ſhipwrack?* All theſe are nothing to puniſhments *Eternall*. Therefore in all adverſitie I muſt thus think with my ſelf, I ſhall *ſee an end of all*.

2. Cor. 6. 2.

2 Cor. 11. 27.

25.

Pſal. 119. 96.

The Prophet *Daniel* having reckoned up ſundry calamities, at length addeth theſe words, *Even to the time of the end: becauſe it is yet for a time appointed*. Come hither,

Dan. 11. 35.

hither, Come hither, all ye that are in affliction, in sorrow, need, sickneſſe, or any other calamity. Why do ye drown your ſelves in your own tears? why do ye make your life bitter unto you with impatience and complaining? Here is comfort for you, great comfort drawn from the time of that ſuffering. Are divers calamities upon you? Be not caſt down: Have good courage: They ſhall continue onely *for a time*. Do ye ſuffer contumely and reproch? are ye wearied with injuries? are other troubles multiplied upon you? Ceaſe to lament: All theſe ſhall laſt but *for a time*; they ſhall not laſt *for ever*; your ſighing ſhall have an end.

Tears may diſtill from your eyes *for a time*: But ſighs and grones ſhall not ariſe from your hearts *for ever*. The time is at hand, when you ſhall be delivered from all grief, and be tranſlated unto everlaſting happineſſe. This is moſt clear by that in Eccleſiaſticus, *A patient man will bear for*

Eccluſ 1.23.

a

a time, and afterward joy shall spring up unto him. But ye also which think your selves the onely happy men on earth, and the darlings of the world, know thus much, and be not proud, neither lift up your horn: All your seeming happinesse (for it is no more at the best) hath but short and narrow bounds and limits, and is quickly passed over. Your triumphing is but *for a time:* your golden dreams last but *for a time:* After a time, and that not long, Death will command you to put off Fortunes painted vizard, and stand amongst the croud: Then shall ye truly appear so much the more unhappy, by how much the more ye seemed to your selves before, in your own foolish imaginations, most happy. Therefore whether sorrow or joy, all is but *for a time* in this world. It is *Eternitie* alone which is not concluded within any bounds of time. Whether therefore the body suffer or the mind; whether we lose riches or honours; whether our patience be exercised by sorrow or grief,

grief, cares or any other afflictions inward or outward, all is but painted and momentanie, if we think upon *Eternall* punishments. For when fiftie thousand years shall be passed after the day of Judgement, there shall still remain fifty thousand Millions of years; and when those likewise are passed, there shall still remain more and more, and yet more Millions of years, and there shall never be an end. But who thinks upon these things? who weighs and considers them well with himself? Sometimes we seem to have savour of things *Eternall*: But we are tossed up and down with the motions and thoughts of things past, and things future: our heart wavereth, and is full of vanitie. Who will establish it, and set it in a sure place, that it may stand a while, and standing admire, and admiring be ravisht with the splendour of *Eternitie*, which alwayes stands and never passeth away? Well did *Myrogenes*, when *Eustachius* Archbishop of *Jerusalem* sent gifts unto him,

August. lib. 11. Conf. cap 11.

He

He did very well, I say, in refusing them, and saying, Do but one thing for me, Onely pray for me, that I may be delivered from *Eternall* torment. Neither was *Tullie* out of the way when he said, No humane thing can seem great unto a wise man, who hath the knowledge of all *Eternitie*, and of the magnitude of the whole world. But *Francis*, the Authour of the order of the *Franciscans*, hath a saying farre better then that of *Tullie*; The pleasure that is here, saith he, is but short: but the punishment that shall be hereafter is infinite: The labour that is here is but small: but the glory which shall be hereafter is *Eternall*. Take your choice. Many are called, few chosen, but all rewarded according to their works.

Tull. Tusc. quæst. lib. 3.

Let us hasten our Repentance therefore whilest we have time: It is better, saith *Guerricus*, to be purged by water then by fire, and it is farre easier: Now is the time for repentance: Let our timely Repentance therefore prevent punishment.

Guerr. Serm. 4. de Purific.

ment. Whosoever is afraid of th
hoar frost, the snow shall fall upo
him: He which feareth the less
detriment shall suffer a greater
He which will not undergo th
light burden of Repentance sha
be forced to undergo the most he
vy burden and most grievous pu
Greg. nishments of Hell. S. *Gregory* hat
a saying to this purpose; Som
saith he, whilest they are afraid
Temporall punishments, run them
selves upon *Sternall* punishmen
Pacian. Hither we may adde that of *Pa*
an; Remember, saith he, that in he
there is no place for Confession
sinnes, no place for Repentanc
for then it is too late to repent, an
the time is past: Make haste ther
fore whilest you are in the way. W
are afraid of *Temporall* fire, and th
Executioners hands: But what ar
these to the claws of tormenting
Devils, and the *Everlasting* fire o
Hell? The Counsel of Saint *Am*
brose to a lapsed Virgin fits well i
this place.

Ambr. cap. 8. ad virg. lapsa. True Repentance, saith he, ought not to be in word onely, but

in

in deed; and this is true Repentance indeed, if thou seteest before thine eyes, from what glory thou art fallen; and considereſt with thy ſelf, out of what book thy name is blotted; and believeſt, that now thou art near unto utter darkneſſe, where there is weeping and gnaſhing of teeth without end. And when thou art certainly perſwaded that thoſe things are true, as indeed they are, ſeeing that the ſoul that ſinneth is in danger of Hell-fire, and there is no means after Baptiſme left to eſcape, but onely Repentance; be content to ſuffer any labour, and to undergo any affliction, to be freed from *Eternall* puniſhment. The diſeaſes of the body move the ſick man to purge his body: Let the diſeaſes of our ſouls move us alſo to take the purgation of Repentance: let the deſire of our ſalvation move us; let the fear of *Eternall* death and *Eternall* torment move us: let the hope of atteining *Eternall* life and *Eternall* glory move us: Let us embrace that which purgeth the ſoul, and let us

eſchew

eschew that which polluteth
And nothing defiles the soul mo
then a filthy bodie. Faithfull
this counsel of Saint *Ambros*
and worthy of us to be embr
ced.

O Christ Jesus, grant unto
that we may so possesse things tra
sitorie and *temporall*, that final
we lose not the things which a
Eternall: and give us grace
walk in their steps, and to follo
their good example, of who
August. S. *Augustine* speaketh; Many the
are, saith he, that willingly com
under the yoke, and of proud an
haughtie men become humble an
lowly, desiring to be what befo
they despised, and hating to b
what before they were, passing by
like strangers, things present, an
making haste with greedinesse aft
things to come. They pant in the
running towards their *Eternal*
countrey, preferring Abstinence
before Fulnesse, Watching before
Sleep, and Poverty before Riches,
accounting labour in the conquest
of vices to be but pleasure, loving
their

their enemies, passing by injuries, and all for the hope of an *Eternall* reward. And who then would not suffer any extremitie and labour to purchase unto themselves an *Eternall* reward?

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[o]

THE

I have considered the dayes of old, the yeares of antient times. Ps: 76.5.

Thy arrows passe by me. the voice of thy THUNDER *is round about me the arrows of present punishment fly over my head; the voice of that terrible thunder.* Go ye curs'd into ETERNALL fire. *is like a wheel that will alwaies turn.*

THE FOURTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

How holy David meditated upon Eternitie, *and how we ſhould imitate him.*

THat God ſhould puniſh the *Apoſtate Angels* and men condemned at the laſt day, with *Eternall* puniſhments, this hath ſeemed ſo ſtrange to ſome and ſo incredible, that *Origen* himſelf, a man otherwiſe of an admirable wit, and excellent learning, very well skilled in Scripture, hath been ſo bold as to teach, That the Devils

and the Damned after a certain time, when they shall be sufficiently purged by the fire, from their sinnes, shall at length be restored to grace. But Saint *Augustine* and others convince him & condemn him of this his errrour. Yet notwithstanding this errour hath found in the world many favourers. Certain Hereticks called the *Anis* have disseminated and scattered it throughout *Spain*, by diver their interpretations. Some thought that all the damned, others tha Christians onely, others that Catholicks onely, others that tho onely that had been more liberal then others in giving of alms should be delivered at lengt out of Hell. Though Saint *Augustine* hath not refuted the their errours, yet the holy wr hath done it plainly and openly *Depart from me ye curſed int everlaſting fire*: and again, *An these ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righteous into life eternall.* Here n Gloſſes or Interpretations wil ſerve

Lib. 21. De civitate Dei, cap. 23. &c.

Matth. 25. 41. 46.

ſerve their turn to defend their errours. Wherefore the Divine *Pſalmiſt* king *David*, though he delighted much in the conſideration of both times, that which was paſt, and that which was to come, yet he had an eye more eſpecially to that which was to come. *Mine eyes*, ſaith he, *prevent the night-watches*: and again in another place, *Thou holdeſt mine eyes waking*: *I am ſo troubled that I cannot ſpeak.* What was it, Bleſſed Prophet, that thus broke thy ſleep? What buſineſſe hadſt thou to do ſo early, before daylight? What cauſed thee ſo to keep ſilence and to be troubled in mind? Heare what he ſaith: *I have conſidered the dayes of old, and the years of ancient times, and the years of Eternitie I have had in my mind.* Lo! This was the thing that broke his ſleep, when he compared the years that were paſt with the years which were to come, and with *Eternitie.* Neither did he thus in the day onely, but, *I call to remembrance*, ſaith he, *my ſong*

Pſal. 119. 148.

Pſal. 77. 4.

Pſal. 77. 5.

6.

in the night: I communed with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search. And what moved him to this nightly exercise? *Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever?* See how he fears and trembles at the very consideration of *Eternitie*, how he is afraid of Gods judgements, lest God should punish him with *Eternall* punishment. And what is the end and effect of this Meditation? *And I said, this is mine infirmitie: But I will remember, &c.* or, *Now I will begin.* So in an instant, at the very same minute, he became better then he was, and delayed not, neither did he deferre his Repentance and put it off till worse years. But, saith he, *Now I will begin*, now I will live a more godly life then I have done: He saith not, After such an houre, or after such a day, but, *Now, even now.* I, will some man say, if I were as *David* was, if I could meditate of *Eternitie* as blessed *David* did, it may be

then

then I would readily and with alacritie ſay with *David*, *Now I will begin*: But I am ſo intangled with daily cares, ſo hindred with worldly buſineſſe, ſo diſtracted into divers parts one way or other, that I cannot. I live amongſt men; I ſee and heare much evil; I have no time or leiſure once to have ſo good a thought in mind as the thought of *Eternitie*. When we meet together in company to make merry, amidſt our ſports, and amongſt our cups we never conferre about ſuch grave points: our minds wander up and down about many things, and cannot then fix themſelves upon the conſideration of *Eternitie*. At our feaſts and merry meetings we take our cups, and pleaſe our ſelves in making jeſts: Thoughts of *Eternitie* are too ſevere, too ſad and Melancholick to be entertained by us; we baniſh ſuch out of our company. We enquire, what news out of *Italie*, or *France*, or *Spain*. That which you tell us of ſo often concerning Heaven and Hell, is now old, and grown ſtale.

We know it well enough already: what need you repeat it so often, till we loath it? So by this means there is no place or time left once to think upon *Eternitie*. O Christian brother, it is true indeed which thou sayest, I cannot deny it. But I could wish thou wouldest be as ready and forward to amend thy fault as to confesse it. It is too clear and manifest, we see it with our eyes, that there is little or no care in the world of *Eternitie*, although one thing or other every day still puts us in mind of it.

The Book of the rites and Ceremonies of the Church of Rome at the consecration of their Bishops doth appoint these words to be recited, *Annos Æternos in mente habe*; *Keep* still *in mind the years of Eternitie*; or, *Think upon Eternity*: For when the Pope new elect, in a solemn manner is carried along to S. *Peters church*, there goes one before him, having in his hand burning flax, and shaking it he repeateth thrice these words, *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*:

Holy

Holy Father, ſo the glory of the world paſſeth away. It were a devout and godly practice, if we did every day at the beginning and end of all our actions, ſay unto our ſelves theſe words, *Annos Æternos in mente habe; Think upon Eternitie:* But eſpecially when we are tempted unto any ſinne, when the Devil ſuggeſts and puts into our minds ill thoughts, & when our Conſcience is in danger of being wounded, O then *Think upon Eternitie.*

CHAP. I.

Divers Admonitions to think upon Eternitie.

Philip king of *Macedon* appointed a certain noble young man to ſalute him thrice every morning after this manner, *Philippe, homo es:* Remember, *Philip, Thou art but a man.* That being put dayly in mind of his mortalitie, he might carry himſelf towards mortall men like a mortall man.

Much more ought every good Christian man, and true member of the Catholick Church be a monitour unto himself, and with due consideration thrice at the least every day say to himself, *Eternitie, Eternitie, Eternitie!* Why so? *Set thine house in order* (saith the Prophet to king *Hezekiah*) *For thou shalt die and not live.* There will come an evening for certain, after which thou shalt see no morning; or there will come a morning after which thou shalt see no evening. Have an especiall care therefore in all thy actions that thou woundest not thy Conscience: and trust not too farre to those things that perish, for fear lest thou thy self together with them dost likewise perish, and finally lose the things that are *Eternall.*

Isai. 38. 1.

It is a custome in *Germanie*, and not to be disliked, in the evening when a Candle is first lighted, or brought into a room, To say, *Deus det nobis lucem Æternam, God grant unto us light Eternall:* We shall do well to imitate the

Germanes

Germanes in this cuſtome: or rather it is alreadie in uſe, and hath been long ago in many parts of this kingdome to ſay, *God grant us the light of heaven.* It is very good dayly to put us in mind of *Eternitie.*

There is likewiſe a kind of *Eternitie* in Slavery and Impriſonment, but infamous and horrible. It is a cruell puniſhment and worſe then death it ſelf in ſome mens judgement, to be condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, or to be a perpetuall Gally-ſlave.

Thoſe which are oppreſſed with ſickneſſe or other ſorrows, do likewiſe imagine with themſelves, that even in their ſufferings there is a kind of *Eternitie.* Whence it comes to paſſe that we often heare them utter ſuch diſtempered ſpeeches as theſe, *Will this laſt alwayes? Shall I ſtill without end be nailed faſt to my bed? Shall I ſuffer theſe pains and ſorrows perpetually? Shall I alwayes be thus vexed and tormented?* Alack! theſe *Eternities* are but ſhort, and ſoon come to an

end. But if it be so grievous to flesh and bloud to endure slaverie or imprisonment here on earth, though but for a moment (for our life is no longer, according to *Davids* measure, but a span, which is very short) What care and diligence, and what circumspection ought we to use, that we be not cast into the prison of hell, and into the fathomlesse pit, where there is slaverie and imprisonment, pain and torment, to be endured throughout all ages, beyond all times, even to all *Eternitie*!

CHAP. II.

That Eternitie transcends all numbers of Arithmetick.

THere is a very common and well known Arithmetick, which children are taught when they first go to School; and this is it. Suppose there were a mountain of very fine sand as big as the whole earth, or rather much bigger;

ger: Then ſuppoſe that every yeare an Angel ſhould take from this mountain one, and but one grain of ſand: How many thouſand, and thouſand, and again I ſay thouſand; yea how many hundred thouſand; and yet more, how many thouſand millions of years muſt there needs paſſe, before it can be perceived that the mountain is grown leſſe, or any whit diminiſhed! Let a man that is skilfull in Arithmetick ſit down, and begin to caſt, How many years muſt paſſe before the mountain, or half the mountain be removed by the Angel. Certainly we cannot conceive that ever he ſhall be able to caſt up the totall number of the ſand. But herein are we miſtaken; for although we cannot conceive it poſſible to be done, yet it may be done. But *Eternitie* exceeds this number of years beyond all compariſon; it is moſt certain: For *between a thing finite and a thing infinite there is no compariſon, no proportion: Eternitie* hath no limits, no terms,

no

no bounds, none at all. But suppose the damned should burn in Hell no longer, then till the mountain by grain after grain, yeare after yeare, should by the Angel be quite removed: yet what an incomprehensible number of years must first passe, before they can expect to see the day of deliverance! But (alas!) there is no such day to be expected; their torments shall have no end: After that incomprehensible number of years, it shall be truly said, Now beginneth their *Eternitie*, their *Eternitie* is not in any part expired, they are as farre from the end of their torments as they were at the beginning. After a thousand years, yea after a hundred thousand years there shall not be an end or middle, or beginning of *Eternitie*: For the measure of *Eternitie* is *Alwayes*. The same Art of Arithmetick about the businesse of *Eternitie*, a late Divine teacheth, in words somewhat different, but in meaning all one with the former. I therefore

adde

adde it, becauſe a man can never ſufficiently think or ſpeak of it. Conſider, ſaith he, what is the length of *Eternitie*. How long ſhall God and his Saints reigne? How long ſhall the damned burn in Hell? *For ever*. How long is that? Imagine an hundred thouſand years. Alas! That is nothing in reſpect of *Eternitie*. Imagine ten hundred thouſand years, yea ſo many ages: Yet that is nothing. *Eternitie* is ſtill as long as it was. Imagine a thouſand millions of years. And yet that is nothing. *Eternitie* is not a whit ſhortened. Imagine yet more, 1000000000000000000000000000000, a thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Millions of years. Imagine, I ſay, the damned ſhould burn in Hell ſo many years, and yet thou haſt not found the very beginning of *Eternitie*. Imagine once more ſo many millions of millions of years as there are drops in the Sea, and yet thou art not come to the beginning of *Eternitie*,

Cornelius de Lapide in cap. 15. Exod. ver. 18.

Eternitie. Such for continuance is the *Eternitie* of joy, into which the blessed shall enter, and the *Eternitie* of torments which the damned shall suffer. O Jesus spare us, spare us O Jesus, O Jesus save us; Have mercie upon us, O good Jesus, and suffer us not to be plunged headlong into the bottomlesse pit, to be tormented with the damned for all *Eternitie.*

But yet if God would but say unto the damned, Let the earth be covered with most fine sand, and let the world be filled therewith, and let it be heaped up so high as heaven, and then let an Angel come once in every thousand years, and take one grain of sand out of this heap; When after so many thousand years as there be grains of sand, the Angel shall have removed the whole heap, then will I deliver you out of Hell: Oh how would the damned exult and rejoyce, and not think themselves damned! But (alas) after so many thousands of years, there remain yet more, and more, and infinite more,

more, to all *Eternitie*, even for ever and ever. This is that heavie weight that so presseth the damned. Let every one therefore that sinneth consider with himself, and again, I say, let him consider, that unlesse he repent, he shall be presled and grone under this heavie weight of *Eternitie*.

Guilielmus Peraldus Bishop of Lions, a very religious and learned man, hath another manner of reckoning, meditating upon the innumerable number of years, throughout which the damned shall be tormented. If the damned, saith he, should every day distill from their eyes but one small tear, and those tears should be added together day after day, they would at length farre exceed the drops of the Ocean: for they have their number and measure; and it is easie with God to say, So many are the drops of the Ocean and no more. But the tears of the damned exceed all number and measure. Alas! Alas! How little do we think upon these things! How freely and wilfully do we sinne, and

make

make our selves guiltie of *Eternall* punishment, and that oftentimes for a very little short and filthy pleasure!

Yet there remains one way more of casting up this numberlesse number of years: Suppose there were a schedule of Parchment a span broad, but so long that it would begirt and incircle the whole Globe of the earth: And suppose it were written all over very close with figures of 9. from one end to another: who so skilfull an Arithmetician, that can tell the number thereof? What mountain so great, that consisteth of so many grains of dust or sand? What Ocean so vast, that containeth within it so many drops of water? And yet this is nothing to *Eternitie*; it stretcheth it self further then so; it knows no bounds; it is extended beyond all measure. But how farre is it extended? It is extended infinitely and without end. If thy heart (O Christian man) be not turned into a stone, it cannot but melt at the consideration of

these

theſe things, and the very thought of the bottomleſſe pit and *Eternall* puniſhment will make thee fear and tremble. If there be any ſenſe in thee, here it will ſhew it ſelf. But, as I ſaid before, too few think upon theſe things; and too many live ſo ſecure of their ſalvation, as if there were no Heaven, no God, no Hell, no *Eternitie*. Every day they heap ſinne upon ſinne, as it they laboured and ſtudied to make their laſt day to exceed the former, for the meaſure and number of their ſinnes: And ſo they paſſe unto *Eternitie* ſporting and playing, as if they went to priſon but for a few weeks or dayes. Such men as theſe, ſaith Saint *Gregorie*, when they ſhould be mourning for their ſinnes, they are dancing for their pleaſure; and when they ſhould be ſeriouſly meditating upon death, they runne laughing unto execution. This is blindneſſe indeed, this is oblivious madneſſe. For this ſhort life, which is but the ſhadow of *Eternitie*, we labour beyond all meaſure; but for the life which

is

is *Eternall* and moſt happy, we ſcarce take any pains at all: And yet the not obtaining of this life is the incurring of *Eternall* death, which as it is a torment more grievous then all the torments of this life, ſo in this it is moſt grievous, that there is no reſt or mitigation of pain, no not for one ſhort houre in the infinite ſpace of all *Eternitie*.

CHAP. III.

what effect and fruit the conſideration of Eternitie bringeth forth.

AND this is it that hath made ſo many good Chriſtians, and ſo many holy *Martyrs* ſo prompt and ready to ſuffer any torments, and any kind of death, that even in their greateſt pains, when they lay wallowing in their own bloud, they were moſt ſtout and couragious, and with a conſtant look and chearfull countenance inſulted over their

their Tormentours: *They had the years of Eternitie in mind.* This is it that hath made the world ſeem diſtaſtfull and unpleaſant unto many, inſomuch that they have taken their leave of all pleaſures, and embraced and entertained a ſevere and ſtrict courſe of life, giving themſelves wholly to reading, meditation, and prayer, and ſuch holy duties, minding heaven, and heavenly things. *They had the years of Eternitie in mind.* The thought of *Eternitie* will make all things in this life ſeem eaſie and pleaſant, though to fleſh and bloud they ſeem moſt grievous and unpleaſant. It makes all labours ſeem light and very ſhort. Prayer, ſtudy, watching, and ſuch like holy duties it commends unto us, and makes them ſeem amiable. It ſeaſons and ſweetens hunger and thirſt. It mitigates the ſenſe of pinching poverty. It makes all manner of croſſes in this life not onely tolerable, but alſo gratefull and comfortable. Whoſoever hath the years of *Eternitie* in mind, and

and imprints them within, deeper and deeper by dayly meditation, shunneth no labour, neither is daunted with any losses. Offer him a kingdome, offer him all the delights and pleasures in the world; and he will not change his poore estate and condition for them. Such a man as this is never complaining, he endures all things, he submits himself to all. For thus he thinks with himself, What a small thing is this or that, that or this, and of how short continuance! I will therefore endure it patiently; it will not last alwayes. It is but for an houre, and that a very short one, that mine enemies here oppresse me. Well, go to ye detractours; bite me still, if ye will, ye envious; I will not run from you. This is your houre and the power of darknesse: But I expect the day of the Lord, and the day of *Eternitie*; and why should I afflict and torment my self with sorrow and lamentation? All this life is but a death of one houre: The victorie is not difficult; but the triumph is

Eternall

Eternall. Why ſhould I be afraid of the raging waves of this troubleſome world? I have ſight of the haven already. Now it rains and thunders upon the heads of the good and godly; but the ſtorm will ſhortly blow over. But upon his enemies God ſhall alwayes rain fire and brimſtone, ſtorm and tempeſt: this ſhall be their portion to drink. *And many of them that ſleep in the duſt of the earth* (ſo propheſieth *Daniel*) *ſhall awake; ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to ſhame and everlaſting contempt.* In the old Law God commanded *Moſes*, ſaying, *Make thee two trumpets of ſilver, of an whole piece ſhalt thou make them. If they blow but with one trumpet, then the Princes, which are heads of the thouſands of Iſrael ſhall gather themſelves unto thee. When ye blow an alarm, then the camp ſhall go forward.* Unto theſe two trumpets we may compare theſe two words, NOW and ALWAYES. This is the law of the world, NOW let us be merry;

Daniel 12. 2.

Num. 10. 2. 4. 5.

now

now let us rejoyce: *now* let us enjo
our goods, whilſt we have them
come, let us *now* crown our ſelve
with Roſes, before they be withe
ed; *now* let us leave in every plac
the ſignes and footſteps of our joy
They that attend onely to th
ſound of this Trumpet, they tha
have ears to heare nothing but thi
NOW, they live for the mo
part ſo, as if there were no AL
WAYES for to follow. There
fore they do not remove the camp
amidſt their pleaſures they wilfull
forget that they are here but Pil
grimes and ſtrangers: whitherſoe
ver the wanton fleſh inviteth them
they go with greedineſſe: they ar
buſied altogether in heaping u
riches and following pleaſures
And the ſound of this NOW
doth ſo obtund and dull their ear
that they are deaf to all good coun
ſels and precepts; and they will
not ſo much as lend an eare to that
ALWAYES which ſhall fol
low. But they which open their
ears to heare, and their hearts to
underſtand, when the Church
ſoundeth

ſoundeth both Trumpets (as it often doth) and thereupon ſeriouſly conſider with themſelves, and compare together this ſhort NOW with that infinite and everlaſting ALWAYES, they will uſe no delay, but preſently remove the camp: they live here as Pilgrimes and ſtrangers; they have their loyns girt; they remember that they are in a journey; they ſend their riches and pleaſures before them into their Countrey which is above; they chooſe rather to enjoy them ALWAYES in Heaven, then NOW for a ſhort time upon earth. Certain it is, whoſoever heareth attentively, and mindeth ſeriouſly the Alarm of theſe Trumpets, and thereupon compareth together things preſent with things future, and things tranſitorie with things *Eternall*, he will preſently make himſelf ready to depart, he will prepare himſelf a place of buriall, he will lay out his winding-ſheet, he will ſend for his biere, and furniſh himſelf with all things neceſſarie for his journey, remembring

bring ſtill in every place that he is
paſſing on the way to *Eternitie*
and conferring with himſelf every
day after this manner. How ſhall I
be able to give account unto God
for all my thoughts, words and
deeds? and, When ſhall I give up
my account? and, What ſentence
will he paſſe upon me? NOW
therefore will I die unto my ſelf
that I may ALWAYES live
unto my ſelf and unto God. Well
is it with that man, which timely
and dayly thus thinketh upon *Eter-*
nitie. Whatſoever we do, we are
paſſing on our way, and we do not
know how ſhort it is, unto the
gate which leadeth to *Eternitie*.
At the laſt houre of our life death
ſhall bring us unto this gate, and
compell us to enter. Let us there-
fore ſo live as if we were alwayes
expecting death, that if it ſhall
pleaſe God at any time to viſit us
with ſickneſſe the forerunner of
death, we may entertain it cheer-
fully, and bear it patiently, lifting
up our eyes unto Chriſt hanging
upon the Croſſe, the true and per-
fect

fect pattern of Patience, and when the time of our dissolution draweth near, praying thus; Lord Jesu stand by me and comfort me, Lord Jesu be present with thy servant that putteth his trust in thee, Lord Jesu make me partaker of thy victory, Lord Jesu receive my spirit, and leade me through the darksome valley and shadow of death, leade me and forsake me not untill thou hast brought my soul into the land of the living, O thou most potent conquerour of death, O thou which art my light, life and salvation.

[o]

Good Master what good thing shall I doe that I may have ETERNALL life. *Math: 19. 16.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of God. The love of riches & of ETERNITIE are scarce resident in one heart.

THE FIFTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

How others, even wicked men themſelves, have meditated upon Eternitie.

THe old hiſtorie of the Fathers telleth us of a religious man, that reading upon the nineteenth Pſalme came at length, having not thought of it, to theſe words, *For a thouſand years in thy ſight are but as yeſterday, when it is paſt*, and here ſtuck: For he could not conceive a reaſon, why a thouſand years and one day ſhould be compared together. Whereupon they ſay there was a little bird ſent by God, which ſo

raviſht the man with her ſweet ſing
ing, that though he heard her ſi
a very great while together, yet h
thought the time very ſhort, ſcar
John 3.8. a ſhort houre long. *The wind blow*
eth where it liſteth. Not good m
onely have with holy *David* med
tated upon *Eternitie*, but even wi
ked men alſo, and thoſe oftentim
againſt their will.

Benedictus Renanus reports of
vain and ungodly fellow, a ve
Epicure and mere worldling, whic
never uſed to faſt or watch, o
that could not indure the want
any thing, but eſpecially ſleep. U
on a certain night, it ſeemeth, th
fellow could not ſleep as he w
wont, being much troubled wi
unuſuall dreams: ſo he turned hi
ſelf upon his bed from one ſide
another, and could not by a
means get any reſt; then he wiſhe
it were day. But here the wind
the Lord began to blow, thoug
it were in a ſtrange land: for god
thoughts were very rare in th
man. Being weary with watch
ing, and finding no eaſe or reſt

all

all, thus he began to think with himself; Would any be hired upon any condition to lie thus two or three years together, in darkneſſe, without the company of friends, though his ſickneſſe were not very grievous? Would he be content to want his ſports and playes ſo long? Would he be content to be bound to his bed, though it were a feather-bed, or a bed of down, and never ſtirre abroad to ſee any ſights or ſhews, or make merry with his friends? I think no man would. And ſhall I alone amongſt all men enjoy reſt and pleaſure by an eſpeciall priviledge, and have no ſenſe of grief and ſorrow? Surely no. Will I, nill I, needs I muſt ſometime or other lie down upon the bed of ſickneſſe, unleſſe I be ſuddenly taken away by death, which God forbid. (*This was a good wind, theſe were good cogitations.*) But what bed ſhall I have next, when death ſhall thruſt me out of this? My body muſt rot under earth: For this is the condition of all men after death.

But what shall become of my soul in another world? Surely all men do not go to the same place after death. Do not some go one way, and some another? Is there not an Hell as well as an Heaven? Wo and alas! What kind of bed shall the damned find in Hell? How many years shall they lie there? In what year after their first entrance shall the flames cease and be put out? Assuredly Christ doth not onely in word threaten to cast the wicked into everlasting fire, but will also cast them in indeed. This thing is certain and very manifest. Therefore the damned shall burn in Hell for ever. Therefore, a thousand, and a thousand, and again I say a thousand years will not suffice to purge away the sinnes of this short life. Therefore they shall never see the Sunne any more, nor Heaven, nor God, being most miserable *Eternally* and without end. With such thoughts as these this man became so vigilant and watchfull, and proceeded so farre, that night and day he could not

could not be at reſt, but *Eternitie* did ſtill runne in his mind. Fain indeed he would have ſhaken off the thoughts thereof, as gnawing worms; but he could not. Therefore he followed ſports and paſtimes, went to merry meetings, ſought out companions like himſelf, and ſate oftentimes ſo long at his cups, that he laid his conſcience aſleep, and ſo ſeemed to take ſome reſt: But when he came again unto himſelf, his conſcience being awakened did preſently accuſe him, and ſuggeſt unto him afreſh ſorrowfull thoughts of *Eternitie.* Thus finding no reſt, he reſolved at length to amend his manners, and to betake himſelf to a better courſe of life. And thus he began to reaſon with himſelf, Miſerable man that I am, what do I here? I ſo enjoy the world, that indeed I enjoy it not; I ſuffer many things I would not; I want many things which I fain would have; I ſerve like a ſlave; but who will pay me my wages? I ſee well enough how the world

rewardeth those that love it, and do all their lives nothing else but serve it. But suppose I had the fruition of all the delights and pleasures in the world that my heart could wish: what certainti can I have, how long they shall last? I am not certain whether I shall live till to morrow or no: Dayly Funerals sufficiently prove this. Oh *Eternitie*, if thou were not! Oh *Eternitie*, If thy place be not in Heaven, though it be on a soft down-bed, thou canst not but be bitter and unpleasant. It is true indeed, it is a hard matter to withdraw our selves away from those things, whereunto we are accustomed, whether it be feasting, or drinking, or company-keeping, or such like: But whilest we delay and deferre the time, death may prevent us, and take us away from all these. Why then dost thou delay? Why dost thou not impose an honest and happy necessitie upon thy self? Why dost thou not resolve thus presently with thy

thy self? Well, I will be another man then I have been, if it please God I live. This life lasteth not long; but *Eternitie* endureth for ever. I must walk now in a new way; I am resolved upon it; And *Now* I begin. Where art thou blessed *Eternitie*? I am seeking for thee, I am travelling towards thee.

To conclude, he did as he said, he took his leave of the world, he changed the course of his life, and so lived and died an honest and godly man.

Oh *Eternitie*, How few are they that think thus seriously upon thee! But certainly there are very few, scarce any that weigh and consider well with themselves, what thou art, and so continue and persist in that consideration. We seek earnestly after all other things: onely *Eternitie* seemeth vile unto us, and not worth the looking after. Our thoughts runne after riches; and yet the possession of them is very uncertain; we know not how soon

they shall forsake us, or we them. We are ambitious after honours: and yet they are slippery, and soon slide away from us. We are in love with pleasures: and yet they have sorrow and bitternesse in their latter end. We desire rest: but it is of no long continuance. We knit the knot of friendship with others: but it is such as death shall quickly dissolve. We are never well but when we are conversing with others: but our conversation is never in Heaven, where it should be. We seek for abundance: but it is there, where it will soon fail. But surely if we did more often and seriously think upon *Eternitie*, we should not have such a fervent desire after things of so short continuance. I call Saint *Bernard* to witnesse, who saith thus, *He that longeth after things Eternall, cannot but loath things transitorie.*

Bernard

There are that have often in their mouthes I know not what *Eternitie*, that will promise and swear and make good resolutions of

of amendment, and say thus; As long as I live, I will beware of such a place, or such a place, where I have formerly been tempted to sinne: I will never come near such a man, or such a woman, or such a one that was my companion in evil, I will never come near him as long as I live. As long as I live, I will never go to such and such meetings, where there useth to be gluttony and drunkennesse, dancing, chambering and wantonnesse, and such like. It shall suffice me that I have been there once, and again, and perhaps oftner; that I have done as the company did, that I have sinned with such and such. These are good resolutions: In this I commend thee, O man; Because sinne is to be feared, thou dost well in purposing to avoid the occasion of sinning: and I could wish thou wert as religious in observing what thou hast promised, as thou art ready to promise. But (alas!) after a day or two, yea an houre or two, too forgetfull of thy promise and good resolution, thou dost

again

again the very same thing which lately thou didst detest, abhorre and forswear. Therefore before thou makest a vow or promise unto God, it is good to use due consideration and foresight; and when thou hast made a vow or promise unto God, it is necessary to use after-care and Christian fortitude in performance. Thou must promise nothing rashly and unadvisedly unto God: But what thou hast promised thou must religiously and constantly keep and observe. How severe God is in punishing such as break their vowes and promises, we are sufficiently taught by the wofull experience and lamentable example of others.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The comparison of mans labours and the spiders, one with another.

THere is another *Eternitie*, and that the worst of all, which those men promise to themselves, which will needs erect up unto themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. *Wherefore heare the word of the Lord, ye scornfull men*, saith the Prophet *Isaiah*; *Because ye haue said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement.* O ye mad men! How vain, and none at all, is this your *Eternitie*! There is nothing permanent and perpetuall in this prison. Elegantly doth the Kingly Prophet declare this; *we spend our years*, saith he, *as a tale that is told, &c. We spend our years in musing, like the Spider.* (for so some reade it) He could not have declared it better, and in fewer words. For what

Isai. 28.14. 15.

Psal. 90.9.

are

are all our years but a continuall musing, and wearisome exercise? All the time of our life is consumed and wasted away with vain labours, many sorrows, sundry fears, often suspicions, and innumerable troubles: Even as the Spider spendeth her self in the weaving of her web. Our labours are continuall, linked one unto another; our sighs and groans continuall, partly in the pursuing of our profits and pleasures, and partly in the removing and eschewing those things which we count evil. We do many things, we undertake many labours, troublesome and grievous to be born, and mean while (alas! such is our folly) we perceive not that we do but weave the Spiders web, taking a great deal of pains, with little successe, to no end or purpose. *we spend our years in musing like the Spider.* It is a great deal of pains and care that the Spider taketh in weaving of her web, she runneth much and often up and down, she fetcheth a compasse this way and

and that way, and returneth often to the ſame point, ſhe ſpendeth her ſelf in a multitude of fine-ſpun threeds, to make her ſelf a round Cabinet; ſhe exenterateth her ſelf, and worketh out her own bowells, to make an artificiall and curious piece of work, which when it is made, is apt to be blown away with every puff of wind; ſhe hangeth it up aloft, ſhe faſtneth it to the roof of the houſe, ſhe ſtrengtheneth it with many a threed, wheeling often round about, not ſparing her own bowels, but ſpending them willingly upon her work. And when ſhe hath done all this, ſpunne her fine threeds, weaved them one within another, wrought her ſelf a fine Conopie, hanged it aloft, and thinketh all is ſure; on a ſudden in the twinkling of an eye, with a light ſweep of a beeſome all falleth to the ground, and ſo her labour periſheth. But here is not all: Poore Spider! ſhe is either killed in her own web, or elſe ſhe is taken in her own ſnare, haled to death

and

and trod under foot. Thus the silly *Animal* may be truly said, either to weave her own winding-sheet, or to make a snare to hang her self. Just so do many men, like the Spider, waste and consume themselves, to get preferment, to injoy pleasures, to gather riches, to keep them, and to increase them. In such projects they spend all their wit, and oftentimes the healths of their bodies, running up and down, labouring and sweating, carking and caring, wearying themselves, and weakning their bodies, even as the Spider doth by spinning out of her own bowels. And when they have done all this, they have but weaved the Spiders web to catch flies. Yea, oftentimes they are caught in their own nets, they are instruments of their own mischief: The dayes of mirth which they promise unto themselves, prove oftentimes the dayes of mourning: That which they call their palace, becometh their burying place. So *we spend our years*

years in musing like the Spider, I say *in musing*, for the most part: For we often purpose to do many things, and do them not. And what we do, most an end were better undone. Those things which we pursue with such greedinesse, for the most part fly from us; and those things which we contend for with such earnestnesse, we seldome attain to: But suppose we did, (Alas!) they have no perpetuitie. So *the covenant with death shall be disanulled, and the agreement with hell shall not stand.* We all consume away and die: and which is worst of all, we blindly rush headlong into *Eternitie* from whence there is no return. Isai. 28.18.

Guerricus hearing these words read in the Church out of the book of *Genesis*, *And all the dayes that Adam lived, were nine hundred and thirtie years: And he died. And all the dayes of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years: And he died. And all the dayes of Enos were nine hundred and five years: And he died.* Gen. 5. 5. 8. 11.

27. *died. And all the dayes of Methuſelah were nine hundred ſixtie and nine years: And he died, &c.* Hearing, I ſay, theſe words read, the very conceit of death wrought ſo ſtrongly upon him, and made ſo deep an impreſſion in his mind, that he retired himſelf from the world, and gave himſelf wholly to his devotions, that ſo he might die the death of the godly, and arrive more ſafely at the haven of *Eternall* felicitie, which is no where to be found in this world.

CHAP. II.

What is the beſt queſtion in the world.

Matt. 19.16. SAint *Matthew* telleth us of a young man that came unto Chriſt, and propounded a queſtion unto him. And Saint *Mark* deſcribeth the manner of his coming to our Saviour, and his good carriage: Mar. 10.17. For, ſaith he, *There came one running*

running and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Maſter, what ſhall I do that I may inherit Eternall life? And our Saviours anſwer was, *Thou knoweſt the Commandments:* 19. *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments.* At *Philippi a Citie of Macedonia, the keeper of the priſon came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,* and 29. moved this queſtion unto them, *Sirs, what muſt I do to be ſaved?* 30. This was a very good queſtion; A better and more profitable could not be moved. But, O good God, where is this queſtion now in the world? The world is full of other queſtions: but this is ſcarce anywhere to be heard. Moſt men do now adayes betray themſelves by their own queſtions, and bring to light, and ſo make others witneſſes of their ſimplicity, or curioſity, or ſome ſuch hidden diſeaſe of mind. He which maketh diligent ſearch and enquiry where the beſt wine is to be ſold, doth ſufficiently declare what he loves beſt, and where his chiefeſt care is. Another asketh

Matth. 19.17. Acts 16. 12,27.

ſuch

such questions as a modest man would blush to heare: And this man shews that his heart is full, and that out of the abundance thereof his mouth speaketh. All mens mouthes in all places are full of questions such as these are: But it is a rare thing to heare one man ask another this question, Do you think this is the way to heaven? It is a fault common to every vicious man, but more proper to the libidinous and lustfull, the luxurious and riotous man, though he be plunged into the deep, and begins to sink and to be overwhelmed, yet seldome or never to enter into a serious consideration with himself, and with a sincere mind ask himself this question, Shall I ever think to obtain *Eternall* felicitie by this course of life? Is this the way to heaven? But of all men those especiallly least think upon such questions as these, those I say, that live a soft life, fare deliciously and wallow in pleasures, that feel little or no sorrow and affliction, or if they do at any time feel never so little labour what they

can

can to be senseleſſe of it. To ſuffer, they count the greateſt of all evils. If it goes well with them, they care not how it fares with others. If it be well with them for the preſent, they take no care what ſhall follow after. They never once think upon *Eternitie*. This is their dayly ditty, *The heaven of heavens is the Lords, but the earth he hath given to the ſonnes of men*. They want neither ſtrength of body or mind, by which to eſcape the hands of men: But God hath long hands, he ſhall ſurely find them out; they muſt appear before him who is the Judge of all the world; they cannot eſcape his judgement; they ſhall ſurely ſuffer *Eternall* puniſhments for their wickedneſſe and their offences. But if God in his ſecret judgement caſteth away any man as a reprobate, and ſuffereth him to live after his own luſt and pleaſure, He giveth him his portion of proſperity and felicitie in this life, he ſpareth him here, that he may puniſh him hereafter. And if at any time he doth any thing that is good, he

preſently

presently receiveth his reward. Of such unhappy-happy men the kingly Prophet saith thus, *They are not in trouble as other men: neither are they plagued like other men.* They go *a whoring with their own inventions.* And this is a most miserable state and condition of life, if there be any. For whom God hath predestinated to bring into the way of *Eternall* happinesse, he spareth him not here in this life, but scourgeth him dayly. I might bring infinite examples to prove this: I will name but one; but the like, I think, hath not been seen or heard of in many ages.

Psal. 73. 5.

Psal. 106. 39.

CHAP. III.

How God punisheth here, that he may spare hereafter. A strange example, the like hath scarce at any time been heard of.

IN the yeare of our Lord one thousand one hundred eighty five

ve *Andronicus* Emperour of the laſt being overcome and taken prioner by *Iſaac Angelo*, had two heavy iron-chains put about his neck, was laden with fetters and hackles, and was moſt barbarouſly nd deſpitefully uſed, and at length n this manner was brought before he forenamed *Iſaac*. Before whom complaining of his hard uſage, he was delivered over to the multitude to be abuſed at their pleaſure. They being ſet on fire with anger, thought it a fine thing to be revenged of their enemy: And thus they uſed him. They buffeted him, they baſtinadoed him, they pulled him by the beard, they twitcht his hair from his head, they daſht out his teeth, they dragged him in publick, they made him a laughing-ſtock, they ſuffered women to beat him with their fiſts. Then they cut off his right hand, and being thus maimed, they thruſt him into the dungeon of theeves and robbers, without either meat or drink or any other thing that was neceſſary, or any one to look after him. After a few dayes they

they put out one of his eyes, a
being thus shamefully mangled, h
ying one eye put out, and one ha
cut off, they put upon him a very
ry short coat, shaved his head,
him upon a scabbed Camel with
face toward the tail, put upon
head a Crown of Garlick, ma
him hold in his hand the Cam
tail in stead of a Sceptre, and so th
carried him through the marke
place very leisurely with great pom
and triumph. And here the mo
impudent, base, and vile among
the people like savages after an i
humane sort fell upon him, nothi
at all considering that not
three dayes before he was no le
then an Emperour, crowned with
royall Diadem, commended, wo
shipped, honoured, yea and ador
of all men. Nothing at all regar
ing the oath of Allegiance, th
raged and were mad upon him,
and their rage and madnesse fitte
every man with instruments o
mischief against him. Some struc
him on the head with clubs, o
thers filled his nostrils with dirt,

others

ſponges upon his face firſt ſoaked in the excrements of man and beaſt, others runne him into the ſides with ſpits. Some threw ſtones, others threw dirt at him: ſome called him mad dog, others called him fool and blockhead. An impudent woman running out of a kitchin with a kettle of ſcalding water in her hand, poured it upon his head as he paſſed by: There was none which did not ſome miſchief or other to him. At length they brought him to the Theatre to make him a laughing-ſtock, took him down from the Camel, and hanged him up by the heels between two pillars. Thus poore Emperour having ſuffered a thouſand indignities, yet bore them patiently, carrying himſelf like a man, and a true Chriſtian Champion. He was never heard all the while to lament, or cry out of his hard fortune: For it had been to no purpoſe. He was all the while caſting up his account, which he was to make unto God, and begging pardon for his ſinnes. He was heard to ſay nothing but

onely this, and this he ſaid often *Domine miſerere, Domine miſerere* Lord have mercy, Lord have mer

Unhappy *Andronicus* which w compelled to ſuffer ſuch things! B happy in this that thou didſt ſuff them ſo patiently, as being the ju reward of ſinne!

When he was hanged up, o would have thought their mali ſhould have ceaſed: but they ſpar him not then, as long as he live For they rent his coat from h body: and toſſed him up and dow with their hands, tearing him pieces with their nails. One mo cruell then the reſt run his ſwo through his belly and guts as was hanging. Two others, to t whoſe ſword was ſharpeſt, thru him through the back, leaning up on their ſwords with both the hands. Here the moſt miſerab unhappy Emperour with much ad lifted up his maimed hand to hi mouth, to ſuck out the bloud, a ſome thought, from the freſh and bleeding wound, and ſo ended hi life miſerably. After ſome few

dayes

dayes he was taken down from the gibbet, and thrown under one of the arches of the Theatre like a beast, till some that had more humanitie in them then the rest, removed him; But yet notwithstanding he was not suffered to be buried. Oh *Andronicus*! Oh thou Emperour of the East ! How much wast thou bound unto God, whose will it was that for a few dayes thou shouldst suffer such things, that thou mightest not perish for ever! Thou wast miserable for a short time, that thou mightest not be miserable for all *Eternitie*. I make no doubt but thou hadst the years of *Eternitie* in mind, seeing that thou didst suffer such things so constantly and couragiously.

Nicetas Choniates is mine Authour, from whom I borrowed this lamentable historie; and he lived about the same time, when this happened.

Let us Christians keep alwayes in mind the years of *Eternitie*. So whatsoever adversitie or affliction happeneth, we shall more easily

beare it. Every thing is short, if w
2. Cor. 4. 17. compare it with *Eternitie. For ou light affliction, which is but for moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and Eterna weight of glory.* Hereupon S. *Au*
August. *guſtine* cryeth out and prayeth earneſtly, *Domine, hîc ure, hîc ſ ca, modò in æternum parcas; Lor ſeare me here, lance me here, ſo th*
Ful. Gentius. *ſpareſt me hereafter.* And *Fulge tius*, though a moſt holy man, dra ing near unto his death, threeſco and ten dayes before he died w often heard to cry out, *Domine, mihi modò patientiam, & poſtea i dulgentiam; Lord grant me patien here, and eaſe hereafter.* The were his words and prayers even the laſt gaſp. Certain it is, Go ſpareth them leaſt of all, whom h determineth to take unto himſel to dwell with him through-out all *Eternitie.*

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We have a building of God an house not made with hands, ETERNAL in the heavens. 2 Cor. 5. 1.

Let none wonder at my habitation, I have here a most large palace, when I think upon the everlasting prisons of hell and the ETERNAL MANSIONS of heaven.

THE SIXTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

How the Holy Scripture in many places teacheth us to meditate upon Eternitie.

THe kingly Prophet, ſpeaking of the wicked, ſaith that they *walk on every ſide*, or *in a circuit*. This is their manner of life: They go from feaſt to feaſt, from delights to delights, from wickedneſſe to wickedneſſe. This is their *Circuit*. And when they think they have almoſt finiſhed their *Circuit* of wickedneſſe, and gone over the round of their luſt, they begin again, returning ſtill to their former courſe, Pſal. 11. 8.

till death stealeth upon them before they be aware.

The children of *Job* made this law amongst themselves, to feast one another round, every one in his course. The good man their father observed and knew very well, that this their feasting round could not be without sinne: And therefore he *sent, and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all.* As therefore the wicked delight and rejoyce in going the circuit of their pleasure: So God shall appoint them a *circuit* to go; but it shall be a *circuit* of torments, and that perpetuall and *Eternall.* Blessed *David* foresaw this likewise: For saith he, *Thine arrows went abroad: The voyce of thy thunder was heard in the Heaven*, or, *round about.* Famine, Warre, Pestilence, Sorrows, Diseases, Calamities, Death it self, and all adversities whatsoever happen before the first death, are the Arrows of the Lord; but they flie over: they have

Job 1.5.

Psal. 77. 17, 18.

have wings, and they quickly fly from one to another. But the voice of his thunder, the voyce of his anger and fury ſhall continually rore in the priſon of Hell, and like a wheel run round without wearing, for all *Eternitie*. This wheel, as if it were filled with Gunpowder, when it hath once taken fire, ſhall burn for ever and ever. *A fire is kindled in mine anger, and ſhall burn unto the loweſt Hell.* There is alſo another *circuit*, and that likewiſe is *Eternall*: from unutterable cold to intolerable heat, and from heat back again to cold. *Drought and heat conſume the ſnow-waters* (ſo ſaith *Job*) and *ſo doth the grave thoſe that have ſinned.* S. *Matthew* ſignifieth it more expreſly by the *gnaſhing of teeth and weeping* of eyes. That we may more fully ſet out this horrible and incomprehenſible wheel, order requireth that we ſhew how the Church agreeth with the holy Scripture in this, as the holy Fathers agree with the Church. We have here divers

Deut. 32. 22.

Job 24. 19.

Matth. 22. 13.

good admonitions from all these, which if we attend unto, we cannot easily let *Eternitie* slip out of our memorie.

CHAP. I.

The Answers of the holy Fathers and the Church about this.

OF all the holy Fathers which have lived in divers ages, we should do well to hearken unto five especially, *Augustine, Chrysostome, Gregory, Bernard, Laurentius Justinianus.*

The first question here (which yet may seem a vain and a foolish one) is, Which is easier, and more tolerable, to suffer pain in the head, eyes, or teeth; to be troubled with the stone; to be pained with the wind Colick, or *Iliaca Passio*, or any other acute disease; neither to sleep night nor day, but to be tormented continually without any respite for three dayes together.

The

The queſtion now is, I ſay Which is eaſier, whether to ſuffer the pains now mentioned, or elſe to eat a piece of a fiſh, which is made bitter by the breaking of the Gall. This may ſeem a very ridiculous and moſt idle queſtion. For, How much ſweeter is it to eat ſuch a whole fiſh, rather then ſuffer thoſe ſo grievous torments though but for one day! The bitterneſſe of the fiſh will not endanger a mans life, nor make him ſick, but leave onely a bitter taſte in the mouth, which is unpleaſing to it. It is truly anſwered. And yet how many thouſands of men make choyce rather of the former! For, How often doth the Preacher teach & exhort, cry out and ſpeak plainly! Chriſtian brethren, conſider well with your ſelves and look about you, The *Eternall* ſalvation of your ſouls is in queſtion: If you walk this way, you muſt aſſuredly look for *Eternall* torments: Chriſt hath ſhewed you another way both by his life and doctrine. Return therefore and repent, you have gone long enough

astray: You may if you will have entrance into Heaven; if you be shut out, it is your own fault; God is not wanting to those that are willing. It is true indeed, There is some bitterneſſe in using abstinence and fasting, in confessing of sinnes, in keeping the body under, in setting a strict watch over thy senses, in conquering one's self, in living chastly and continently. This is no easie task: But let it be what it will, we must suffer it. *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?* Let not a little and short labour terrifie us: it is but for a few years, or it may be but a few dayes, that we are to do and suffer valiantly; But our joy and rest shall be *Eternall.* He overcometh all, whosoever overcometh and conquereth himself, containeth himself, and resisteth his evil and violent passions; and all this for Christ, for Heaven, for blessed *Eternitie.* Christ after his resurrection found his Disciples eating fish broyled upon the coals;

Luke 24. 26.

To

To teach them how great things they ſhould afterwards ſuffer; and that they were not to think of a ſoft and eaſie life, but that they were to be ſtoned, whipped, crucified, have their skin pulled over their ears; that this was the way to a joyfull reſurrection, and to the participation and fellowſhip of *Eternitie* with the bleſſed: that all other things were ſmall and of no worth in compariſon of immortalitie, and that bleſſedneſſe, which yet eye hath never ſeen. Theſe things are often ſpoken of, but they are little regarded. This fiſh bitter with the over-flowing of the gall, that is, worldly croſſes and the ſufferings of this life, is often ſet before us: but it goeth againſt our ſtomach, we cannot endure to taſte of it. *Eternitie*, is a thing we often heare of, we often reade of, it is continually preached unto us, and often repeated: but we either heare not, or believe not, or regard not; or if we do for a time, the cares of the world ſoon put it out of our minds, and we

bury

burie it in oblivion. But again, the Conscience often playes the preacher, and recalls to our mind these wholesome lessons, is instant, dehorts, reproves; but prevails nothing. All is in vain. For many are so obstinate and perverse, that neither the Preacher nor their own Conscience can work upon them. But some are so impudent, that they will set themselves in opposition, and reply thus, *Let it go well with us here, and we care not; we neither know nor care what shall come hereafter, we are all for present profits and pleasures: no man returneth again from the dead; neither was it ever known that any one came back again out of Hell: Come therefore, let us eat, drink and be merry, let us enjoy our goods and take our pleasure.* These are the worldlings Ditties: But let S. *Augustine* determine this question; *Melius est, modica amaritudo in faucibus, quàm Æternum tormentum in visceribus.* Better it is, saith he, *to suffer a little bitterness in the mouth, then Eternall torments*

August.

in

in the inward parts. It is farre better to ſuffer for our offences here in this world, then in the world to come. Farre better is it for threeſcore years and ten continually together here on earth, to be puniſhed with moſt grievous puniſhments, then to ſuffer the torments of Hell for one day, yea for one houre hereafter. But let us heare what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Chryſoſtome* propounds the ſecond queſtion after this manner; Suppoſe one night in an hundred years a man ſhould have a ſweet and pleaſant dream, and be after puniſhed an hundred years for it, would he think ſuch a dream were to be deſired? And yet ſaith the Father, As a dream is to an hundred years, ſo is this preſent life to the life to come, yea rather it is much leſſe: And as a drop is to the main Ocean, ſo are a thouſand years unto *Eternitie*. And in another place, What is there, ſaith he, to be compared unto *Eternitie?* What are a thouſand years in compariſon of infinite

Hom. 20. Ad Pop. Antioc.

Hom. 28. in Epiſt. ad Hebr.

ages

ages which are yet for to come? Are they not like unto the least drop of a bucket compared unto a bottomlesse Well? Look for no end of torments after this life, unlesse thou repentest before thou departest out of this life: for after death there is no place of repentance, no shedding of tears will profit thee, or do thee any good; Though a man in Hell should gnash his teeth, and blare out his scorched tongue, he shall not obtain so much as a drop of cold water. Grant then that a man should enjoy pleasures all his life long, what is that to infinite ages which are yet for to come? Here in this life all things good and bad have at length an end; but the punishments that shall be suffered hereafter shall have no end. Set fire on the body here, and the soul will soon depart: But after the resurrection, when the body shall be from thenceforth immortall and incorruptible, the soul of the damned shall alwayes burn, and not consume in Hell fire. They

shall

ſhall riſe again, incorruptible indeed: But how? Not to receive a crown of incorruptible glory, but to ſuffer *Eternall* torments. But let us heare what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Gregory* maketh anſwer to this common queſtion, Will not drunkenneſſe ſooner ſteal upon a man in the wine-cellar, ſtanding by the hogshead, then in the Parlour ſitting at the table? The Spouſe of Chriſt triumpheth in the words of *Solomon*, *He brought me to the banquetting-houſe* (or as ſome reade it, *He brought me into his wine-cellar*) *and his banner over me was love*, or, *He hath ſet his banner of love over me.* Upon which words Saint *Gregory* diſcourſing, ſaith thus, By the *wine-cellar* what can we better or more fitly conceive, then the ſecret contemplation of *Eternitie?* For truly whoſoever doth ſeriouſly conſider with himſelf upon *Eternitie*, and let this conſideration ſink deep into his mind, he may truly rejoyce, and triumph with

Greg.

Cant. 2.4.

with the Spouse, saying, *He hath set his banners of love over me:* For he will keep better order in his love, loving himself lesse, God more, and even his enemies also for Gods sake. But such is the nature of this profound consideration, that it will presently make a man drunk. Make him drunk? How? With the drunkennesse of the best desires, such as will leade him to amendment of life, carrie him to his heavenly countrey, and bring him at length to joyes *Eternall.* It was cast in the Apostles teeth, that they were drunk with wine: And so they were indeed; but it was with wine out of this *Cellar.* Saint *Gregorie* hath many excellent considerations, and sayings upon *Eternitie:* amongst others he hath this, which is a very short one and a true one, *Momentaneum quod delectat, Æternum quod cruciat: That which delighteth is momentanie, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.* Here I could wish with *Job, Oh that these words were written! Oh that they*

Job 19.23. 24.

they were printed in a Book! That they were graven with a pen of iron. These words, I say, *That which delighteth is momentanie, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.* The *Book* in which this should be written, is the *heart* of man; the *pen of iron* with which it should be written, is serious *meditation*; the *ink* with which it should be written is the *bloud* of *Christ*. And these words so imprinted and ingraven in the breast, are then especially to be called to mind, and to be often repeated, when pleasure fawneth, when lust provoketh, when luxurie inviteth, when the flesh rebelleth, and the spirit faileth, when there is occasion of sinne offered, and danger of falling into sinne. But let us heare what another of the Fathers saith.

In the fourth place comes Saint *Bernard*: He shall answer to the question here to be propounded. In the lives of men there is such difference, that almost now so many men so many judgements concerning

cerning afflictions. There are found some so grievously and continually afflicted, that they are ready to fall down under the crosse as being too heavy for them to bear. One is oppressed with poverty, another is afflicted with sickness, another is overcharged with secret debts, another is tormented with cares, another is grieved and vexed with injuries and slanders: every man thinketh that most grievous which in present he suffereth. And many times it cometh to passe that such as are faint-hearted and impatient, wish for death, runne into the water, and make haste to the halter, thinking thereby to find an end of all their griefs, and sorrows, whereas indeed that supposed end becomes to them but the beginning of their sorrows, and such sorrows as never shall have end. But with the good and godly it is not so: They patiently endure all, submitting themselves in all things to Gods good will and pleasure. They neither desire to die quickly, nor yet to live long.

Is

Is it Gods will they ſhall die? They alſo are willing. Will he have them die quickly? They are willing to that alſo? Will he have them live yet longer? They are not againſt that: What God willeth, that they will; What he willeth not, neither will they. Beſide theſe two kinds of men, there is a third, and that is the greateſt part of men, that deſire to live long: And there is almoſt no man ſo old but he hopes and deſires to live yet another yeare. Theſe men are never heard to ſay, they have lived long enough. Death maketh too much haſte with them, he cometh to them too ſoon, yea and before his time. Here now the queſtion may be moved, Who live, or who ſhall live longer, Saint *Bernard* in his ſeventeenth Sermon upon the ninetie firſt Pſalme, upon theſe words, *with long life will I ſatisfie him*, breaketh forth into this admiration, What is ſo long as that which is *Eternall*? What is ſo long as that which ſhall have no end? Life *Eternall* is the good

end

end which we are all to aim at and this end is without end. And further he addes, That is the true day indeed after which there follows no night, where there is *Eternall* veritie, and true *Eternitie*, and therefore true and *Eternall* satietie. So then the question may be determined thus, That those onely shall live a long life truly so called, whosoever shall never die, but alwayes live in heaven; And again, That those shall die a lingring death (alas! to lingring a death) whosoever shall alwayes die, but never live in Hell: for they shall live onely there to be tormented alwayes. Let us heare but one more, and so conclude.

Laurentius Justinianus shall resolve the last question for us. There are, saith he, many things in this world which nature hath so appropriated and assigned to some one certain place, that they are not to be found in another place, unlesse it be in part. Of some flowers which grow in the new-found

found world we have onely the ſeed: Of ſome living creatures there are brought over unto us onely the skinnes. Now *Eternitie* is a thing ſo proper to another world, that it is not to be found in this; onely the ſeed thereof we may have even in this world: And what are the ſeeds of *Eternitie*? They are, ſaith *Laurentius*, *Contempt of a mans ſelf*, *The gift of Charitie*, and *the taſte of Chriſts works*. *To contemne others*, is a tree that overſpreadeth the whole world, whoſe wood is fewell for the fire of Hell. *To contemne* himſelf is a very ſmall ſeed, ſcarce known in the world: Chriſt brought it down from heaven with him, who *made himſelf of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a ſervant, and became obedient*, not to the Stable onely, or the Manger, but even to mount *Calvarie*, *unto death, even the death of the Croſſe*, unto the grave, yea even unto Hell. *Wherefore God alſo hath highly exalted him.* Behold? this

Phil. 2. 7. 8 9

this little seed is grown up and spread in breadth, and is become the highest of all trees. The same Authour speaking of *Charitie*, saith thus, The measure of our *glory* and *Eternall* reward, shall be according to the measure of our *charitie*. For, *To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.* He obtaineth lesse *grace*, whosoever hath lesse *Charity*: And where there is lesse *grace*, there also shall be lesse *glory*. So then it is most true, The more thou lovest God, the more thou heapest up unto thy self *Eternall* rewards. The whole Law is *love*, but it must be pure, chaste, and holy. I have done with the second, which is *Charitie*. I come to the third, which is *The taste of Christs works.* It is a common and witty saying in the Rhetorick Schools, *He is to be thought a good proficient, who can relish Tulli's works:* We may say as much in the School of Christianitie, *He hath made a good progresse in religion and virtue, who can relish Christs Works, who likes*

Luke 7. 47.

the

the taste of Christs doctrine and example. But whosoever findeth no taste almost at all, no relish in the words and works of Christ; whosoever is not moved, affected, and delighted with those things which belong unto the mind, and Christian piety, to Heaven and *Eternall* felicity; but on the contrary findeth much sweetnesse in eating, drinking, walking, laughing, jesting and playing: The same man may say with sorrow enough, too truly, *How little seed of Eternitie have I within me, O my God!* Or rather, *I have none at all.* For when I descend into my self, I see manifestly what spirit is within me, and whither my affection carrieth me. To spend whole nights in dancing, feasting, revelling, quaffing, dicing, and carding, hearing foolish and idle tales, reading impure Books, calling for, and laughing at amorous songs, playing the good fellow, and doing as the company doth, Oh this never offendeth me, this is pleasing and delightfull to me. But to heare of Christ

and

and his life, to heare of holy men that lived formerly, who were much given to watching, fasting and prayer, or to reade of their lives, that makes no musick in my eares, and this is an eye-sore unto me: I can neither heare nor see: I stop mine eares, and close mine eyes for fear lest they should be offended. To heare a Sermon of an houre long, it is death unto me, and therefore I selsome come to Church: or if I do sometimes, I drive away the time either sleeping or prating. There are too many such men in the world: but of such it may be truly said, That they have no taste or relish at all of the works of Christ. But now let us heare the judgement of the Church concerning *Eternitie.*

The memorie of *Eternitie* is so precious in the esteem of the Church, that there is no Psalme, no Prayer, no Hymne but closeth with it, *Glory be to the Father and to the Sonne, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning*

is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. As it was in the beginning, that is, before all beginning, from all *Eternitie*, without any beginning: *is now, and ever shall be, world without end*, that is, throughout all ages; infinite, innumerable, incomprehensible ages; to all *Eternitie*. But let us leave the little rivers, and make haste to the fountain.

CHAP. II.

Clear testimonies of Divine Scripture concerning Eternitie.

I Will produce onely three witnesses, a *Prophet*, an *Apostle*, and an *Evangelist*.

How many and how great are the sighs and grones of poore abject and despised men! we may heare them every day. One or other every-where is complaining, Wo is me poore man, I have few or no friends at all; I am disre-

ſpected; I am ſcorned and tram
pled under foot almoſt by a
Have patience a little, O man, ſt
fer for a while; the day of co
fort will riſe at length, though
ſeem long firſt. Remember Go
Baruch 5.2. promiſe in the Propheſie of Ba
ruch, *Caſt about thee a double ga*
ment of the righteouſneſſe whi
cometh from God, and ſet a Di
dem on thy head of the glory of t
Everlaſting.

Others there are that acc
Nature, complaining ſtill that
hath given too long a life to m
vens, and too ſhort a great de
unto man. Heare thus much, yo
that are ſtill complaining of th
ſhortneſſe of mans life, This life
ſhort indeed; but when this ſho
and vain life ſhall end, there re
mains another life which neve
ſhall have end. If ye will not be
2. Cor. 5. 1. lieve me, yet believe S *Paul*, F
we know, ſaith S. *Paul*, *that if ou*
earthly houſe of this tabernac
were diſſolved, we have a buildin
of God, an houſe not made wit
hands, Eternall in the heaven

What

What great losse is it then, if this earthly tabernacle of our body be dissolved, when as we have a royall palace prepared for us, which is not subject to dissolution? To the testimonie of the *Prophet* and the *Apostle* let us adde the testimonie of the *Evangelist* Saint *Matthew*, in whose Gospel we may reade these words of our Saviour, *If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather then having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather then having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire.* Oh fire! Oh hell! Oh *Eternitie! Time* is nothing, if it be compared with *Eternitie*; shortnesse of life and so losse of time is no losse at all, but great gain, if thereby we gain *Eternitie*. Christ hath promised it, and Saint *Matthew* hath recorded it, and sealed it in these words of Matth. 18.8. 9.

Matth. 19.29. our Saviour, *Every one that ha forsaken houses, or brethren, sisters, or father, or mother, wife, or children, or lands for names sake, shall receive an hundr fold, and shall inherit everlasti life.* Is it not clear enough th this promise is of blessed *Eter tie*, when we have securitie giv us of receiving an hundred-fold r ward? Again, Christ accordi to the same *Evangelist* forewar ing of the latter judgement thr times makes mention of *Eterni* Matth. 25.41. 46. expressely in these words, *everl sting*, or *eternall fire*, *everlasting* or *eternall punishment*, and *lif eternall.*

Seeing therefore the holy Fa thers, the Church, and the sacred Scripture do so many wayes pro pound unto us the serious consi deration of *Eternitie*; it is our part and duty, as many of us as look for *Eternall* life in heaven, it is our part and dutie seriously to meditate thus with our selves every one: Oh my God! How seldome have I heretofore thought upon

upon *Eternitie!* or if I have thought upon it, in what a cold and negligent manner have I done it, notwithstanding every day, yea every houre and minute I draw nearer and nearer unto *Eternitie!* But for the time to come by the assistance of thy grace I will mind it more carefully then heretofore I have done; and if at any time through thy bounty riches shall encrease, I will not set my heart upon them: though the world should smile upon me, though I should want no temporall thing that my heart can desire, though I should seem to flow in never so much abundance, yet will I still remember *Eternitie.* In the midst of my prosperitie these shall be my thoughts, But how long shall this last? will this fair weather never change? will this comfortable sunne alwayes shine upon me? Or if I should live in prosperitie all the dayes of my life, what shall it profit me after death? After this sweet but short, pleasing but perilous, unhappy happinesse, there shall shortly follow *Eterni-*

tie, Eternitie. But if the world goes ill with me, if it frown upon me, if I meet with many crosses, troubles and afflictions, if misfortunes befall me, if they rush upon me like waves one in the neck of another, if I be turmoiled and tossed up and down, then these shall be my daily thoughts, Well, let the world have its course, I am content to bear it, Gods will be done. Let the sea be troubled, let the waves thereof rore, let the winds of afflictions blow, let the waters of sorrows rush upon me, let the clouds of tentations threaten rain and thunder, let the darkness of grief and heavinesse compasse me about, yea though the foundation of the world should seem to shake, yet will I not be afraid. These storms will blow over, these winds will be laid, these waves will fall, this tempest cannot last long, and these clouds shall be dispelled. Whatsoever I suffer here, shall shortly have an end, I shall not suffer *Eternally*. Come the worst that can come, death will

put

put an end to all my ſorrows and miſeries. But no ſtorm to that ſtorm of fire and brimſtone which the damned ſhall ſuffer in Hell *eternally* and without end. All things here ſhall have an end, but the torments there ſhall have no end. Whatſoever is not within the circle of *Eternitie*, is ſhort, ſwift, and momentanie, it is but a ſhadow, but a dream, ſo ſaith S. *Chryſoſtome*. It is but a *Modicum* or *a thing of nothing*, *a little*, *a very little*, *for a little while*, yea *a very little while*. Often doth our Saviour beat upon this, ſpeaking to his Diſciples. All his own ſufferings, yea his moſt bitter death upon the croſſe, he calleth but *a little*: All the ſufferings, puniſhments, and violent deaths of the Apoſtles, all but *a little*: And why ſhould not I alſo think it but *a little*, whatſoever here I ſuffer, though I ſhould ſuffer it an hundred years together? *For yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarrie.* I will therefore ſuffer patiently whatſoever can Heb. 7. 27.

happen ; and account one thing onely necessarie, and that is, To do nothing against my Conscience and displeasing unto God. For all is safe and sure with him who is certain and sure of blessed *Eternitie.*

CHAP. III.

This life in respect of that which is to come is but as a Drop *to the* Ocean, *a* little stone *to the* sand *upon the Sea-shore*, *a* Centre *to the* Circle, *a* Modicum, *a little, a very little time*, *a* Minute *to* Eternitie. *And such are the sufferings of this life in respect of the joyes that shall be hereafter.*

MOst true it is, Whatsoever labour or sorrow we suffer in this life, it is but a *Modicum*, or *for a little while.* It is the saying of S. *Augustine*, *This Modicum or little while seems long unto us, because*

August.

cauſe it is not yet all paſt and gone: But when it ſhall come to an end, then ſhall we perceive and underſtand what a little while this Modicum was. The wiſeſt of men being to ſhew the vanity and ſhortneſſe of this preſent life, though it ſhould be lengthened to an hundred years, which few men can reach unto, makes choice of the moſt minute things in the world, whereby to expreſſe it and ſet it forth by way of reſemblance. For thus we reade expreſſely in *Eccleſiaſticus*, *The number of a mans dayes at the moſt are an hundred years. As a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel-ſtone in compariſon of the ſand, ſo are a thouſand years to the dayes of Eternitie.* And why then do ye rejoyce in this, ye long-liv'd men, that ye have lived an 100 years? All our years are, What are they? They are *as a drop of water unto the ſea, and a gravel-ſtone in compariſon of the ſand.* And what is a little ſtone to thoſe exceeding high mountains of ſand? and what is a ſmall drop

Eccluſ 18.9. 10.

of water to the deep and fathomleſſe Sea? ſuch are fifty, ſixty, yea an hundred years (Heare this, ye old men) they are but a *Modicum*, a very little while, but a *Minute* of time, indeed nothing at all to the dayes of *Eternitie*. And yet, fooliſh and miſerable men, we are overjoyed with this little ſtone, this ſmall drop. Our life is indeed *a little ſtone*, but no jewel, no precious ſtone; it is made of no better matter then ſand. Our life is *a drop*, but not of ſweet and freſh water; it is ſalt and brackiſh as the ſea-water is. *For all his dayes are ſorrows, and his travell grief; yea his heart taketh no reſt in the night*: So ſaith the *Preacher*. It is the counſel of S. *Auguſtine*, Recall to mind, ſaith he, the years that are paſt, from *Adam* to this preſent day; runne over all the Scripture: It is but almoſt yeſterday ſince he fell, and was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*. For where are thoſe times that are paſt? Certainly, if thou hadſt lived all the time ſince *Adam* was thruſt out of *Paradiſe*, even unto this preſent,

Eccles 2.23.

Auguſt.

ſent, thou wouldſt perceive and confeſſe that thy life was not long, which is ſo ſoon fled away. For what is any mans life? Adde as many years as thou wilt, imagine the longeſt old age: What is it? Is it not as a morning blaſt? All this is moſt true. I pray you tell me, where is *Adam* now? where is *Cain?* where is long-liv'd *Methuſelah?* where is *Noah?* where is *Sem?* where is *Eber?* where is moſt obedient *Abraham?* where is *Jacob?* where is *Joſeph?* They are dead and gone, their time is paſt; we may ſay of them, *Vixerunt, fuerunt Troes, Once they were, now they are not.* Thus our life paſſeth away; thus the glory of the world paſſeth away. O morning dew! O mere vanity! What is it that we ſo deſire here? what ſo long as to be hoped or wiſhed for here? ſhort it is, a *Modicum* it is, it is vile and nothing worth, it is but a ſmall point whatſoever thine eye beholdeth here. It is a true ſaying of *Gregorie* the great, The longeſt meaſure of our life is but a point; *Greg. magn.*

or

or it is a short line that begins, continues, and ends in a point. *In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye* all things shall have an end: *I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandment is exceeding broad*, so saith the *Psalmist*. Why then do we account any time long? For that which is past, now is not; that which is to come, yet is not; and what is the present? The glasse is alwayes running, and the clock never stands still: The houre passeth away by flying minutes. What is flown by, is past and gone: what is yet behind, is still to come: But where is the time which we use to call long? *Bernard* makes often mention of that most true and excellent saying of S. *Hierome* (and, Reader, it is worth observing) *No labour ought to seem long unto us, no time long, in which we are seeking after Eternall glory.*

1 Cor. 15.52.

Psal. 119.69.

Hierom.

And yet though the life of man be but very short in comparison of *Eternitie*, there is none of the damned that can justly accuse God for not granting him a longer life.

They

They muſt condemne themſelves for not living better. *There is no inquiſition in the grave* (ſaith *Siracides*) *whether thou haſt lived ten, or an hundred, or a thouſand years.* Eccles. 41.4.

In hell it is no time to complain of ſhortnes of life. Every man hath lived long enough, if he hath lived godly enough.

Here, Chriſtian brother, I will deal more boldly and plainly with thee, and lay the matter ſo open that thou ſhalt ſee it clearly preſented before thine eyes. Thou ſayeſt that thou doſt often think upon heaven, and that thou haſt an earneſt and longing deſire after *Eternitie*. Sayeſt thou ſo? I heare thee, but I do not believe thee: neither would I have thee believe me if I ſhould ſay ſo of my ſelf. For how can it be, O good Chriſtian brother, how can it be that thou or I ſhould think ſo often and ſo ſeriouſly upon heaven, and have ſuch a longing deſire (as we ſay we have) after *Eternitie*, and yet be ſo lukewarm, yea ſtone-cold, in matters of religion; ſo ſlow and

backward

backward to that which is good, so prone and forward to that which is evil, so ready and willing to all manner of wantonnesse, so querulous and complaining, so slothfull and negligent? Where we should be angry, there are we too patient; and where we should be patient and couragious, there are we too faint-hearted and pusillanimous. In the fire of every light affliction our patience melts & consumes away: nay we are often cast down with a word, we are blown down with the breath of a mans mouth. But never are we more impatient and desperate, then when our wills are crossed. I might speak here of the hot *Apostems* of lust wherewith our hearts are often inflamed and swoln, and likewise of the devouring *Cancer* of envie which often eats into our breasts, and makes our flesh consume away: But I passe them by. Notwithstanding what hath been said, we good and godly men, as we professe our selves, and would have other think us to be, too timourous where

where we ſhould be bold, and too bold where we ſhould be timourous, glory in nothing more then in this, That we have often in our minds and hearty deſires the joyes of *Eternitie*. Believe it, it is not credible that the thoughts of heaven and *Eternitie* ſhould be ſo often in our minds as we ſpeak of, and yet mean while that we ſhould live no better then we doe. Did I ſay, It is not credible? Nay I ſay it is impoſsible. And thus I ſhall declare it.

The Patriarch *Jacob* ſerved his uncle *Laban* for his daughter *Rachel* ſeven years, *And they ſeemed to him but a few dayes for the love that he had to her.* Heareſt thou this whoſoever thou art that ſo complaineſt? Thou ſerveſt no impoſtour or deceiver as *Laban* was, but God thy maker, and him that will ſurely keep his covenant and promiſe. Thou ſerveſt not for a wife but for the kingdome of heaven: not for the beautie and ſight of a wife, but for the beatificall viſion and *Eternall* ſight of God: not for Gen. 29. 20.

the

the delight and pleasure of a wife, but for celestiall and *Eternall* delights and pleasures. And yet doth the trouble of one winters day oftentimes so cast thee down, that suddenly all thy love towards God and thy desire after heaven begins to wax cold in thee. Assoon as the storm of adversitie begins, thou breakest forth into most bitter complaints, thou callest heaven and earth to witnesse, thou breathest nothing but revenge; yea oftentimes, I believe, thou spareſt not God himself, but callest his justice into question. At other times when pleasure with her fawning allurements hath once enticed thee, she doth so bewitch thee and take away thy memorie that thou quite forgettest to serve God, and so runnest headlong into the *Labyrinth* of sinne, which hath a fair entrance, at least seemingly, but leadeth thee the next way to destruction. Is this the vigilancy which thou so much talkest of? Is this thy heroicall fortitude and love of God? How wilt thou serve God

God ſeven years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*, when (alas!) thou canſt not endure the labour and ſorrow of one ſhort day? O *Simon, Simon, ſleepeſt thou? Couldſt thou not watch one houre* with thy Lord and Maſter? But heare further concerning the Patriarch *Jacob*. He being beguiled by his uncle *Laban*, who gave him blear-eyed *Leah* in ſtead of beautifull *Rachel*, ſerved him yet ſeven years more for his daughter *Rachel*, whom he dearly loved: And no doubt but thoſe ſeven years alſo ſeemed unto him but as a few dayes for the exceeding great love that he had unto her. And it is very likely that oftentimes when he was weary at his work he had an eye unto *Rachels* beauty, and ſaid thus with himſelf, Surely for her beauty ſhe is worthy for whom I ſhould ſuffer ſeven years hard ſervice; and, if need were, I would not ſtick to ſerve yet ſeven years more. Such was the affection that he bore unto *Rachel*, that it made him ſcarce ſenſible of any labour. Mark 14.37.

Heareſt

Heareſt thou this, thou which goeſt for a Souldier of Chriſt? conceiveſt thou this? underſtandeſt thou this? How then canſt thou ſtill murmure againſt God? Thou art bid to ſerve God for Gods ſake, that ſo thou mayeſt at length enter into Gods *Eternall* reſt; Thou art exhorted to tolerance and patience here, that ſo thou mayeſt be made partaker of immortalitie with the bleſſed hereafter: And yet ſleepeſt thou, O ſluggard? Haſt thou not an eare to heare? Art thou ſtill complaining? Do but reckon up the years which thou haſt ſpent in the ſervice of God, and ſee whether thou haſt ſerved God faithfully and painfully twenty years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*. I am afraid thou wilt come ſhort in thy reckoning: Haſt thou ſerved God ſo many moneths? I tell thee, I make a queſtion of it. Number the nights that thou haſt ſpent in watching and praying, recount the dayes which thou haſt ſpent in holy exerciſes, and ſee if thou canſt truly ſay unto God as *Jacob* did to *Laban*,

In

In the day the drought consumed Gen. 31.
me, and the frost by night, and my 40.
sleep departed from mine eyes: Thus 41.
have I been twenty years in thy
house: I served thee fourteen years
for thy two daughters, and six
years for thy cattel. Tell me, Christian man, hast thou served God thus twenty years? Thou knowest thy wages if thou servest God: Not *Labans* daughters, nor flocks of sheep; God himself shall be the reward of thy service: Thou shalt be blessed both in soul and body; It shall be well with thee on every side; Thou shalt enjoy all manner of delights; great delights without either lacking or loathing, and without end. Thou shalt swimme in the bottomlesse *Ocean* of pleasures: And yet (behold!) thy hands are slack to every good work; Thy feet are slow to go to Church; Thy heart consumes away with envy, flames with anger and revenge, abounds with the vermine of filthy thoughts, and is quite dead through slothfulnesse and impatience. Is this thy serving of God?

God? Is this the way, thinkest thou to heaven, to immortall life, to *Eternall* blessednesse? Surely it is not. Why dost thou not rather as *Jacob* did? when thou art wearied with any labour which thou undergoest in the service of God, when the world goes ill with thee, when adversitie presseth thee, prosperitie seduceth thee, and labours burden thee, lift up thine eyes to heaven, behold *Rachel*, who is promised unto thee, and thus comfort up thy self, Be not troubled, O my soul! Behold thy *Rachel*, thy *Rachel* which is in heaven, fair *Rachel*, comely *Rachel*, *Rachel* that is all beautifull, not having any one blemish about her! Behold heaven and the house of thy *Eternall* rest and pleasure! Be content to suffer for a while, a little sorrow, and some pains: For thou shalt shortly be where thy *Rachel* is, and there thou shalt be the more joyfull and blessed by how much the more thou art here sorrowfull and afflicted: There shall thy rest be the more pleasant and joyfull by how much

much the more thy life here is heavy and painfull. Well then, be of good courage, shew Christian fortitude and patience. *Eternitie*, blessed *Eternitie*, is more worth, infinitely more worth then all that we can do or suffer. If thus, O Christian brother, thou wouldest animate and encourage thy self, if with such eyes thou wouldest oftner look up to heaven, if with such affection thou wouldest dayly think upon *Eternitie*; believe it, all thy dayes of service here on earth would seem but few, for the great love which thou wouldest have unto *Eternitie*: Thou wouldest count all labour easie, all troubles welcome, all losses gain. This I will say, and therewith I will conclude, The more a man thinks upon the *Eternitie* of the world to come, the more care he will take here to lead a godly life in this present world.

THE

Thus saith the high and loftie one, that inhabiteth ETERNITIE.

Adam lost ETERNITIE, *Christ regained it: to this the Angels invite us from this the devils withdraw us: have a care whether thou followest.*

THE SEVENTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

How Christians use to paint Eternitie.

HE that is to go through an house in the dark must go warily and leisurely, step after step, and he must grope for the wall: If mans understanding will be prying into *Eternitie*, if he thinks here in this life to enter into it, he is much deceived: The way is dark and full of difficulties. He may hurt himself by the way, but he shall never here attein unto it. The way thither

ther is but short indeed: but wh
a man is once in there is no c
ming out again. And yet thou
no mortall man can so conceive
Eternitie, that he can certainly
what it is, notwithstanding the i
finiteness thereof is shadowed o
by certain pictures & resemblance
in such manner that every man m
have a glimpse of it. Whatsoever w
speak or write concerning *Eterni*
tie, howsoever we set it out in co
lours; all is but a shadow, yea
shadow of shadows. No *Orator*
in the world can with all his Rhe
torick sufficiently expresse it; N
Limner with all his curious art and
skill can set it forth to the life. If
all times that ever were and ever
shall be should be put together,
they would infinitely come short
of *Eternitie:* The Latitude thereof
is not to be measured, neither by
houres, nor dayes, nor weeks, nor
moneths, nor years, nor *Lustra's*,
nor *Olympiads*, nor *Indictions*, nor
Jubilees, nor ages, nor *Plato's*
years, nor by the most slow mo-
tions of the *Eighth sphere*, though
these

theſe were multiplyed by a thouſand, or a million, or the greateſt multiplier or *Number numbering* that can be imagined. Neither can it be meaſured by any *Number numbered*, as by the ſtarres of heaven, the ſands of the ſea, the graſſe of the field, the drops of the rivers, and ſuch like. The number of *Eternity* is paſt finding out.

The Saylers uſe to ſound the depth of the ſea by a plummet and a line: Let us alſo let down the plummet and line of our humble and reverent cogitations, to ſound the depth of *Eternitie*, which yet is paſt finding out. But if we will go by this *Map*, if we will ſayl by this *Chard*, if we will view well this *Picture*, we ſhall come much nearer finding it, then otherwiſe we ſhould.

Chriſt as a Child, taken as it were from the manger, and the cradle, almoſt quite naked, and without clothes, *ſtands in the clouds: on his ſhoulders he bears a croſſe: In the clouds* there is this inſcription, *ETERNITIE: Beneath Chriſts*

feet, down upon the earth there
the *Sceleton* of a man, or nothin
but the bones of a man without ha
or skinne, onely he hath a bea
to be known by: *In his left ha*
he holdeth a *piece of parchmen*
in which these words are writte
Gregor. *Momentaneum quod delectat, Th*
which delighteth is momentani
In his right hand he holdeth up a
Apple. Near unto him there stand
eth a *Raven* pecking a shel fish
with this subscription, *Cras, Cra*
To morrow, To morrow. The Ear
opens her mouth, and flames of fi
break forth and tend aloft, i
Gregor. which these words are written,
Æternum quod cruciat, Th
which tormenteth is Eternall. Chri
coming down from the clouds *Tw*
adore with bended knees of diverse
sex, in the place of all mankind.
Behind them there is a running
Houre-glasse, or a *Diall* measuring
houres by the running of water,
called a *Clepsydra*; and a *Book* ly-
ing wide open: On one page there
is written, *They spend their dayes*
Job. 21. 13. *in mirth, and in a moment go*
down

down to the grave. On the other page, *who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death ? Before* them ſtand *Two* heavenly *Angels*, which embrace them with their arms, and pointing at Chriſt bid them lift up their eyes unto him. This is the *Picture:* The meaning followeth. Rom. 7.24.

CHAP. I.

Chriſt inviting.

CHriſt the *Eternall* ſonne of the *Eternall* God came into this world, clad with no other garment then we, that is, ſtark naked. The garment of immortalitie and innocency we loſt by *Adams* diſobedience. And now (alas!) how miſerably arayed do we come into this world! Chriſt together with us, yea for us, ſuffereth puniſhment, and yet was not guilty of any ſinne. But what meaneth this *Croſſe upon the ſhoulders* of the Sonne of God? It is a bed on which he ſlept in death. *Golgotha* was his chamber;

The thorns his pillow; And the Crosse, his bed. Which many religious men of former times we considering with themselves, have voluntarily and freely chosen to live hard, and take little rest, that at the day of resurrection they might rise joyfully to rest *Eternall*. Some, as we may reade, have made the earth their Mattresse; Sackcloth, their Sheet; and a Stone, their Boulster. And many there are which do so still to this day. But I leave them and return to Christ. He suffered *death, even* that most bitter and shamefull *death of the Crosse*: To what end? That he might save us from death *Eternall*. Die we must all of us; but our death is but short. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye the soul is snatched from the body, and this is all that which we call *Death*. But it is not so with them in Hell: Their torments farre exceed all the sorrows and pangs of death, not onely because they are more grievous for their qualitie, but also because they are of longer continuance beyond all com-

Phil. 2. 8.

compariſon: For they are *Eternall*. So then their torments are, alwayes to be tormented; and their death, to die alwayes. And from this death hath Chriſt the Sonne of God delivered us; *the child* that we ſee deſcribed walking amidſt the clouds. Under his feet is a bare *Sceleton*, or the bare bones of a man, which by all ſignes we may gather to be our forefather *Adams*. Hearken ye children, and ye childrens children hearken unto the words of your forefather *Adam* thus ſpeaking unto you.

CHAP. II.

Adam lamenting.

O My children, happy then indeed, if your forefather had known his own happineſſe, but now miſerable, and that even in this, becauſe mine. By me were you deſtroyed before you were begotten; by me were you damned before you were brought forth. I

fain would be as God, and by that means I am left scarce a man. Before you could perish, you all perished in me, I my self do not know whether you may better call me a Father, or a Tyrant, and a murderer. I cannot wonder or complain justly that you are so vicious and so sinfull: for you learned it of me. I am sory that you are so disobedient: but this you learned also of me. I was first disobedient unto God that made me. The Angels in heaven blush and are ashamed to see your gluttony and intemperance: but this is your fathers fault. Your pride hath made you odious and detestable before God; but this monster first conquered and triumphed over me, and so pride became more proud then she was before. This is the inheritance you receive from me, nothing else but an heap of miseries. God indeed of his free good-will gave unto me by a sure promise Heaven for an inheritance, and intailed it upon you: But I have undone you all, cut off the intail, and prodigally made away

away all for one bit. I valued my wife and an apple more then you all, more then Heaven, more then God. A curſed and unhappy dinner, for which I deſerved to ſup in hell many thouſand years after. I lived in *Paradiſe*, a garden full of all delight and pleaſure beyond imagination : God gave me the free uſe of all things therein ; onely the fruit of one tree was forbidden me. I was Lord of all the creatures, I was wiſe and beautifull, ſtrong and luſtie. I abounded with all manner of delights. The Air was then as temperate as could be deſired ; the Clouds were clad in bright blew ; the Heaven ſmiled upon us ; the Sunne did ſhine ſo pure that nothing could be more. All things ſeemed to gratifie us at our new marriage. Our eyes could behold nothing but that which was flouriſhing and pleaſing to them ; Our ears were continually filled with muſick , the birds thoſe nimble Choriſters of the Air ever warbling out their pleaſant ditties. The earth of it

self brought forth odoriferous cinnamon and saffron. I was compassed about with pleasures on every side. I lived free and remote from all care, sorrow, fear, labour, sickneſſe and death. I seemed to be a God upon earth. The Angels in Heaven rejoyced to see my happineſſe: there was none that did envie me but my self. But because I obeyed not the voyce of God, all theſe evils fell upon me. I was driven out of *Paradiſe*, baniſhed from the ſight of God, and for ſhame I hid my face. Labour, ſorrow, mourning, fear, tears, calamities, a thouſand miſeries ſeiſed upon me, and quite wearied me out: you feel it, as many as are of my family: and that which ſeemeth to be the end of all temporall miſery and ſorrow, is oftentimes the beginning of *Eternall*. O my children, learn by your own wofull experience, learn by your own loſſe and mine, learn I ſay to be wiſe at length. I will give you but one leſſon, and it is but in three words, which you ſhall do well to learn by

by heart, and that is, *To hate sinne.* Behold! Do you not see *a grievous flame* breaking out hard by me? It hath burnt ever since sinne first entred into the world, and shall never be put out. All other punishments are but light, and shall shortly have an end: But the damned shall be tormented in this flame for ever and ever. Now if we will, we may escape it. Heaven is set open to all; but there is no coming to it but by the way of repentance, and the gate of the crosse: He that walketh in this way, and entreth in at this gate, may be certain of his salvation, and eternall joy in the kingdome of heaven, where he shall have an everlasting habitation. This is the counsel of *Adam* to his children, I say it is *Adams* counsel,

Who falling once did make his children all
Both guiltie of his punishment and fall.

CHAP. III.

The Raven croking.

NEar unto the *Sceleton* of the *Protoplast*, or the bare bones of the first man that God made, is the *Ravens* place in the picture, which maketh very much for the representation of *Eternitie* to the life. It is a well known saying of Saint *Augustine*, *Cras, cras*, that is, *To morrow, to morrow, is the voice of the Raven: Mourn therefore like a Dove, and beat thy breast.* The chiefest cause, that I conceive, why most men lose their part and portion of blessed *Eternitie*, is because they seek it not *To day*, but defer the seeking of it till *To morrow*. For what is more frequent or ordinary, then putting off repentance till *To morrow, To morrow*, which God doth know we are uncertain whether we shall live to see or no: but that we may not seem to put it off without some fair pretence, we make many fair promises unto God.

August.

I will To Morrow, *that I will,*
I will be ſure to do it:
To Morrow *comes* To Morrow *goes;*
And ſtill thou art to do it.
Thus ſtill repentance is deferr'd
From one day to another:
Untill the day of Death is come,
And Judgement is the other.

But the day of promiſe is ſo long a coming, that the day of death often preventeth it, and we are ſuddenly ſnatcht away, and ſwallowed up of *Eternitie*, and ſo plunged into the gulf, miſerable men that we are, into the gulf of everlaſting horrour and deſpair. This is it that undoeth many, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, whileſt they cry, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, the gate is ſuddenly ſhut againſt them: Therefore the ſonne of *Sirach* often calleth upon us to this purpoſe, *Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day: For ſuddenly ſhall the wrath of God come forth, and in thy ſecuritie thou ſhalt be deſtroyed, and periſh* Eccluſ. 5. 7.

perish in the day of vengeance. It was truly said of *Seneca* that Roman Philosopher, A great part of our life we spend in doing ill; the greatest part in doing nothing; but all in doing another thing rather then that we should. Not unlike to *Archimedes*, who, when *Syracuse* was taken, was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compasse in the dust. For do we not see most men, when the *Eternall* salvation of their souls is in question, handling their dust, and stretching themselves to their furthest compasse, set upon the tenter-hooks as it were, and distracted with law-suits, money-matters, worldly businesse, and labours that shall nothing profit them at the last? *Eternitie* is a thing they never once think of, or else very seldome, and then but slightly for a snatch and away, as dogges are said to lappe at *Nilus*. *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things: but one thing is needfull*, and that is, *Beatitude*, or blessednesse, not that

Seneca.

Luke 10.41.

that on earth which such as it is, is yet but short; but that in heaven, which is *Eternall.*

Before we take any businesse in hand, we commonly examine it at this well known rule, saying, *Is it worth my pains? Shall I get my bread by it?* Should not a Christian man rather in the beginning of every work, sit down and say with himself, *Shall I gain heaven by it? will it any thing further me in the way to blessed Eternitie?* We do not love to trouble our heads with such *Quære's* as these, we put off the hearing of them till another time: we do adjourn it from one time to another, and another, and still another. And at the last day of Term, we will grant a hearing. Foolish men! when at last we are not able to labour, then we first begin to think of labour. When we must needs depart out of this world, then we begin to think upon another world. When we can live no longer here, then we begin to think of the life to come hereafter. When the houre-

houre-glasse of our short time is runne out, then we begin to think of *Eternitie*. When there is no time left for repentance, then presently we will repent. When the gate is shut, then we knock. But this is the fault of all sinners in generall, still to deferre their Repentance from day to day. Every sinner is ready to say, (saith Saint *Augustine*) *I cannot now, I will another time.* Alas! Alas! *If another time, why not now?*

Augustine.

Dionysius King of *Sicilie* disrobing *Apollo* of his cloth of gold, said thus, *Nec æstati nec hyemi vestis hæc convenit, It is a weare neither fit for winter nor Summer.* In Summer it is too heavy, and in Winter it is too cold. So do many (saith Saint *Ambrose*) play with God, and deceive their own souls. They say, Let a young man live according to the fashion of the World; Let him drink and dance; let him go to the Horse-race, and to the Wrestlers; let him go a coursing in the fields with his companions. It is for old men

Dionys.

to

to ſtay at home, and not to ſtirre abroad, unleſſe it be to Church. This is too melancholick a life for a young man. But when they grow old, what do they then? Then are they old and ſickly, weak and feeble; you muſt not look for theſe things of them at that age; their ſtrength will not permit: it is not with them as formerly it hath been; you muſt give them leave to take their eaſe; let them have a care of their health: This is all they have to do. Thus we let the Summer and Winter of our age paſſe away and never once think of the *Eternall* Spring. But let us remember our ſelves, and *as we have opportunitie let us do good.* But let not our ſong be any more, with the black Raven, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow,* and ſo let *To day,* and *To morrow,* and the next, and ſo our whole life paſſe away, and *Eternitie* overtake us before we are aware. *To morrow* is not, *To day* onely is ours. So ſaith Saint *James, Go to now, ye that ſay, To day, or to morrow we will* go

Gal. 6. 10.

James 4. 13.

go into such a citie, and continue there a yeare, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is our life? It is even a vapour that that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. It was a very good answer that *Messadamus* gave one, inviting him to a feast the next day, (as it is reported by *Guido Bituricensis*) My friend, saith he, why dost thou invite me against *To marrow*? I durst not for these many years secure my self that I should live one day; for I have expected death every houre. No man is sufficiently armed against death, unlesse he be alwayes prepared to entertain it. What is it else but rashnesse and folly, folly and madnesse, and indeed mere contempt of *Eternitie*, for a man to lie down in ease upon a featherbed, to sleep secure snorting and snoring, and to lodge an enemy, a deadly enemy, all the while, sinne in his very bosome? Sudden deaths are very common and ordinary amongst us. How many have we heard

Messadamus.

heard of, that went to bed well over night for ought any man could tell, and were found dead in the morning! I will not ſay carried away out of their beds and caſt into Hell-fire; whether it be ſo or no God knoweth. Have we not ſeen and known ſome that have been ſuddenly ſtruck, fallen ſick, and died in the ſpace of an houre? Within an houre? yea leſſe then an houre, ſound and ſick, quick and dead. And yet do we (raſh and fooliſh men!) procraſtinate it from day to day (that is nothing) from yeare to yeare do we deferre our Repentance, and the amendment of our lives, and death mean time unexpected ſeiſeth upon us, and delivereth us up unto *Eternitie*. Saint *Auguſtine*, correcting in himſelf ſuch lingring and dangerous delay, ſuch lentitude and backwardneſſe of mind and will to repent, ſaid thus, I felt and found how I was held intangled, and I uttered ſuch lamentable complaints as theſe, *Quamdiu, quamdiu Cras & Cras, quare non hæc hora finis tur-* *Auguſt.*

turpitudinis meæ? How long shall I deferre, and still cry *To morrow, To morrow?* Why do I not now beginne, even this very present houre? why do I not break off my sinfull course, and beginne to live better? Thus I spake and fell a weeping for very contrition of heart.

Antonie the Great (as Saint *Hierome* witnesseth) when he used exhortations to the people to stirre them up to godlinesse and virtue, was wont to wish them alwayes to keep in mind, and often meditate upon that saying of the Apostle, *Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram, Let not the Sunne go down upon your wrath.* And this prohibition he did not restrain to wrath onely, but made it generall, Let not the Sunne go down upon your wrath, hatred, malice, envie, lust or any other sinne, lest it depart from you as a witnesse against you.

John Patriarch of Alexandria had a certain controversie with one *Nicetas*, a chief man of that citie.

The

The matter was to be tryed at law. *John* was for the poore, *Nicetas* for his money. But for peace sake there was a private meeting and hearing appointed, to see if they could come to some composition and agreement. They met, they fell to words, they were hot at it, a great deal of choler and stomach was shown on both parts, neither would yield a jot, neither would depart an inch from his right. A great conflict there was between them, many houres spent to little purpose: they were further off from agreement at length then before: for neither would yield to conditions propounded by either: well; it grew late, they departed more offended and displeased one with another then before, and so left the suit pendent. *Nicetas* thought it a hard case to part with his money, and the *Patriarch* seemed to be in the right, and to stand out in the cause of God and the poore. But yet when *Nicetas* was gone, the *good Bishop* weighed the matter better with himself,

and

nd condemned himself for his pertinacie, and though he was in a good cause and knew it also, yet said, Can I think that God will be well pleased with this implacable wrath, and wilfull stubbornesse? The night draweth on: And shall I suffer the Sunne to go down upon my wrath? That is impious, and not according to the counsel of the Apostle. So the good Prelate could not be at rest till he had sent unto *Nicetas*: For he out of hand sent messengers of good esteem, and gave them this charge, that they should say no more to him but only this, *Domine, Sol ad occasum est*, that is, *Sir, The sunne is going down*. Upon the hearing of which message there was such a sudden alteration wrought in *Nicetas*, that his high stomach came down presently, he began to melt, his eyes did stand full swoln with tears, and he had much ado to keep them in. Out of doores he ran presently after the messengers (for he made haste to speak with the *Patriarch*) and

coming

coming to him in humble manner saluted him thus, *Holy Father, I will be ruled by you in this or in any other matter.* Whereupon the *Patriarch* made him very welcome: So they embraced each other very lovingly, and became good friends. Great surely was the virtue, and speedie was the operation of these few words, *The Sunne is going down*: For presently upon the hearing thereof a peace was concluded betwixt them, which was sought for before with multitude of words, but could not be effected. So do thou, whosoever thou art that knowest thy self guiltie of any grievous sinne, if not before, towards the evening at least call to mind those operative words, *The Sunne is going down.* For what knowest thou whether thou shalt rise again with the Sunne or no? And if thou diest in the night without Repentance, it is a question in which *Eternitie* thou shalt have thy part, whether of the blessed, or of the cursed. Wherefore do what thou hast to do quickly,

ly, *The Sunne is going down.* But have a care it go not down upon thy luſt or luxury, envy or blaſphemy, detraction or theft, or upon any other grievous ſinne unrepented of. Good God! what a thing is this? If there be but a ſtain in a garment, a ſpot in the face, a blot in a cap, we preſently uſe ſome means to take it out, or waſh it off. Are theſe ſuch eye-ſores to us, and yet are we ſo blind within, that we cannot ſee our manifold corruptions and pollutions? or do we ſee and ſuffer them? can we ſuffer them and not be troubled at them? are we troubled, and yet ſeek no means to expiate and purge them out? When we are polluted at any time with the ſtain of ſinne, we ſhould labour preſently to take it out: The ſooner it is done, the better and the eaſier it is. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, We ought to be carefull to repent: but that is not all; Our repentance muſt be alſo ſpeedy, for fear leſt the Heavenly husbandman in the Goſpel, that planted a fig-

Ambroſ.

fig-tree in his vineyard, come and ſeek for fruit, and finding none ſay unto the dreſſer of his vineyard, *Cut it down.* If the ſentence be once paſt, there is no avoyding the fatall blow: Down it muſt. If therefore we find our ſelves once wounded with ſinne, let us look for help in time. The brute beaſts which have no underſtanding will teach us ſo much providence. The Harts of *Candie* or *Creet*, aſſoon as they are ſtruck, runne preſently to their *Dictamnum* or *Dittanie*; The Swallows, to cure the blindneſſe of their young ones eyes, flie to fetch their *Chelidonium* or *Celandine*; The Dogge, when he is ſick, maketh haſte to his *Graſſe* to give him a vomit; The Toad fighting with the Spider, aſſoon as ſhe feeleth her ſelf begin to ſwell, crawleth to her *Plantain*, and ſo is recovered. Theſe by a naturall inſtinct know their own proper medicines, and upon all occaſions preſently make recourſe unto them. But we poore miſerable men, more unreaſonable and without

out understanding then the beasts, are wounded every day, and that many times deadly, and yet notwithstanding, we seek for no medicine to cure our spirituall diseases. We use the same diet we were wont to do, we talk as freely and merrily as ever we did, we go to bed at our accustomed houre, and sleep according to our old compasse. But *Repentance* is the Physick that goeth against our stomachs, *Contrition* cutteth us to the heart, *Confession* seemeth bitter in our mouths: we choose rather to continue sick, then so be cured. This is our miserable condition: so foolish are we, and void of understanding, either not knowing, or at least not embracing that which would make for our *Eternall* good.

If we would give eare unto the counsel of the heavenly *Angels*, which seem in the Picture according to their description, to give direction unto us, and are indeed appointed by God as ministring spirits for our good: if we would

I ſay, give eare unto their counſel, then certainly we would neither ſuffer our eyes to ſleep nor our eyelids to ſlumber, neither the temples of our heads to take any reſt, untill our peace and reconciliation were made with God. They put us ſtill in mind that our day is almoſt ſpent, that the night draws on, that our glaſſe is near running out, that death is at hand, and after death cometh judgement: But we ſecurely walk on in our old way: Let the day ſpend, let the night draw on, let the glaſſe runne out; come death, follow judgement; we are not troubled at it, we care not, we regard not, no warning of the *Angels* will ſerve our turn.

We ſweetly ſleep, and never dream of this.

Unhappy man whoſoever thou art!

——*Potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos?*

And canſt thou ſleep in ſuch a caſe as this?

Canſt thou go to bed, with a Conſcience thus laden with ſinne? Canſt thou take any reſt when thou

lieſt in danger of *Eternall* death. Canſt thou lodge in the ſame bed with the brother of Death, and entertein ſleep into thy boſome? I can, I tell thee, that I can, and find no harm at all by it. Be not too confident: That may happen in the ſpace of one houre which hath not happened in a thouſand. Thou art not paſt danger: For conſider with thy ſelf how long thou haſt to live: There is no great diſtance betwixt thy ſoul and death, hell and *Eternitie*. It is gone in a breath. Thou mayeſt moſt truely ſay every houre, I am within one degree of death, within one foot, yea within one inch. Death need not ſpend all his quiver upon thee: One arrow, the head of one arrow ſhall wound thee to the heart, and make ſuch a large orifice that bloud and ſpirits and life and all ſhall ſuddenly run out together. Either thou liveſt in a malignant and corrupt aire, or elſe thou art troubled with diſtillations falling down from thy head upon the lungs, or elſe there is ſome obſtruction

ſtruction in the veins or in the liver, or elſe the vitall ſpirits are ſuffocated, or elſe the pulſation of the Arteries is intercepted, or elſe the Animall ſpirits runne back to their head, and there are either frozen to death, or elſe drowned. One way or other thou poſteſt to the end of thy ſhort race; and preſently thou art but a dead man, carried away to *Eternitie* in the turning of an hand, before thou couldſt imagine or think upon it. There are a thouſand wayes to bring a man to his end; I do not ſpeak of lingring deaths, before which there goes ſome warning, but of ſudden deaths that ſummon us, arreſt us, and carry us away all in a moment. He dies ſuddenly that dies unpreparedly. Death is not ſudden if it be foreſeen and alwaies expected. That is ſudden death which was unpremeditate: and unpremeditate death is the worſt of all deaths: And from ſuch ſudden death good Lord deliver us. It is good counſel for every one, let him be of what age he will, for no age

is priviledged more then another; death hath a generall commiſsion which extends to all places, perſons, ages, there is none exempt: It is good counſel then, I ſay, for every one at all times, and in all places, and in all companies to expect death, and to think every day, yea every houre to be his laſt: Then let him die, when pleaſe God, he ſhall not die ſuddenly. How many men have we heard of, whoſe light hath ſuddenly been put out, and life taken away either by a fall, or the halter, or poyſon, or ſword, or fire, or water, or lions pawes, or Bores tusks, or Horſe heels, and a thouſand more wayes then theſe! As many ſenſes as we have, (that number is nothing) As many parts and members as we have, (and yet that is nothing) As many pores as there be in all the parts of our body put together, ſo many windows are there for death to creep in at, to ſteal upon us, and ſuddenly cut our throats.

Auguſt. *Thou waſt born* (ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*) *that is ſure: For thou ſhalt*

ſhalt ſurely die. And in this that thy death is certain, the day alſo of thy death is uncertain. None of us knows how near he draws unto his end. *I know not*, ſaith *Job*, *how long I ſhall live, and how ſoon my maker may take me away*, or (as our tranſlation hath it) *I know not to give flattering titles: in ſo doing my Maker would ſoon take me away.* In the midſt of our life we are near unto death: For we alwayes carry it in our boſome: And who can tell whether he ſhall live till the evening or no? This murderer and man ſtealer (for ſo I call Death) hath a thouſand wayes to hurt us, as by thunder and lightning, ſtorms and tempeſt, fire and water, &c. Inſtruments of miſchief he hath of all ſorts; as Gunnes, Bowes, Arrows, Slings, Spears, Darts, Swords, and what not? We need not be beholding to former ages for examples of ſudden deaths: Alack! we have too many in our own dayes. Have not we our ſelves known many that laying them- Job 32.22.

ſelves down to ſleep, have fallen into ſuch a dead ſleep, that they are not to be awaked again till they ſhall heare the ſound of the trumpet at the laſt day? Death doth not alwayes ſend his *Heralds* and *Summoners* before to tell us of his coming, but often ſteals upon us unexpected, and as he finds us ſo he takes us, whether prepared or unprepared. *watch therefore: For ye know neither the day nor the houre.* There is a kind of Repentance indeed in Hell; but neither is it true, neither will it profit any thing at all: For it is joyned with everlaſting and tormenting horrour and deſpair. *Now, now* is the acceptable time of Repentance, now *whileſt it is called to day. Bring forth therefore fruits meet for Repentance. The Night cometh when no man can work.* Work therefore while it is day. The Day, ſaith *Origen*, is the time of this life: which may ſeem long unto us, but indeed is very ſhort if it be compared with *Eternitie.* And after this

Matth. 25.13.

Heb. 3. 13.

Matth. 3.8.

John 9.4.

Origen.

this ſhort day of this preſent life there follows the day of *Eternitie*, which is infinite long and hath no night to come after it. O man, whoſoever thou art, think upon theſe things : but thou eſpecially whoſoever findeſt thy ſelf guilty of any grievous ſinne. Repent and amend, remember *Eternitie*, and think upon the day of Death. It is uncertain in what place Death will expect thee : Do thou therefore expect Death in every place. As the Lord ſhall find thee when he calls for thee, ſo ſhall he alſo paſſe ſentence upon thee.

[O]

Whatsoever thou takest in hand remember the end, and thou shalt never do amisse. *Eccles: 7. 36.*

To think upon ETERNITIE, *& not to amend ons maners, is to bid heaven farewell, & to joyn hands wth hell.*

THE EIGHTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE*,

How Christians ought not onely to look upon the Emblemes *and Pictures of* Eternitie, *but come home and look within themselves and seriously meditate upon the thing it self.*

ORder requires now, that leaving the *Psalmist* and the rest, who have described unto us *Eternitie*, we should descend into our selves, keep at home, and stay within. He is a great way from home, from himself and from his own salvation, whosoever hath an eye to that onely which is *Transitorie*,

and forgetteth that which is *Eternall.*

The Lawyers know well enough that a man will not let go his right and title, though it be but in a matter of three halfpence, if it be a perpetuitie, and to be yearly paid for ever. Yea it is thought a great rent if a man be bound to pay though but three farthings yearly to his land-lord, as long as the world endures. In such esteem are perpetuities, though in things little worth, though but three Pepper-corns. If thou art so solicitous and eager in pursuing thy right of three halfpence, how comes it to passe, O man, that thou art so negligent and careless in seeking after the inheritance of an *Eternall* kingdome, which may be had at a few years purchase? Thou fallest out with thy brother for three halfpence, thou goest to law with him, thou makest it a long suit: In the mean time thou sufferest others to carry away the inheritance of the kingdome of heaven. What is the reason? Is it so

little

little worth? is it not worth looking after? It seems, thou thinkeſt ſo; or elſe thou wouldeſt labour for it more then thou doſt. Thou art much cumbred about other things, thou thinkeſt all pains little enough; thou art never weary of ſeeking after them: But as for *Eternitie*, that thou thinkeſt to be a great way off, and therefore thou art ſcarce ever at leiſure ſo much as once to think upon it; or, if thou art any time at leiſure then thou haſt no mind to it. Oh! it is a grievous thing, and very wearisome to be alwayes looking after that which yet is not here ever throughly to be lookt into. Who would trouble his head, and weary his mind about it? We are all for the preſent: Give us preſent poſſeſſion; that is the thing we deſire, that is the thing we delight in; there is ſome content in that.

See our folly and want of diſcretion! What blindneſſe is this, or rather is it not madneſſe, to look for certaintie where none is, and where it is never to look for it?

In

In a busineſſe concerning our temporall and uncertain riches we love to be certain, we will have good ſecurity, which yet at the beſt is very uncertain: But concerning *Eternall* and certain riches, we make our ſelves ſo certain, that we look for no aſſurance; we are ſo ſecure, that we look for no ſecurity, which yet if we would we might have as good as could be deſired. Does any man lend money without a bill or a bond, or a pledge? Every man hath this preſently in his mouth, I love to be certain; I deſire good ſecuritie; I will go ſafely to work; I will not put the matter to hazard. Things preſent and certain, when we hold the balance, alwayes weigh down things future and uncertain. *Better*, ſay we (as the proverb goes) *a one bird in the hand then two in the buſh.* And, *I had rather ſee a wren in the cage, then an Eagle in the clouds.* We are of *Plautus* his mind, we carrie our eyes in our hands, and believe no more then we ſee. What fond and

fooliſh

fooliſh men are we, that ſeek for certaintie of ſuch things as are moſt uncertain, which deceive us moſt when we make our ſelves moſt ſure of them, which make themſelves wings and flie away, whileſt we think we have them faſt enough in our hands! But, be it known unto all Chriſtian people, what aſſurance and ſecurity Chriſt the King of Heaven will give; what aſſurance, I ſay, of *Eternall* life Chriſt will give unto all thoſe that will enter bond for performance of covenants: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments. Si vis ad vitam ingredi, ſerva mandata.* The condition of this obligation is ſuch, that if thou keepeſt the Commandments, thou ſhalt enter into life, life *Eternall*: But if thou breakeſt the Commandments, in as much as thou breakeſt them, then this obligation ſhall be void and of none effect. For whoſoever breaketh one of theſe Commandments, and deferreth his repentance, and doth not the ſame houre

Matth. 19.17.

houre wherein he hath sinned, seek reconciliation and peace with God, whom he hath offended, he is in danger to lose himself and all that he hath, and manifestly hazardeth the *Eternall* salvation both of soul and body. There is but three fingers breadth, or rather but an inch between him and death. For he hath within himself the matter of a thousand diseases and causes of death: And yet rash and foolish man he persisteth and continueth still without fear or wit in the state of damnation; in which state if it should please God to take him away suddenly, he is in danger to perish everlastingly. Is it not a bold and foolish part for a man to adventure all that he hath at a cast, and hazard the losse of *Eternall* riches when he may easily keep them?

If a man should suffer in Hell but so many torments as he hath lived houres, or but so many torments as he hath committed sinnes all his life, this might seem some-

what

what the more tolerable. If it were ſo, that in hell there were any end of torments after the expiration of any certain number of years, men would make no end of ſinning all the dayes of their life: The enemies of God would encreaſe every day more and more. For albeit they know that the torments in Hell are ſo many in number, that they cannot be numbred; ſo long for continuance, that they cannot be meaſured; ſo grievous for qualitie, that they cannot be endured but with ſuch infinite pain, that every minute of an houre ſhall ſeem a whole yeare: Notwithſtanding all this men are nothing deterred from ſinne, but walk on boldly, or rather run headlong to their own deſtruction.

If all the torments that can be inflicted or imagined, ſhould be heaped together upon the head of a man for an hundred years together, they would not come near the puniſhments of Hell for one year, no not for a day, nor yet an houre. All the puniſhments that

Thieves,

Thieves, Robbers, Murderers, and such Malefactours suffer, though grievous for the time, yet they are quickly ended; in three or foure dayes they are over, or in the compasse of a week at most: But the torments of the damned are not for a yeare, or an age, but for ever. God shall ever punish them, because he can never punish them enough though he punish them to all *Eternitie.*

CHAP. I.

Eternitie *doth not onely cut off all comfort and ease, but even all hope also.*

IN this life we have *Hope* for our comforter in all calamities and distresses, which hath a sovereigne virtue to mitigate and asswage all pains and sorrows. And God of his great mercy for the most part in all adversities still leaveth a man some *Hope* of help and succour.

The

The ſick man as long as he lives, he ſtill lives in *Hope*: as long as there is life there is *Hope*. But after this life ended there remaineth to the damned no more any *Hope* of comfort. *Hope* the laſt comforter of all taketh her flight, and *Eternall* deſperation ſeizeth upon them. The Prophet *Daniel* ſpeaketh of an Angel coming down from Heaven, and ſaying, *Hew the tree down and deſtroy it*, cut off her boughs, ſhake off her leaves, and ſcatter her fruit abroad, *yet leave the ſtump of the roots thereof in the earth.* Upon which words ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, The leaves and the fruit are ſhaken off, but the root is preſerved; that is, Delights here are taken from us, and puniſhments are inflicted upon us, but yet *Hope* is not taken away from us. Behold! The root is preſerved, *Hope* is left behind. In Hell it hath no rooting. *Behold the day cometh*, crieth the Prophet *Malachie*, *that ſhall burn them up, ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, that it ſhall leave them neither root nor branch.* Dan. 4. 23. Mal. 4. 1.

And

Job 19.10. And *Job* lamenting, crieth out, *am gone, and my Hope hath he moved like a tree. The Hope,*

Prov. 10.28. *The expectation of the wicked shall perish:* So saith *Solomon.* Therefore whilest there is time and place for *Hope* let us have *Hope*; but let us *Hope* for such things as we ought. All humane things are vain and uncertain: The Heathen Poet tells us so much in these verses,

(*Silius*)

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo
Et subito casu quæ valuere ruunt.

All humane things hang by a slender thred,
What stands most strong is quickly ruined.

We must not therefore place our *Hope*, trust, and confidence in such things. S. *Bernard* sheweth us a better way in these words, *Faith* saith, God hath prepared for the faithfull great and unconceivable good things: And *Hope* saith, He hath reserved them and laid them up for me: And *Charitie* saith in the third place, I make hast, and think

Bernard.

hink it long till I come to them.
True *Hope*, as Saint *Gregorie* affir- Greg.
meth, raiſeth up the mind to the
hought of *Eternitie*, and taketh
way the ſenſe of all outward croſ-
es and troubles. True *Hope* makes
s to underſtand that all worldly
hings are vain, but a *Modicum*,
ut for a moment: But oh that mo-
ent on which all *Eternitie* doth
epend! The day of death, and the
houre of the extreme and laſt ago-
nie is properly that moment, and
hat precious jewel, for buying
whereof the wiſe merchant ſelleth
all that he hath. But few know
he worth of this jewel. About
Eternall ſalvation, ſaith Saint *Hi-* Hierom.
rome, every man is negligent. But
what is the reaſon that men are ſo
negligent in a thing of ſuch great
moment? Poore men! we are trou-
bled with weak and ill eyes. We
ſee well enough near at hand, but
we can ſcarce perceive any thing
afarre off. I do not ſpeak of ſuch as
are come to mans eſtate, or ſuch as
are grown old. Boyes and girles
when they are new taken from
their

their cradle, before they have all their teeth come forth, learn the first elements of vices, they smutch their fingers presently with the soil of covetousnesse; and after a while they have an unsatiable desire after getting riches, they learn to make good markets for themselves; if they meet with a good penieworth, they presently lay hold upon it; their hand is presently in the purse, either laying out for gain, or receiving in gain; they know how to make the best use and advantage of their money; they get an insight into the mysteries of divers trades, they will be talking of merchandise, they will learn good judgement of wines, they will tell you what fashion and cut is in use beyond seas: *Juvenal* the Poet in his Satyres gave these a lash long ago,

This old wives teach boyes in their infancy,
And girles do learn before their A B C.

Hence is the rise,
Of every vice.

Hence

Hence cometh our groſſe ignorance, and forgetfulneſſe of things *Eternall.* Young and old, all do over value their money: but as for Heaven and *Eternitie*, they know not, neither will they underſtand the true worth of them. But let us proceed.

CHAP. II.

Eternitie *is a Sea, and a three-headed Hydra: but it is alſo a Fountain of all joy.*

I Would fain ask thee, O Chriſtian man, whoſoever thou art that heareſt Sermons often, but ſeldome, it may be, with attention and devotion; thee eſpecially fain would I ask one queſtion. Suppoſe thou ſhouldeſt take in hand to lade out all the water in the ſea in to a ſmall river near adjoyning, which runneth back again into the ſea continually as faſt as it is caſt out. Suppoſe thou ſhouldeſt uſe no other ladle but a very ſmal ſpoon to caſt

caſt it out withall. Now tell me How long doſt thou think thou ſhouldeſt be in draining of the ſea? Or again, Suppoſe thou ſhouldeſt draw it out with a bucket as big as an hogſhead, and as faſt as thou draweſt, poure it out into another chanel: Anſwer me, In how many years doſt thou think thou ſhouldeſt be able to draw the ſea drie? To ſit ſcorching and frying in the flames of Hell-fire ſo many years, I know thou wilt ſay, were a grievous and wicked torment: And yet the damned would think it well with them if it were ſo: they would like the condition well, and not think the time long, ſo that they had any aſſurance, that at length their torments ſhould have an end, and not extend to all *Eternitie*.

We reade in Heatheniſh Authours of old time, a thing more ſtrange then true, of a certain *Hydra*, or *Snake*, which (as they feigned) had three heads, and aſſoon as one was cut off, had two ſhoot up in the place thereof. But if this

Hydra

Hydra be any where to be found, it is in Hell; where there is a threefold *Eternitie*, which like the *Hydra* ſtretcheth out her long neck with three heads, that is, *The pain of loſſe*, *the pain of ſenſe*, and *the worm of conſcience* that never dieth. What miſerable and improvident men are we, that having but a ſhort journey to go, but full of dangers all the way, go on notwithſtanding ſo merrily and ſportingly, as if we were walking all the while through a *Paradiſe* or a moſt pleaſant garden, free from all fear of enemies, and in the end of our walk preſently to be received and admitted as Citizens into our Heavenly Countrey, a place of all ſecuritie! For can we be ignorant? if we be, it is our own fault. But we cannot be ignorant that at length we ſhall come to the two gates of *Eternitie*, the one of the bleſſed, the other of the damned: And enter we muſt at one of them; that is certain: at which God knows; it is according as we ſhall behave and carry our ſelves by the way.

Lan-

Laur. Justin. *Laurentius Justinianus*, wondring at the merry madnesse of such travellers, breaks forth into this exclamation, Oh the lamentable condition of mortall men, which go on exulting all the way whilest they are but exiles, or banished men from their own countrey! Let us not settle our minds upon any vain joyes and fond toyes by the way, whilest we are travelling towards our Countrey; but let us so runne our race, that at the end thereof we may obtein admittance in at the gate which is the entrance to *Eternall* blessednesse. God hath indeed created us rather unto joyes and pleasures then unto labours and sorrows, but we are much mistaken both of the time and place: It is not here, it shall be hereafter. Joyes are prepared in Heaven; but none but the good and faithfull servants shall enter into them. And by what means may a man obtein entrance? Knowest thou not what Christ said? *The Kingdome of Heaven suffereth violence: and the violent*

Matth. 11.12.

olent take it by force. Think now thus with thy self, Am I this violent man? Is this the violence here spoken of, To eat, to drink, to rise up to play, to lie down to take my ease? It is not certainly. Fight we must; but it must be the good fight; like Christian champions; Run we must, but so that we may obtein; Strive we must, but to enter in at the strait gate: Labour we must, and offer violence to the kingdome of heaven; but it must be in due time and place: Now whileſt we have time; here, whileſt we are on the way, whileſt we have life and strength, that when we come to the point of death, and so passe the *Horizon* of this world, and depart into another never to return back again; when we shall be translated from time to *Eternity*; then at the last we may have joy for our life past, and hope for that which is to come. Let us labour therefore, let us labour, I say, and offer violence to our selves, fighting against our own froward wills and affections: so shall we ob-

tein by the mercy of God everlasting rest for short labour, and *Eternall* glorie for a few dayes travel.

True and solid joy is not here to be found in vain delights and pleasures, but in heaven, where there is joy and pleasure for evermore. *Jonah 4.6.* *God prepared a gourd, and made it come over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.* And what is all the pleasure, or rather vanitie of this present world? Is it not like *Jonahs gourd* flourishing for a time, and yielding a comfortable shadow? Rich men have their *gourd* also, that is, their riches, under the shadow whereof they rejoyce with exceeding great joy. Drunkards and gluttons have their *gourds* also, that is, great tables and delicious fare, under the shadow whereof they are merry and joyfull. Voluptuous men also have their *gourds* too, that is, their unlawfull pleasures, under the shadow whereof they lie down

and

and ſport themſelves. But (alas!) ſorrow follows after ſuch joy, and ſuddenly overtakes it: Their mirth is ſoon turned into mourning; and their delights and pleaſures end in gall and bitterneſſe. For what became of *Jonahs gourd? God prepared a worm when the morning roſe the next day, and it ſmote the gourd that it withered.* Now tell me, *Jonah*, where is thy *gourd?* what is become of it? Where is now thy exceeding great joy? They are both gone together: Thy *gourd* is withered, and thy joy is ended. Such are our vain delights and pleaſures, ſuch is our joy, rather ſhadows of things then any thing indeed, they paſſe away ſuddenly, and become like *Jonahs gourd* that ſoon withered. The joy of this world is but for a moment, but the joy of the life to come is for all *Eternitie.* Jonah 4.7.

CHAP. III.

Here is declared by a most memorable example, How sweet and precious the taste of Eternitie *is.*

THis knew *Theodorus* very well, one born of Christian Parents; and as it seems he learned it betimes, when for years he was but a youth, but an old man for judgement and discretion. For on a great Festivall day kept throughout all *Egypt*, there being a great feast at his fathers house, and many invited thereunto, when some were eating and drinking, others laughing and playing, and others sporting and dancing, he amidst all these jollities retired himself to his inward closet, finding himself wounded to the heart, but with a chast arrow. For thus he began to expostulate with himself, Unhappy *Theodore!* What would it profit thee, if thou thouldst gain the whole world? Many things thou hast indeed; but canst thou tell how

how long thou ſhalt enjoy them? Thou liveſt in abundance now; thou maiſt feaſt it and make merry, thou maiſt laugh and be fat, thou maiſt rejoice and skip for joy: But art thou ſure how long this ſhall laſt? I ſhould like it well if it would laſt alwayes. But what ſhall I do? Shall I for the enjoying of theſe ſhort and tranſitorie pleaſures and delights deprive my ſelf of thoſe joyes which are *Eternall*? Tell me, *Theodore*, is this according to Chriſtian Religion, to frame unto our ſelves an heaven here on earth, and think to paſſe from delights to delights, from *Temporall* to *Eternall*? Either I am much deceived, or elſe Chriſt ſhewed unto us another way unto the kingdome of heaven, and that is through many tribulations. Therefore have no more to do with worldly vanities, but preferre *Eternall* joyes before *Temporall*. Thus he ſaid, and fell a weeping: So then he retired himſelf into a withdrawing-room, and there proſtrating himſelf upon the earth, he prayed after

this manner, Eternall God, my heart is naked and open before thee: I send up my sighs as humble *Oratours* and *Petitioners* unto thee; I know not what to ask, nor how. Onely this one thing I beg at thy hands, that thou wilt not suffer me to die an *Eternall* death. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and that I desire to be with thee, that I may sing *Eternall* praises unto thee. Lord, have mercie upon me. Whilest he was thus praying in comes his mother on a sudden, and presently perceiveth by the redness and moistness of his eyes that he had been a weeping, and thereupon she saith, My Sonne, what is the matter with thee? Why weepest thou? Why mournest thou? Why keepest thou out of sight to day? Why dost thou not come to the table? The rest are all there: Thy companie is desired: Come away. But *Theodore* answered and said, I pray you, good mother, have me excused: I find my self somewhat ill at stomach, I pray you do not urge me to eat

or

or drink againſt my ſtomach. So with a fair and colourable pretenſe he ſent away his mother. Then being alone he conferred with God & himſelf about *Eternity*, and ſtrictly examined all the courſe of his life, ſaying unto himſelf, What am I? or, What haue I been? How hath it been with me heretofore? or, How ſhall it be with me hereafter, if I loſe my part and fellowſhip in the kingdome of heaven and bleſſed *Eternitie*? There are divers wayes to heaven: Some go one way, ſome another: It is no matter which way we go, ſo we come thither. But becauſe all wayes are not alike, neither are all natures alike, every man ought to chooſe that way which is moſt convenient. There is a ſhort way, and a long; a ſafe way, and a dangerous: If then I be afraid to go a long and dangerous way, there is a ſhorter and a ſafer, which if I ſhall chooſe, without all doubt I ſhall have the Angels for my companions and comforters, and they will rejoyce with me. But my friends will

grieve at it: at the first, it may be; but after a while they will also rejoyce. Well, *Theodore*, deferre a while, but not too long, and do not yield too much. I hope I shall one day grow a strong man, and then I shall be better able to deal with mine enemies, for I shall find those that are strong: But what if they be easie, flattering, fawning, and such as will even weep for me? The truth is, I am most afraid of such. But pluck up a good heart, man, and though by nature thou art flexible and easily moved, yet pray unto Christ and he will make thee strong and immoveable. But what if thy mother falls a weeping, beseecheth thee with her tears trickling down her cheeks? What if she hangs about thy neck, and desires thee to spare thy self? What if she shews thee her breasts which gave thee suck? Will not all these move thee? Here remember what Saint *Hierome* saith, Notwithstanding all these importunities, run with speed unto the Standard

Hierom.

of

of Chriſts Croſſe: It is a virtue and praiſe-worthy to be cruel in ſuch a caſe as this. It is the portion and inheritance of thy mother the Church to ſtand under the Croſſe of Chriſt: So did *Mary* the mother of Chriſt: and ſo muſt thou, if thou wilt have God thy Father in heaven, and the Church thy mother on earth: And ſo thou wilt do, if thou beeſt a true Sonne and no baſtard. But muſt I do it now in my youth, in the very flower of mine age? that's hard. So it is indeed to fleſh and bloud. But experience teacheth it, that God is not well pleaſed with late ſervice: for late ſervices are ſeldome good. Therefore they do well that begin to ſerve God betimes, that ſeek him early, and that remember him in the daies of their youth, and learn to ſubmit their tender necks unto the yoke of Chriſt. But I have been brought up tenderly, I have been fed with dainties: and ſhall I now enter upon a ſtrict and rigid courſe of life, and bid adieu to all my pleaſures? Shall I be able to endure it? I hope I

shall. But, how long? For a year or two? That's not enough: I must go further, and continue to the end, even as long as I live. Therefore weigh and consider the matter well with thy self, before thou resolvest; and either never begin, or else continue to the end. I will by Gods assistance; for I hope he will not leave me alone to strive with these difficulties, which of my self I shall not be able to overcome. But it is a hard matter to strive against custome. I have hitherto lived like a Noble-man and a Freeman: and shall I now live like a poore man, and a slave? or, if I do, how long shall I live so? If I put on the poore mans person, and act in the *Theatre* of this world, when shall I put it off? At the end of the last Act. And how farre is it thither? As long as it is to the last breath. Thy part is not ended till thou art to depart out of this life. If thou once comest forth in the poore mans dresse, there is no putting it off again: Thou must not once think of thy silks, sattens,

and

and velvets: Purple and fine linen thou muſt not wear, untill thou beeſt clothed with the robe of immortalitie and glory. *Theodore*, what thinkeſt thou? ſhalt thou be able to hold out to the laſt Act? I will ſtrive what I can, and comfort my ſelf by the example of other good *Actours* that have gone before me. And whom ſhould I chooſe rather to follow and imitate then Chriſt the Sonne of God, who voluntarily became poore, and made himſelf of no reputation, humbling himſelf above meaſure, to do and ſuffer like a ſervant, being Lord of all? And ſhall not I do and ſuffer any thing after his example? Shall not I take up the Croſſe and follow him? Am I better then he? Why ſhould I be afraid to follow, when I have ſuch a Leader? For who is it? Who bids me follow him? It is the voice of man that I heare; but it is the will of God, whom I ought to obey, becauſe he commands. But this is too high a point of Philoſophie, for a man

to

to forsake his riches, and to embrace poverty. And what wilt thou do, *Theodore?* Resolve with thy self what to do.

Why do I thus long doubt and dispute within my self? Why do I waver thus between hope and fear? Have I not the example of my Lord before mine eyes? Did not he suffer many things not to be uttered? Was not he nailed to the Crosse, and despitefully used? He forsook his heavenly treasures, and came poore into this world. His *birth* and *death* shew it. At his *birth* he wanted a cradle: in his *life* he had not where to hide his head: and at his *death* he had not wherewithall to cover his body. Naked came he into this world, and naked he went out. How was it with him in *life?* He was fain to flee from one place to another. He was often wearied with travel, scorched with heat, and dry for thirst. He was as indefatigable in doing, as he was patient in suffering; and both in an high degree. Was ever any

one

one so well bent to poverty, so patient in labours, and so gentle and mild when he was reproched? And should I be ashamed of such a Leader? Should I blush to be called one of his followers? Shall not I be content to be such as my Lord and Saviour will have me to be? I am ready for love of him to suffer hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, poverty, and such like. I am willing for his sake to be bound, burnt, and cut in pieces. These sufferings are but short, they cannot continue long. But the joyes or torments of *Eternitie* are long indeed: for they shall never have end. Therefore farewell all the world, and the things that are in it, I care not for you, I regard you not; Farewell, I say. But welcome, *Eternitie*, whensoever thou comest: Thou art the onely thing that I seek after; my soul longeth after thee, there is nothing that I desire in comparison of thee.

With the heat of such cogitations his soul was so set on fire, that

that it was inflamed with the love of *Eternitie*, which the blessed shall enjoy in heaven. Therefore he resolved to take leave of his parents, to forsake his riches, and bid adieu to his delights for ever. He did not resolve hastily, but continued in his resolution constantly. He was not soon hot, and soon cold: He was not altered all on the sudden: He did not passe from one extreme to another? He did not strive for the highest pitch at the first, but rose up by degrees, and became one of *Pachomius* his Scholars. You have heard the *Prologue*; But there follows no *Tragedie* after it: For, contrary to the law of a *Tragedie*, we have a sorrowfull beginning but a joyfull ending. He came forth with a *Lacrymæ*, but went off with a *Plaudite*: At his *Intrat* there was weeping for grief, but at his *Exit* there was clapping of hands for joy. Thus have ye heard the life and death of *Theodorus*, whose soul fed as it were upon thoughts of *Eternitie*, and was delighted there-

therewith as with marrow and fatneſſe. He was not of the worlds mind, which counteth *Eternitie* but a fable; but refuſed not himſelf to become a fable and a by-word in the world, being perſwaded fully of a bleſſed *Eternitie*, and earneſtly deſiring and thirſting to have a part in it.

Chriſtian brethren, ſhall I ſpeak a free word but a true? or, not I but *Theodorus*? Moſt men live ſo, as if there were no ſuch thing as *Eternitie*, as if it were but a mere fable and feigned thing. But what do I tell you of *Theodorus*? Will you heare what Saint *Peter* ſaith? 2. Pet. 3. 10. *The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens ſhall paſſe away with a great noiſe, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat, the earth alſo and the works that are therein ſhall be burnt up. Seeing* 11. *then that all theſe things ſhall be diſſolved, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy converſation and godlineſſe?* But where are thoſe men now adayes by whoſe

whose holy conversation and godlinesse a man may judge that they believe Saint *Peter* that the day of the Lord is coming, and that *Eternitie* shall follow after? But if you will not believe Saint *Peter*, heare what truth it self saith, *Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.* Certainly men would not go in at the broad gate of destruction, if they did think they should come out no more, if they did once dream of *Eternitie.* But, as I said before, most men make *Eternitie* but a feigned thing, a witty invention to keep men in aw, and a good honest fable. And yet how many are apt to say, We believe that there is a blessed *Eternitie* after this life, we hope to have part in it, we have a desire and longing after it. But (alas!) how little is their faith! how vain is their hope! how cold is their desire! Present pleasures, money in the hand, the allurements of the flesh steal away the hearts of many,

Matth. 7. 13.

ny, and by little and little make the desire and love of *Eternitie* grow quite cold in them, as if they had drowned and buried it in the grave of oblivion. We heare it often read and preached, *Thus saith the Lord, This is the commandment of the Lord:* And as often as we heare it, we still neglect it. Say the Lord what he will, command what he will, our old way pleaseth us best, *we will walk after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart.* Therefore *thus saith the Lord, Ask ye now amongst the heathen, who hath heard such horrible things?* Had the people which knew no God but known these secrets of *Eternitie*, certainly they never would have contemned and neglected them. Go to now, O ye sonnes of men, *Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hands, and no man regarded; I will also laugh at your calamitie, I will mock when your fear cometh: when your fear cometh as desolation,*

Jerem. 18.12.

13.

Prov. 1.24.

26.

27.

tion, and your destruction comes as a whirlwind, when distresse and anguish cometh upon you, when Eternitie shall suddenly overtake you. If Death seize upon you in this miserable state and condition, there is then no hope of mercy: The gate is presently shut, there is no opening of it: The sentence of condemnation is past, there is no repealing of it, *Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

Matth. 25.41.

Watch therefore, good Christians, watch, I say: The Judge stands at the gate. That may happen in a minute, that you may be sory for for all *Eternitie*. *Antonie* the great in a certain Sermon which he made to his people, spake thus unto them, Dearly beloved brethren, in matters of this life we have a care to make good bargains, we will be sure to have a penyworth for a peny. I lay out, for instance, so much money, and I have the worth of it in wares; I give so many crowns, and I have so many bushels of wheat;

wheat; So many pounds, and I have ſo many quarters of Malt. But we are not ſo wiſe in heavenly matters, we will not give things *Temporall* in exchange for things *Eternall*. *Eternall* life is a thing not worth looking after, we much undervalue it, we will ſcarce give any thing for it, we will not take any pains or labour to obtein it. And yet what is our labour, ſuppoſe the greateſt we can undergo? If it be compared unto life *Eternall* the reward of it, it will not amount to ſo much as one halfpeny in reſpect and reference to a *Million* of Gold. For what ſaith the *Pſalmiſt? The dayes of our life are threeſcore years and ten; and if by reaſon of ſtrength they be fourеſcore years, yet is their ſtrength labour and ſorrow.* But ſuppoſe a man ſhould live an hundred years, to ſpeak with the moſt, and all that while ſerve God zealouſly and faithfully, were it not time well ſpent to gain *Eternitie?* were not the labour well beſtowed to purchaſe a kingdome?

Pſal. 90.10.

I do not mean a kingdome to continue for an hundred years onely, but throughout all ages; not an earthly kingdome, but the kingdome of heaven. Therefore, Christian brethren, be not puffed up with vain glory, be not ambitious after worldly honour, be not wearied out with well-doing, be not cast down with afflictions, do not sink under the burden of the Crosse, but bear it patiently and cheerfully, *rejoicing* with the Apostles *that ye are counted worthy to suffer: For I reckon*, saith S. *Paul*, *that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.* Let no man when he hath forsaken the world, think that he hath forsaken any great matter. For what is earth in comparison of heaven? It is but a *Centre* to the *Circle*, a *Minute* to *Eternitie*, a *Drop* to the *Sea*, and a *Grain* of dust to the *Drie land*. What are our riches? Fading, and uncertain moveables. We are soon taken from them, or they from us. Though with much ado we keep them

Rom. 5.3.

Rom. 8.18.

them as long as we live, yet whether we will or no, we must part with them when we die: we cannot carry them to our graves. Why do we not then make a virtue of a necessitie? why do we not willingly part with them whilest they are ours, seeing that shortly we must part with them whether we will or not, when death attacheth us for a debt due to Nature, and then they can be no longer ours? Why do we not lay them out like good Merchants for the *Margarite* or precious pearl of *Eternall* life? Thus sweetly goes on *Athanasius*: But I must leave him, and draw to a conclusion.

Pachomius was wont, whensoever he felt any unlawfull thoughts or desires arise in his mind, to drive them away with the remembrance of *Eternitie*: and if at any time he perceived them to rebell again, he still repelled them by meditating seriously upon *Eternitie*, the *Eternall* punishments of the damned, the torments without end, the fire that never goes out,

and

and the worm that never dies
And here I will conclude this co
sideration with the exhortation
Pachom. the same *Pachomius*; Before
things, saith he, let us every d
think upon the last day; Let us
time remember *Eternitie*; Let
every minute we have to li
so live as if we lived in fear of ev
lasting torments, that so by th
mercy of God in Jesus Christ
we may for ever escape
them.

To him be glory both now and for ever Amen 2 Pet: 3. 18.

Because man shall go to his ETERNALL *habitation, Ecclus:*
Alas! how vnlike are the houses of ETERNITIE! *One of them we must inhabit: we must either for ever rejoyce in heaven, or for ever burne in hell.*

THE NINTH CONSIDERATION upon *ETERNITIE.*

The first Concluſion.

NO man living is able in word to expreſſe or in thought conceive the infinite ſpace of *Eternitie.* Between a true man and a painted man, true fire and painted fire, there is a great deal of difference: and yet theſe are in ſome kind one like unto another. But between our common fire and the fire of Hell, between the ſorrows of this life and the pains of Hell, there is no compariſon, no proportion at all. For this life and the ſorrows of this

this life are measured by space of *Time*; but the life to come, and the sorrows thereof cannot be measured by any thing but onely *Eternitie*, which also is without measure. This doth our Saviour most elegantly expresse in the Gospel of S. *John* by the Parable of the Vine-branch, *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.* In these words is *Eternitie* briefly and plainly described: for mark the words well; they runne not in the *future*, *He shall be cast forth, and shall wither, and men shall gather them, and shall cast them into the fire, and they shall be burned*: I say they runne not in the *future*, but all in the *present* tense; *He is cast forth and withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, & they are burned. They are burned.* This is the state and condition of the damned, *They are burned*, that is, *always burning*. When a thousand years are past and gone, As it was in the beginning,

John 15.6.

beginning, ſo it is ſtill, *They are burned*: And when a thouſand and a thouſand more yet are gone, As it was, ſo it is, *They are burned*. And if after certain millions of years the queſtion be asked, What is now the ſtate and condition of the damned? What do they? What ſuffer they? How fares it with them? There can be no other anſwer made but this, *They are burned*, ſtill burning, *continually*, *inutterably*, *Eternally*, from one age to another, even for ever and ever. Upon this place excellently ſayth Saint *Auguſtine*, One of theſe two muſt needs be the condition of the vine-branch, either it muſt abide in the vine, or elſe be caſt into the fire: if not in the vine, then certainly in the fire. But that it may not be caſt into the fire, let it ſtill abide in the vine. *Auguſt.*

The ſecond Concluſion.

IF thoſe men which do ſtill continue in their ſinnes, did but

know how near they are unto *Eternitie*, and everlasting torment, if they did consider well with themselves, how that God in a moment, in a breath, in the twinkling of an eye (as we speak) may suddenly take them away in their sinnes, and deliver them up unto death; Then surely, if they had it, they would give all *Spain*, all the treasures of *Asia*, all the gold of *India*, yea all the world to obtain but one houre to confesse their sinnes, to repent them of the same, and to ask God pardon and forgivenesse: They would not, certainly they would not, still hug and embrace their sinnes, they would not every day multiply them as they do, they would not lodge them every night in their bosome, and lye snorting in them. *For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* Though thou losest every thing else in the world, yet, O man, have a care to keep thy soul. It were needlesse here to reckon up a *Catalogue* of the Martyrs of Christ

Matth. 16.27.

Christ in all ages. There are whole books of them in great volumes: they are recorded to all posteritie, and their names shall be had in everlasting remembrance. But the greatest honour that we can do them is to follow their good example, to learn of them Christian fortitude and magnanimity, to fear God more then man, *God which is able to destroy both body and soul in Hell, rather then man which can onely kill the body, but is not able to kill the soul*; to love God more then all the world; to be willing to part with all for Christ, to lay down our lives for Christ, to lose all to save our souls, and gain *Eternity*. I will conclude here with that excellent exhortation of Saint *Augustine*. What then shall we do, brethren? What? What else but whilest we have time amend our lives: where we have done amisse do so no more; become new men: That what is threatned and shall certainly come upon wicked and ungodly men, may not fall upon

Matth. 10.28.

Augustin.

us; not becauſe we ſhall not be, b
becauſe we ſhall not be like un
them. Whatſoever is written
the Scripture, is written for o
learning, it is the voyce of Go
Obſerve and make good uſe
what you reade: Whatſoever
ſuffer in this life is but the gen
rod of our moſt mercifull Fath
who correcteth us here, as
dear children, that we be not to
mented with the damned hereaft
Why then do the light afflictio
of this life ſeem ſo grievous un
us? Why do we even tremble, a
quake for fear, when we do h
heare of them? The moſt grievo
ſufferings of this life, if we judg
aright of them, in compariſon
everlaſting fire, are very ſmall, y
indeed none at all.

The third Concluſion.

AMongſt Chriſtians, God know-
eth, there are a great many,
that either believe there is niether
Heaven

Heaven nor Hell, or elſe if they did truly believe it, would certainly live otherwiſe then they do. As concerning ſuch men, the queſtion may be very fitly asked, *when the Sonne of man cometh, ſhall he find faith upon the earth?* Some there are that would fain be thought to be true believers; They confeſſe it indeed with their mouthes, but diſſemble with their double hearts: If their words may be believed, they may go for true believers; but if their lives be examined, they may be thought to be no better then Infidels. They never think upon *Eternitie*, or very ſeldome; and when they do, they do but think upon it, and there is all; it is gone in a thought, they never weigh well with themſelves what it is, they never ſeriouſly meditate upon it, they never rouſe their underſtanding to be intent upon it, they never bend their wills and affections to ſeek after it, they never imprint it in their deep cogitations that ſo they may remember it. They ſcarce begin to think upon it, but

Luke 18.8.

their minds are presently some
where else, their thoughts go
wandring, their imagination
working upon some what else
And if at any time some sparks
devotion and godly desires arise
their hearts, they are presen
quenched and choked with ca
of this world, with multitude
businesse, with profits or pleasure
and such like. And thus miserab
men they stop their ears and clo
their eyes, and without fear
understanding they run hudwin
in the way that leadeth to *Eterna*
death. It is observed by the ho
Fathers of the Glutton in the Go
pel, that he never lifted up hi
eyes till he was in torments: All his
life long they were shut against
the poore and against all godli-
nesse: He opened them not till he
was in Hell, when it was too late.
And it is no marvel that so many
men runne blind fold to the house
of slaughter, and *Eternall* sorrow:
For the way is very broad and
pleasant, smooth and plain, a man
can hardly go out of it, there is no
fear

ear of losing himself till he comes
o the end thereof. Then he shall
erceive that all the while he was
ravelling, he was quite out of the
ight way: then I say when there
is no returning back again. Many
would like this way well, if there
were no end thereof: For though
it rids merrily, it ends miserably;
and therefore they do wisely, that
leave the great rode, and travell on
in the rough way; that choose ra-
ther to go through briers and
thorns unto an *Eternall Paradise*,
then through a pleasant *Paradise*
to an *Eternall prison*; that re-
solve with themselves to break
through all difficulties, counting
it better to go on weeping and
mourning in the narrow way of sal-
vation, rather then laughing and re-
joycing in the broad way of de-
struction. Most true it is which *Job*
speaketh, *As the cloud is consumed,* Job 7.9.
*and vanisheth away: so he that go-
eth down to the grave, shall come up
no more: He shall return no more to
his house, neither shall his place
know him any more.*

The fourth Conclusion.

WHosoever useth to descend into a deep and serious consideration of *Eternitie*, he will be so farre from living licentiously and wantonly, that you shall hardly ever see him laughing heartily. It hath been observed of as many as have been raised from the dead, and turned again unto life, that they were scarce ever seen to laugh at all. In particular it hath been observed of *Lazarus* of *Bethania* whom Christ loved. He and they as many as have been raised from the dead might truly say with the *Preacher, I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, what doth it?* Not without cause in this doth *Cyril* of *Alexandria* confesse himself to be fearfull; For he saith thus, I am afraid of Hell and the punishments thereof, because they have no end: I am afraid of the devouring worm because it never dieth. *Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would*

Eccles. 2.2.

Deut. 32.19.

would consider their latter end! Whosoever is not bettered by the consideration of *Eternitie* (I dare boldly say, and think I may say it truly) either he hath no faith at all, or if he hath any faith, he hath no heart at all, or at the best it is but an heart that is dead and without all sense. It was the witty saying of a learned man, That marriage was a short and a sweet song, but that it had a long and a dolefull close: So we may most truly say of all the pleasures that we take in sinne, that it is a short and a merrie song, but it ends in mourning and lamentation, or rather it is a song *short* for *time*, and *sweet* for *tune* as long as it lasteth: for it runnes much upon *quavers* and *semiquavers* of *mirth* and *jubilation*. But the *time* suddenly changeth, and the *tune* is altered: for there follows without any *rest* the *larges* and *longs* of *sorrow* and *lamentation*: which cannot be measured by any *time*. For the torments of Hell are *Eternall*.

Oh Eternitie, Eternitie, Eternitie.

The fifth conclusion.

WHensoever we speak of *Eternitie*, we speak alwayes with the least, but we can never speak too much of it. Whatsoever is said comes short of it. No words can utter it, no figures number it, no time can measure it. For *Eternitie* is of this nature, take from it what you will, it is still the same. It is neither increased by addition, nor diminished by subtraction. Suppose there were subtracted from it so many years as there are starres in the firmament, drops in the sea, sands on the shore, leaves on the trees, grasse in the field, motes in the Sunne, dust on the earth: What remains? As much as there was, before the *Subtraction*. Suppose there were so many years added to it: What then is the *Result*? The same that it was before the *addition*.

The

The *totall ſumme* is neither more, nor leſſe, then what it was, that is, *Eternitie.*

As long as God is, ſo long ſhall the damned be tormented. This we have ſhadowed out before by ſome ſimilitudes and reſemblances unto which we will adde one more out of *Bonaventure.* If one of the damned, ſaith he, ſhould weep after this manner, That he ſhould let fall but one tear in an hundred years, and thoſe tears ſhould be kept together ſo many hundred years till they would equall the drops of the ſea: Alas! Alas! (Not to ſpeak of the ſea) How many millions of years muſt needs paſſe before they can make one little river! or if they ſhould at length make a whole ſea of water; yet even then it might truly be ſaid, *Now Eternity beginneth.* And if he ſhould weep again after the ſame manner till he made another ſea; yet then alſo it might be ſaid again as truly as before, *Now Eternitie beginneth:* and ſo on forwards for ever. Let no man

once

once doubt of the truth hereof; for between that which is finite and that which is infinite there is no proportion. But this seems wonderfull and strange unto us, because our imagination cannot conceive it: It cannot reach unto that which is so farre remote; It cannot penetrate into that which is infinite, for that is impenetrable. And this is the reason that our understanding is so hardly drawn to the consideraton of *Eternitie*; because it blusheth in a sort, and is ashamed, or else for indignation cannot endure to tire it self in the search of that which cannot be found out. But let us put away this foolish and shamefull modesty, and let us force our understanding to the due and serious contemplation of *Eternitie*, and let it be our daily exercise to be still meditating upon such similitudes as may in some sort shadow it out, and represent it unto us: And so shall we never do amisse. Say what we can, think what we will, imagine so many millions of millions of years

years as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, we shall still come short of the measure and length of *Eternitie*. The years of *Eternitie* are more, farre more, yea infinitely more. This is certain, and without all controversie.

The Prophet *Daniel* signifieth the incomprehensible dimension and length of *Eternitie* in these words, *They that be wise shall shine as the brightnesse of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousnesse as the starres for ever and ever.* Mark these words, *For ever and ever.* As if he should haue said, No words are sufficient to expresse the nature of *Eternitie*. It is *for ever and ever*: Here is all that I can say of it: Though more might he sayd in respect of its own nature, yet I am not able to say more. Obserue his *Auxesis*, or his *augmentation* of it by *multiplication*; *For ever*, that is, for *Eternitie*: but he thinketh that not sufficient, and therefore he doubles it *and ever*. And yet in the Latine Dan. 12. 3.

it

it is expreſſed more fully, in theſe words, *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetuall Eternities*: Marke here, he ſaith not, *In Eternitatem*, *To Eternitie* barely in the *Singular number*; but *In Eternitates*, *To Eternity* in the *plurall* as if one were not enough: neither doth he reſt here, indefinitely ſaying *To Eternities*, nor yet doth he adde any finite term, becauſe none can expreſſe it, but an infinite, *Perpetuas*, *Perpetuall*; *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetuall* or *Infinite Eternities*. Now if one *Eternitie* is without end, what are two: what are ten? what are an hundred? what are infinite? If we ſhould multiply the great yeare or years a thouſand times, it would not amount to the leaſt fraction of the numberleſſe number of *Eternity*. They ſay that the eighth celeſtiall *Orb* or *Sphere* is moved wonderfull leiſurely beyond all compariſon: For though it be daily wheeled about by the rapid motion of the *Primum mobile*, yet it finiſheth not its own

own proper circuit but once in thirty six thouſand years, and this ſpace of time they call *The great yeare* or *Plato's yeare*. But compare this with *Eternitie*, and it will appear to be but a moment, but an inſtant, but a minute, indeed nothing at all. It is a true ſaying of *Boëtius*, that an inſtant or point of time, and ten thouſand years, compared together keep better proportion, then ten thouſand years and *Eternitie*. But heare what Saint *John* ſaith, *Little children, it is the laſt time*, or *the laſt houre*. And this he ſaid one thouſand ſix hundred years ago. It is moſt true therefore what Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith, Whatſoever hath an end, that thing is but ſhort. *Eternitie* is a *word* conſiſting but of foure ſyllables, but it is a *thing* without end. Therefore ſet thy love upon *Eternitie*. Let Chriſt be thy end, and thou ſhalt reigne with Chriſt without end.

1. John 2. 18.

Auguſt.

The sixth Conclusion.

IT is not to be believed that any man that hath but the least smack of true religion can be so farre carried away by his impotent and unruly passions (if he be not as bad as a beast ruled merely by sense and serving onely his sensuall appetite: For the wicked and ungodly man, even then when he is almost swallowed up in the deep pit, whereinto his sinnes have plunged him headlong, even then, I say, doth but laugh at it, regards it not, is not a jot troubled at it) It is not to be believed, I say, that any man that hath any Religion at all in him, can be so farre carried away by his headstrong and unbridled passions, but if he will spend a part of an houre every day in meditating upon *Eternitie*, yea if he will but once in a week seriously think upon it, he will mend his manners, he will change the course of his life to better, he will certainly become a new man: Of

a proud man he will become humble and lowly; of an angrie man, he will become mild and gentle; of an unclean man, he will become chaſt and continent; ofa drunken man he will become ſober and temperate. He will put on, not the outward but the inward habit of a true religious and godly man. He will become ſuch a one, not in clothes and outward expreſſion, but in heart and inward affection. Neither will he raſhly and unadviſedly, ſleightly and negligently, upon a ſpurt all at once on the ſudden paſſe from one extreme to another: (ſuch alterations are not good, neither will they continue long) But he will again and again weigh the matter well with himſelf, he will conſider well upon it, he will faſten his ſerious thoughts upon it, he will often revolve in mind *Eternitie Eternitie Eternitie*, that ſhall never have end, end never, never end; which ſhall laſt throughout innumerable, incomprehenſible, infinite

nite ages. This will he do with consideration and attention, and often ruminate upon it, as beasts chew the cud. Meat though never so good and wholesome, if it be not chewed in the teeth, prepared in the mouth, digested in the stomach, turned into bloud, and distributed by the veins into all the parts of the body, turns to poison rather then to nourishment, begets all manner of diseases, is retained perhaps sometime in the body, but doth more harm then good, were it great deal better out then in. Even so the thoughts of Death, Judgement, Heaven and Hell are good and wholesome, godly and holy, but none more then the thought of *Eternitie*, which may worthily be called the *Quinteſſence*. But as it is with meat, not the taking of it merely into the mouth, but the good digesting of it in the stomach, the turning of it into good bloud in the liver, and the distributing of it into all the parts by the veins, nourisheth the body: So it is with these precious thoughts of *Death*, *Judge-*

Judgement, Heaven, Hell and *Eternitie*: Not the bare thinking upon them, but serious thinking upon them with our selves, setting apart all cares and wordly distractions, the pondering of them well in our hearts, and the often ruminating upon them, this is it that feedeth and nourisheth the soul. If this be not done, the rest is to little purpose: without this even the reading of the holy Scripture is fruitlesse, the hearing of the word preached is unprofitable. Many heare Sermons often, reade the Scripture over and over again, and yet are little bettered by it, because they do not meditate upon what they have both read and heard. When they heare, what comes in at one eare goes out at the other: when they reade, the eye is no sooner off from the book, but what was read is soon slipt out of memorie. Before they can practice what they have heard or read, they have quite forgotten what they should do. Therefore if we will reade or heare with profit, we must

spend

ſpend ſome time in meditating and pondering with our ſelves what we have read and heard. This leſſon we may learn of the bleſſed Virgin the mother of our Lord, *But Mary kept all theſe things and pondered them in her heart.*

Luke 2. 19.

The ſeventh Concluſion.

FEw or none believe, or elſe do not well underſtand and weigh with themſelves theſe words of Chriſt, *Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Becauſe ſtrait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* This again our Saviour repeats by the mouth of S. *Luke, Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate: For many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* Whoſoever laughs at this faith and therefore will not believe becauſe he doth not ſee when

Matth. 7. 13. 14

Luke 13. 21.

Auguſt.

when that ſhall come to paſſe, which he did not believe, he ſhall bluſh and be confounded, he ſhall be confounded and ſeparated from the bleſſed, he ſhall be ſeparated from the bleſſed and have his portion with the damned.

Hieronymus Platus reports of a certain woman, that hearing *Bertoldus* a powerfull man in the pulpit inveigh very vehemently and bitterly againſt a ſinne, that ſhe knew herſelf guilty of, fell down dead in the Church; and after a while by the bleſſing of God upon the prayers of the Congregation coming again unto her ſelf, related unto them what ſhe had ſeen in this trance, ſaying thus, Me thought I ſtood before Gods tribunall, and threeſcore thouſand ſouls more with me, called together from all the parts of the world, to receive their finall ſentence: And they were all condemned, and adjudged to *Eternall* torments, but onely three. Oh! what a fearfull thing was this! I ſhould hardly believe this womans relation, but that I believe

lieve Chriſts aſſeveration in the
Matth. 7.13. Goſpel, *wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be that go in thereat*: And again, *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* 14. It may ſeem ſtrange to fleſh and bloud that God the Father of mercies ſhould paſs the ſentence of condemnation upon ſo many, I do not ſay threeſcore thouſand, but threeſcore thouſand thouſand: and what man would believe it, were he not perſwaded of the truth thereof, upon the conſideration of the ſovereigne and infinite majeſty of God which is offended; the unutterable malice of ſinne which is committed, and many evident teſtimonies of Scripture by which it is plainly proved? *Job* trembles at it ſaying, *A land of darkneſſe, as darkneſſe it ſelf, and of the ſhadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkneſſe*, or according to the Latine, *where there is no order, and where everlaſting horrour dwelleth.*
Job 10.22.

Saint

Saint *Matthew* affirms as much in the words of our Saviour, *Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire.* Let us conſider theſe things well with our ſelves, and whileſt we have time let us waſh away our ſinnes with the tears of repentance, for fear leſt God ſuddenly ſnatch us away, and give us our portion to drink with hypocrites in the bottomleſſe pit of Hell, where there is nothing but weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, where the worm never dieth, and the fire never goes out, from whence there is no redemption, no redemption, I ſay, and again I ſay, no redemption; No, not any comfort at all, not ſo much as a little drop of cold water. If the godly themſelves, who are in the ſtate of grace and in the favour of God, whoſe minds and wills be good, if they I ſay could ſufficiently conceive from what grievous torments they ſhall be delivered at the day of judgement, and into what unutterable and unconceivable joyes they ſhall enter, without doubt they would uſe no delay, Matth. 25.41.

delay, they would not let an ho
passe, but out of hand they wou
take their leave of all vanitie
forsake the world, and leave t
dead to look after the dead : B
as for themselves, they would
daily and hourely well employ
about their Masters businesse,
wayes studying to please Go
ever lauding and praysing him f
his goodnesse and mercy towar
them, in blessing them in pa
here in this world, and givi
them an assured promise of eve
lasting blessednesse in the world
come, for delivering them fro
the torments of Hell, and givi
them entrance into the joyes
heaven. It is the saying of Sain
Greg. *Gregory*, The evils of this pre-
sent life seem the more hard un-
to us, the lesse we think upon the
good which shall follow hereafter;
And because we consider not the
exceeding great rewards which are
laid up for us, therefore we
count the afflictions of this world
grievous to be born: wheras if
we did lift up our minds, and raise

our

our thoughts to the contemplation of those things which are *Eternall*, and not subject to any change; if we would have an eye unto them and set our hearts upon them, we would certainly count the sufferings of this life, and whatsoever hath an end, to be as nothing; and again, *joy in tribulation* is a song in the night: For although we are outwardly afflicted with the sense of sorrows *Temporall*, yet we are inwardly comforted with the hope of joyes *Eternall*.

Much after the same manner reasoneth S. *Augustine*: If thou wouldest but attend, saith he, unto what thou shalt hereafter receive, thou wouldest count all the sufferings of this present life to be but light, and altogether unworthy of the glory which shall be revealed. For brethren (to speak of the worth of things) for *Eternall* rest a man should be content to undergo *Eternall labour*, and for *Eternall joy* willingly suffer *Eternall sorrow*: But if the labour and sorrow were *Eternall*, when should a man come to rest and *Augustin.*

joy *Eternall*? Therefore upon ne-
ceſſitie thy *tribulation* muſt be bu
Temporall, that ſo at length thou
maiſt receive a *reward* which ſhal
be *Eternall*. For hang up the ſcales,
and put *Eternitie* in one, and
thouſand years in the other: wha
do I ſay, a thouſand years? ye
ten thouſand, yea an hundred thou-
ſand, and yet more, a thouſan
thouſand, they are all too light t
weigh with *Eternitie*; there is n
compariſon between them. An
yet further, to make them mo
light, As they are but *Temporall*
ſo likewiſe they are but *ſhort*, an
of no continuance, they laſt bu
for a few winter-dayes whe
they are at the ſhorteſt, or rathe
but for one day, and that a ſhor
one; the day of this life which i
ſoon paſt, and they are gone
Though a man therefore ſhoul
ſuffer all his life long even to th
laſt breath, though he ſhould ſuf
fer, I ſay, labours, griefs, ſor-
rows, impriſonment, ſcourges, hun-
ger, thirſt all his life long, even t
the laſt breath, yet his ſuffering
ar

are but ſhort, becauſe his life is but ſhort. For *the dayes of our pilgrimage are* but *few*, though *evil*, as *Jacob* told *Pharaoh*. And *Man that is born of a woman is of few dayes*: though as *Job* complaineth, *full of trouble*. And *Behold*, ſaith *David*, *thou haſt made my dayes as an hand-breadth* (And that is but a ſhort meaſure, and yet he goeth further) *and mine age is as nothing before thee*. And as our *life* is *ſhort*, ſo is our *Affliction light*, but it *worketh for us a farre more exceeding and Eternall weight of glory*: when this *ſhort life* and *light labour* is ended, we ſhall inherit *everlaſting life*, an *Eternall kingdome*, and felicity without end: we ſhall be made equall to the Angels, *heirs of God, and joynt heirs with Chriſt*. Oh! For how little labour how great a reward! And again, *Auguſtine* in another place, *The thoughts of God are very deep*. Where is the thought of God? and what is his purpoſe? He letteth the reins looſe for the preſent, but after-

Gen. 47.9. Job 14.1. Pſal. 39.5. 2.Cor.4. Rom 8. 17.

wards he will draw them in. Do not rejoyce and sport thy self, like the fish in the water, which having got the bait in her mouth playeth up and down, but being struck with the hook in the jaws may be pulled up at the fishers pleasure. The time which seems long unto thee is indeed but short, very short. For what is the life of man compared with *Eternitie*? Wouldest thou be patient and long-suffering? Consider Gods *Eternitie*: Dost thou onely consider thine own dayes, which are but few and short, and dost thou think that in them all things shall be fulfilled? That the wicked should be condemned and the godly crowned? Wouldest thou have all these things fulfilled in thy few and short dayes? God shall fulfill them in his own time. God is *Eternall*, God is patient and long-suffering: And thou sayest, But I cannot be patient and long-suffering, because I am not *Eternall*. But thou mayest be if thou wilt: For do but joyn thy heart to Gods

Eter-

Eternitie, and thou ſhalt be *Eternall* with him. If thou beeſt a good Chriſtian, and well inſtructed in the fear of the Lord, thou wilt certainly conclude, God hath reſerved all unto his own judgement. The good and godly men are troubled and afflicted; For God chaſtiſeth them as his own children. But the wicked and ungodly men come into no ſuch trouble and affliction: For God caſteth them off, and condemneth them as aliens. A certain man hath two ſonnes; He chaſtiſeth the one, and letteth the other go without any chaſtiſement: The one, if he goes never ſo little awry, is preſently buffeted, whipped and ſcourged; the other, let him do never ſo ill, he never heares of it, he is not ſo much as once rebuked for it. What is the reaſon? He that is puniſhed, is the fathers heire; and he that goes unpuniſhed, is diſinherited. For what ſhould the father do? He ſees there is no hope of him, and that he is paſt grace, and therefore he lets him alone to do what he

liſteth. But yet notwithſtanding the ſonne which is ever and ano punished for the leaſt offence, wi be ready to bemone and deplore h own caſe, and count his broth happy which goeth unpuniſhed. H will, I ſay, unleſſe God hath give him a wiſe and underſtandi heart, to know what maketh fo his own good. He will be apt t ſay in his heart, My brother fol loweth all ill courſes, taketh hi pleaſure, waſteth his means, dot what ſeemeth good in his ow eyes, is ever breaking my father commandments, and hath never a ill word for it. But the caſe is o therwiſe with me: If I be but ou of ſight never ſo little while, if I go but to the next doore, if I do but ſtep aſide, ſtirre but a foot, bu an inch beyond my bounds, pre ſently I am called in queſtion, Sirrah where have you been? there it no hope of pardon, I am ſure to ſmart for it. This is my caſe. And I ſay, Thou art in a farre better caſe then thy brother; and if thou beeſt not a fool, thou wilt think ſo

ſo too: For in that thou art corrected, it is a ſigne that thou art beſt beloved. If thou thinkeſt onely upon thy preſent ſtate, it cannot but ſeem grievous unto thee: But if thou haſt an eye to the Inheritance which is reſerved for thee, again it cannot but ſeem joyous unto thee. For the aſſurance of thy future reward will quite take away the ſenſe of the preſent ſmart.

Hither may be added out of the ſame holy Father that which followeth, as the ſumme of all that hitherto hath been ſaid. How great and wonderfull is the mercy of God! He ſaith not, Labour thou for ten hundred thouſand years together; nor yet, one thouſand years; nor yet five hundred years. But what? Labour whileſt thou liveſt: it is but for a few years; after that thou ſhalt have reſt, ſuch reſt as ſhall have no end. Conſider this well with thy ſelf, Thou art injoyned to labour but for a few years, and amidſt thy labour art not without ſome joy, not a day

passeth in which thou mayst not receive comfort and consolation. But rejoyce not thou after the manner of the world, but as the Apostle exhorteth, *Rejoyce in the Lord alwayes: and again I say, Rejoyce:* Rejoyce in Christ, Rejoyce in his word, Rejoyce in his law. For it is true which the Apostle saith, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a farre more exceeding and Eternall weight of glory.* Consider what a small price thou art to give, but the husk of an Akorn, for everlasting treasures: The husk of thy short labour for rest *Eternall.* Hast thou joy for a time? Do not trust too much to it. Art thou sad and sorrowfull for a time? Do not despair of joy and comfort. Neither let prosperity puffe thee up, nor adversitie cast thee down. God hath promised unto thee *Eternall life*: Therefore contemne *Temporall felicitie.* He hath threatned *Eternall fire*: Therefore contemne all *Temporall sorrows.*

Phil. 4. 4

2. Cor. 4. 17.

To

To conclude then with the ſame divine authour, Let us therefore be in love with *Eternall life*; and thereby we ſhall come to know how much we ought to labour for the obtaining of it: For we ſee that thoſe men which are lovers of this preſent life, which is but temporall, and ſhall ſhortly have an end, labour with might and main to preſerve and prolong it as long as they can. And yet they cannot eſcape death: For that at one time or other will ſeiſe upon them. All that they can hope for, is but to put it off for a little time. When death approcheth, then every one is labouring and ſeeking to hide himſelf, ready to give and part with any thing that he hath to redeem his life. He ſends for the Phyſician, he will be ruled by him in any thing, he will take any thing at his hands, he will ſuffer any thing, purging, bleeding, cupping, ſcarifying, and what not? You ſee what charge a man will be at, and what pains he will voluntarily endure, to live here

though but for a short time: And yet he will scarce be at any charge, or take any pains, after this life ended to live for ever. Brethren, it should not be so. If there be such labouring and watching, such sending and going, such running and riding, such spending and praying, such doing and suffering, to live here a while longer: What should we not willingly do and suffer to live for ever? And if they be accounted wise, which labour by all means they can to put off death a while longer, being loth to lose a few dayes: What fools are they which live so, that finally they lose the day of *Eternitie!*

Think upon those things well with your selves, O mortall men, and foresee the day of *Eternitie*, whether of joy or of torment before it cometh. For although all other things passe away, yet *Eternitie* still remaineth, and shall never passe away.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The Punishment of Eternall death.

THe *Messenians* had a certain prisonor dungeon under earth void of air and light, and full of Hellish horrour: which as it was a most dismall place, so had it also a glorious title; for it was called the *Treasure-house*. This prison or dungeon had no doores at all to it, onely one mouth, at which the prisoners were let down by a rope, and so it was stopped up again with a great stone. Into this *Treasure-house* was *Philopœmen* that great *Emperour* of *Greece* cast, and there by poison he ended his life. God also hath his *Treasure-house* under earth, if I may so speak: But, I pray you, what a one is it? It is of most wicked and ungodly, desperate and damned men.

Asticolinus a *Tyrant* of *Padua* (as *Jovius* reporteth) had many prisons so infamous for all kind of miseries and torments, that who-

whosoever were cast thereinto counted their life miserie, and their death happinesse. Death might come in there without knocking, he was so welcome unto them, and so long lookt for. For this was their hard usage, They were laden with irons, starved with hunger, poisoned with stench, eaten up with vermine, and so in a most miserable manner they lived, and died at length a long and a lingring death. There every one was judged most miserable but he that was dead and could feel no misery. Whilst they lived it was a punishment worse then death to have their habitation amongst the dead. For the dead bodies lay on heaps rotting amongst the living in such manner that it might be truly said there, That the dead killed the living.

But the very worst of these prisons is a *Paradise*, and a most pleasant place, if it be compared with the infernall prison of Hell. Whatsoever misery was suffered in *Attiolinus* his prison, in this regard it

was

was tolerable, becauſe it was of no long continuance, being to laſt no longer then a ſhort life, and quite vaniſhing away at the houre of death. But the Treaſure-houſe of the damned, which is Gods priſon, is void of all comfort: The torments thereof are intolerable, becauſe they are *Eternall:* Death cannot enter in there, neither can thoſe that are entred get out again: But they ſhall be tormented for *evermore*. For *evermore?* What a fearfull thing is this! They ſhall be tormented for *evermore*. It was a moſt true ſaying of *Caſſidorus*, As no mortall man can apprehend or underſtand what the *Eternall reward* is, ſo neither can any man conceive or imagine what that *Eternall torment* is.

The *Perſians* had a priſon into which a man might enter eaſily, but being once in, could get out no more; or if he did, yet very hardly. And therefore it was called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. It is an eaſie matter to deſcend down into Hell; but to aſcend up again it is altogether im-

impossible. Was ever any heard to return from Hell? This prison of Hell is not without just cause called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. For God is so unmindfull of the damned, that he will *never* remember them to have mercy upon them. Hell is called the *Land* of *Oblivion* or *Forgetfulnesse*, and that for two reasons (as a godly and learned Writer observeth) First, Because, saith he, they remember God no more for their good, neither have they any memory at all of things past, but such as doth afflict and torment them. All their pomp and glory, pleasures and delights, are quite forgotten, or else not remembred without grief and sorrow. Secondly, To those that are in this horrid Region, and lake of fire, God hath forgotten to be gracious, and mercifull, neither will he send his Angels at any time to minister unto them the least comfort: If once in, there is no coming out again. For what said *Abraham* unto the rich Glutton frying in Hell, and desiring him

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to send *Lazarus* to cool his tongue with a drop of water? *Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would passe from hence to you, cannot; neither can they passe to us, that would come from thence.* Oh gulf full of horrour and despair! Oh *Eternitie* of torments, the very thought whereof is able to make a stout man quake and tremble! The wicked and ungodly men dig their own graves, and dwell therein for evermore: But what manner of graves do they dig? They dig as deep as Hell, where the rich Glutton was buried, from whence *he lifted up his eyes in torments, and saw Abraham afarre off, and Lazarus in his bosome,* to his greater torment. Oh what a terrible deep is this! Oh what a fearfull grave is this! Who lieth here? He that suffered *Lazarus* to lie at his gate, having no compassion on him. How is it with him now? He lodgeth in flames of fire in stead of his soft bed: he is scalded with thirst, and his sweet cups are taken from

Luke 16.26.

Luke 16. 23.

from his mouth; his table is removed, and he hath no other food but fire and brimstone; He is not now dancing and exulting for joy, but gnashing his teeth for hellish desperation. They that are shut up in prison here in this world, have hope for their comfort; it may be they shall be delivered, and redeemed out of prison: But from Hell there is no deliverance, no redemption, no not so much as any hope at all, but *Eternall* desperation.

It is a short, but a terrible Sermon that God preacheth by the Prophet *Ezekiel* in these words, *Say to the Forrest of the South, Heare the word of the Lord, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devoure every green tree in thee, and every dry tree: The flaming flame shall not be quenched.* How many tall Cedars, how many wicked and ungodly men flourish and wax green in this life for prosperous successe in all outward things, and yet are dry and withered for want of virtue! Heare this therefore every green and

Ezech. 20. 47.

and yet dry and withered tree. *I will kindle a fire, ſaith the Lord, and the flaming flame ſhall not be quenched.* In Hell, whither you make ſuch great haſt, there are no Holy-dayes, no Feſtivals, no ſet times in which the fire ſhall ceaſe burning. There is *Eternall* grief, *Eternall* death, *Eternall* ſorrow, without the mixture of the leaſt comfort. Night and day there is no reſt, no ſleep at all, but continuall watching and waking for grief and anguiſh, and intolerable torments in everlaſting fire. There ſhall you alwayes have your being, that you may alwayes be tormented: There ſhall you alwayes live, that you may alwayes die. If you will not beleeve me, beleeve Saint *Auguſtine*, whoſe words are theſe, *Auguſt.* The ungodly, ſaith he, ſhall live in torments: but they which live in torments ſhall deſire, if it were poſſible, that their life were ended. But death heares them not, there is none to take away their life: Their life ſhall never end, becauſe their torments ſhall never end.

But

But what saith the Scripture? T
Scripture doth not so much as c
it life. For life is a name of co
fort: but what comfort can th
be imagined in tortures and t
ments, frying and broyling in
verlasting fire? But what doth
Scripture call it? *The second dea*
that is, a death which followe
after the first and naturall de
which is common to all men. B
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not, rather then what it is. As
cannot properly be called a dea
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properly be said ever to die, so aga
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never live. For so to live, that
man shall alwayes live in sorrow
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fore that life is no life: But th
onely life indeed is that life whic
is blessed; and that life onely i
blessed, which is *Eternall*. Again

we have another place in the ſame Father to this purpoſe: If the ſoul liveth in *Eternall* torments, tormented with the unclean ſpirits, this is rather to be called *Eternall* death, then *Eternall* life. For there is no greater or worſe death, then that death which never dieth. *Auguſt.*

Saint *Gregory* alſo giveth the like teſtimony. In Hell, ſaith he, there ſhall be death without death, end without end, becauſe death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth: there death ſhall never die. Oh death, how much ſweeter wert thou, if thou wouldſt take away life, and not compell thoſe to live, who would fain die! But ſo it is: the number of the years in Hell are without number. It paſſeth the skill of the beſt *Arithmetician* to find out the number thereof. God himſelf knoweth no end thereof. After a thouſand thouſand millions of years paſt, there are ſtill as many more to come; and when thoſe alſo are paſt, there are yet as many more to come; and ſtill they are as far from *Gregor.*

the

the last as they were at the first. It is now above five thousand years since *Cain* that slew his brother *Abel*, was cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone: and yet the number of the years throughout which still he is to be tormented, is as great still as it was the first day of his torment; and after certain millions of years, the years of his torments for their number shall be nothing diminished: It shall be all one as if he were cast into the fire but this present houre. And though the rich glutton mentioned in the Gospel, be tormented two thousand years together, yet still he doth burn, and shall burn for ever; neither shall he obtain so much as a little drop of water, though he use never so much intreatie, not so much as a little drop of water to cool his inflamed tongue.

These things we often heare of, and when we heare them, we do but laugh at them. Certainly we count it but a light matter to burn

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in *Eternall* fire. Here a man might well ask the queſtion, *Where are your tears, O mortall men, ye that are given ſo much to laughing?* This is our condition: A ſmall loſſe if it be but a matter of three halfpence, will wring great ſtore of tears from us: But as for an infinite and irrecoverable loſſe, that we can brook eaſily, we can digeſt that with laughter. When we are cited to appear at the barre of an earthly Judge, then we quake and tremble: But as we are going to Gods Tribunall, (for every day we rid ſome of our way, we walk on ſtep after ſtep, will we, nill we; and yet as we are going) we ſport by the way. When we go to ſea, we are afraid of ſhipwrack: But without either fear or wit we lanch into the deep ſea of *Eternitie*, and make but a laughing matter of it.

It is the wiſh of Saint *Bernard*, Oh that men were wiſe! that they were wiſe! Oh that they were wiſe! What then, holy *Bernard*? Oh, then would the image of *Eternitie*

nitie begin to be reformed in them. Then would they order things present wisely, judge of things past understandingly, and foresee things to come providently.

Here we have Saint *Pauls* command to the *Ephesians*, and not his wish onely, for his words runne in the *Imperative Mood*, and not in the *Optative:* Brethren, *see that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the dayes are evil.* The great businesse of our salvation ought circumspectly, diligently, and carefully, to be regarded of us. It is the most foolish thing in the world for a man having but little time allotted him, to spend it prodigally in vain delights, whereas he should like a thriftie merchant imploy it rather for his best advantage, to purchase a portion in blessed *Eternitie.* If we think to gain heaven by sporting, playing, and idling, we are much deceived. To be telling of tales, or giving eare unto them when they are told; to be given to our ease, and spend our

Ephes. 5.15.

16.

our time in idleneſſe; to be calling for our cups, and ſit ſo long at them till we cannot ſtand, This is not to redeem the time. But this is truly to redeem the time, To give our ſelves to labour and ſtudy, prayer and meditation; not for a ſpurt and away, but to hold on in this courſe conſtantly unto the end; This, I ſay, is truly to redeem the time. It is the counſel of Saint *Auguſtine*, to ſteal ſometime from our worldly buſineſſe. Will any man ſue thee at the Common law? Be content, ſaith he, to loſe ſomething, that thou mayeſt be at leiſure to ſerve God, and not follow ſuits: for that which thou loſeſt, is the gaining of time. For as thou giveſt thy money and buyeſt bread; ſo be content to loſe thy money, that thou mayeſt buy reſt, and opportunitie to ſerve God: for this is indeed truly to redeem the time. Auguſt

So ought we to ſpare for no coſt, but willingly part with any thing to gain an opportunitie of doing good,

good, seeing that the dayes are
Anselm. evil. The dayes of this life are full of sorrows, griefs, dangers, and tentations which ever and anon take from us the opportunity of doing good; So saith *Anselm.* But if we let slip the opportunity of doing good when it is offered, and let our dayes consume away in mere purposes of amendment of life, without bringing them to good effect: From thenceforth it is in vain to look for any opportunitie of doing good; we shall not obtain one minute of time; our losse is altogether irrecoverable.
Naz. Our life, saith *Nazianzen*, is like a *Mart*, or a *Fair*: When the day appointed is once over, there is no more buying any commodities. If then we will buy any thing, we must do it quickly, whilest the *Fair* lasts: We must live godly, whilest we have time to live: We must serve God, whilest we are strong and able. The *Preacher*
Eccles. 9.10. often beats upon this, *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.* The *Apostle* often spurs

ſpurs us on to lay hold upon opportunitie, and make good uſe of our time. *As we have therefore opportunitie, let us do good to all men:* For, *now it is high time to awake out of ſleep.* Thou ſleepeſt, ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, but thy time ſleepeth not, it runneth apace, yea it flies with wings. Happie he, happy they that think upon theſe things, to do thereafter; that live ſo, as at the point of death they will deſire to have lived; to do ſuch things as they will rejoyce to have done when they are tranſlated to *Eternitie. A light neglect now will prove an Eternall loſſe.* Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpoke, or done, it is *Eternall*, it abideth for ever.

Gal. 6. 10.

Rom. 13. 11.

CHAP. II.

The reward of Eternall life.

THe life in heaven is life indeed, and the moſt perfect and abſo-

lute life of all others, in that it is *animall*, in that it is *humane*, in that it is *angelicall*, yea in that it is *divine*. There lives the *Memory*, by the perfect remembrance of all things that are past: There lives the *Understanding*, by the knowledge and vision of God: There lives the *will*, and enjoyeth all manner of good, without fear of losing it. In like manner liveth there the *Appetite*, both that which is called *Concupiscible*, and that which is called *Irascible*. There live all the *Senses*, and are filled with delights. There is heard no sighing, no lamentation, no grief or sorrow, nor so much as the least signe thereof. There is the most sincere and pure song of joy, without the mixture of the least drop of the gall of bitternesse and sorrow. Let the *eyes* be silent, they never saw the like; let the *eares* be silent, they never heard the like; let thy *heart* be silent, it could never conceive the like to this life. This life includeth within it self all pleasures, riches, honours, and all the delights of all

lives

lives, ſenſes, and faculties. S. *Auguſtine* as it were ſet on fire with the fervent deſire of this life, breaketh forth into theſe words, How great happineſſe ſhall be there, where there is the preſence of no evil, and the abſence of no good? where we ſhall be continually praiſing God, who is all in all? *Bleſſed are they that dwell in thy houſe: they will be ſtill praiſing thee.* All the faculties of our ſouls, and members of our bodies being made incorruptible, ſhall be ever ſetting forth the praiſe of God. There ſhall be true glory and praiſe indeed, where neither he that doth give praiſe and glory can be deceived, nor he to whom it is given can be flattered. There ſhall be true honour indeed, which ſhall be denied to none that is worthy, nor beſtowed upon any that is unworthy, yea which none that is unworthy ſhall deſire or ſeek after; where none that is unworthy ſhall be permitted to abide. There he which is the giver of virtue, ſhall be the reward thereof: for he hath promi-

Auguſt. de civitate Dei, cap. 30.

Pſal. 84. 4.

ſed himſelf; and what could he promiſe greater and better then himſelf? The Prophet *Jeremie* is witneſſe of this his promiſe, in theſe words, *I will be their God, and they ſhall be my people.* I will be unto them whatſoever with honeſtie can be deſired, I will be unto them life, and health, and food, and plentie, and glory, and honour, and peace, and every good thing: For this is the meaning of theſe words, *God ſhall be all in all*; He ſhall be the end of all our deſires. And one great good there is to be found in that bleſſed Citie of God, which is not elſewhere to be found, and that is this, That no inferiour there ſhall envy his Superiour, but they ſhall be like members of the naturall body compacted together in a friendly and peaceable manner, where the finger deſireth not to be the eye, nor the foot the head, but every member is content with his own place. And a little after ſaith the ſame Father, There ſhall we keep an *Eternall Sabbath* of reſt, and there ſhall

Jere. 31.33.

ſhall we taſte and ſee how ſweet the Lord is, we ſhall be filled with his goodneſſe, when he ſhall be all in all. O God my God! Thou art Love and Charitie, Truth and Veritie, true *Eternitie*, and *Eternall* Felicitie. *Auguſt. de civitate Dei.*

Another ſpeaketh unto this life, by way of *Apoſtrophe*, after this manner, In thee there is no corruption, nor defect, nor old age, nor anger; but perpetuall peace, and ſolemne glorie, and everlaſting joy, and continuall ſolemnitie. There is joy and exultation, there is an *Eternall* ſpring. There is alwayes the flower and grace of youth and perfect health. *Auctor libr. de ſpir. & anima.*

Non eſt in te Herì nec Heſternum;
Sed eſt idem Hodiernum:
Tibi ſalus, tibi vita,
Tibi pax eſt infinita:
Tibi Deus omnia. That is,
Yeſterday was with thee never;
But to day is preſent ever:
Thou haſt peace that ever laſteth,
Health and life that never waſteth:
God is all in all.

Psal. 87. 3. *Glorious things are spoken of thee, O Citie of God.* In thee have their habitation all those that rejoyce: In thee there is no fear, in thee no sorrow. All desires are turned to joyes. Whatsoever a man can wish for is present with thee. Whatsoever can be desired, is in thee in abundance. *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light,* when we shall see thee in thy self, and thee in us, and our selves in thee, living in everlasting felicitie, and enjoying the beatificall vision of thee for ever.

Psal. 35. 8.

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And though this felicitie be everlasting; yet a man may obtain it in a short time, and with little labour. *I have compassion on the multitude,* saith our Saviour, *because they have now been with me three dayes, and have nothing to eat.* Sweet Saviour dost thou count it such a matter for us to abide with thee three dayes, and eat nothing?

Mark 8. 2.

thing? And why, ſweet Jeſus, doſt thou not rather tell us of the dayes of *Eternitie* and the everlaſting joyes wherewith we ſhall be abundantly ſatisfied in the kingdome of heaven? God taketh notice of the leaſt ſervice that we perform, and it is precious in his ſight: He telleth the very hairs of our heads; and much more then will he tell the drops of bloud that are ſpilt for his ſake, and put them up in the bottle of his remembrance.

We may therefore very well cry out with Saint *Hierom*, Oh! How great a bleſſedneſſe is this, To receive great things for ſmall, and *Eternall* things for *Temporall*; and further to have the Lord our debtour! But thou wilt be ready to ſay, It goes hard to be in ſufferings every day; and though all other things might eaſily be endured, yet death is terrible. Chriſtian brother, I am aſhamed to heare thee ſay ſo: it is fooliſhly ſpoken, and like a child. Knoweſt thou not thus much? I know that I *Hierom.*

ascend to descend, flourish to wither, am young to grow old, live to die, and die to live blessed *Eternally*. *Trust* therefore *in the Lord for ever: For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*

Isai. 26. 4.

Again S. *Augustine* comes unto my mind, who upon the words of our Lord saith thus, Our Lord and Saviour concluded with these words, saying, *These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life Eternall.* It is life *Eternall* that is here promised. Because men love to live here upon earth, therefore life is promised unto them: And because they are much afraid to die, therefore life *Eternall* is promised unto them. What wouldest thou have; Life? Well, thou shalt have it. What art thou afraid of? Is it Death? Well, thou shalt not suffer it. But they which shall be tormented in Hell-fire, shall have a desire to die; and death shall flie from them. *To live long* therefore, is no great matter; yea more, *To live alwayes*, is no great matter; but *To live blessed*, that is a thing

Matth. 25. 46.

thing to be desired, that is a great matter indeed.

Therefore thou shalt live in heaven, and shalt never die; There shalt thou live blessed for evermore: for neither shalt thou suffer any evil, neither shalt thou be in fear of suffering; for there it is impossible to suffer any evil. There shalt thou possesse whatsoever thou canst desire; and what thou possessest, thou shalt desire still to possesse. Thou canst not be cast out of possession: And this shall satisfie thee. It was there, that *David* did expect to have his thirst quenched, and his hunger satisfied. *In thy presence is fulnesse of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore:* and again, *My soul thirsteth after thee*, and yet again, *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousnesse: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likenesse.* This is a new and a strange voice for a King: He hath his table well furnished with all kinds of dishes: and yet as if he were hunger-starved he hopes to be be filled

Psal. 16. 11.

Psal. 141. 6.

Psal. 17. 15.

led at anothers table: His own bread and his own wine would not serve his turn, to appease his hunger, or to quench his thirst. There was other bread that he had a mind to, and other liquour that he so thirsted after, the bread of heaven, and the water of life. For what is the plenty and abundance of all the Kings of the earth? It is nothing else but mere want. And what is the daintie fare at their great tables? It is but like the beggers picher, if it be compared with the fatnesse of Gods house, and his heavenly table. Come eat and drink, and be filled my beloved, shall the King of heaven say. This feast of mine shall never be ended; there shall come no sorrow after it: As it is *To day*, so shall it be *For ever* and *ever*. Neither can Saint *Augustine* here contain himself: but he breaks forth again into this exclamation, Oh life of lives surpassing all life! Oh everlasting life! Oh life blessed for ever? where there is joy without sorrow, rest without labour,

bour, riches without losse, health without sickneſſe (there is no such matter in this life) abundance without defect, life without death, perpetuitie without corruptibilitie, beatitude without calamitie; where all good things are in perfect charitie, where all knowledge is in all things, and through all things, where the Majestie of God is seen in presence, where the mind of the beholders is filled with the bread of life: They alwayes behold Gods presence, and still they desire to behold it; they desire to behold it, and yet without anxietie; they are satisfied with it, and yet without satietie.

And that thou maist understand and know, good Christian brother, that this superexcellent glory, these celestiall riches, this heavenly kingdome is to be bought, heare what the same Saint *Augustine* saith; I have to sell, saith God, I have to sell; come and buy it. Lord what is it that thou hast to sell? I have rest: Come and buy it.

it. What is the price of it? The price is labour. And how much labour is *Eternall* rest worth? If thou wilt speak the truth and judge aright, *Eternall* rest is worth *Eternall* labour. It is true indeed; but do not fear: For God is mercifull. For should thy labour be *Eternall*, thou shouldest never attain to rest *Eternall*: But that thou maist attain at length to rest *Eternall*, therefore thy labour shall not be *Eternall*; not but that it is worth so much, but that thou maist at length get the possession of it. Indeed it is worth the price, though it be labour *Eternall*; But that it may be purchased and possessed, it is necessarie that the price thereof be but labour Temporall. Therefore Christian brethren, let us rouse up our selves, and stirre up one another with this exhortation of Saint *Augustine* which here followeth.

August. Let us set before our eyes the life which is *Eternall*, and let us well consider the nature of it, which we shall come the better

to

to understand, by removing from it whatsoever we account troublesome in this life. For it is easier to find what it is not, rather then what it is. And yet it is set to sale. Thou maist buy it, if thou wilt. Thou shalt not need to be much troubled or turmoiled about it, for the greatnesse of the price. The price is whatsoever thou hast, and no more. Never examine what thou hast, but consider what thou art. It is worth thy buying, though thou givest thy self for it. Give thy self, and thou shalt have it. What? Art thou to seek thy self? Art thou to buy thy self? Behold, such as thou art, if thou canst be content to give thy self, thou shalt have it. But thou wilt be ready to say it may be, Alack! I am a wicked man; And such a man perhaps will not be received for good payment: If thou beest not already good, do but give thy self, and by so doing thou shalt become good, and go for current. Do but make a faithfull promise to give thy self; and this shall make thee

good;

good: And being made good thou art a price of thy self good enough: And thou shalt have, as I said, not onely health, safety, life, and such like as shall have an end; but also thou shalt be freed from many miseries: Thou shalt neither be wearied nor stand in need of rest, thou shalt neither hunger nor thirst, neither increase nor decrease, neither grow young nor wax old, because there is no being born there; For there is full growth and stature, and the entire and perfect number of years. There is no number like unto it: For as it hath no need of being augmented, so is there no fear of being diminished: Behold what excellent things are spoken of it! And yet I cannot come neare telling thee what it is, or what good things are treasured up in it: For, as it is written, *Eye hath not seen, nor eare heard, neither hath it entred into the heart of man.* And how should my mouth be able to utter what the heart of man is not able to conceive?

1. Cor. 2. 9.

And because we have gone along through

through S. *Auguſtines* books as it were through ſo many pleaſant gardens, and are now brought at length to the Celeſtiall *Paradiſe*, Let us ſeal and confirm what hitherto hath been ſpoken, by the teſtimonie of the ſame Father. If we were every day, ſaith he, to ſuffer all torments, yea the torments of Hell it ſelf, and that for a long time together, to the end that we might behold Chriſt in his glory, and have communion and fellowſhip with the Saints: were it not worth our pains and ſufferings? Who would not ſuffer any ſorrow, to be made partaker of ſo much good, and ſo great glory? Let the Devils then lie in wait for me, let them aſſault with tentations; let my body be brought down with faſting, let my fleſh be kept under with preſſure; let me be wearied with labours, let my moiſture be dried up with watching; let one man clamour againſt me, let another diſquiet me: let me be bowed together with cold, let me be ſet on fire

with

with heat; let my conscience murmure, let my head ake, let my breast be inflamed, let my stomack be troubled with ventosities, let my countenance wax pale and bleak, let me be full of infirmities; let my life consume away with grief, and my years with mourning; let rottennesse enter into my bones, and let it spring up like a fountain under my feet; Let all these miseries come upon me, so that I may have rest and consolation in the day of tribulation, and ascend up unto the people of the Lord. For, What shall be the glory of the just, and how great shall the joy of the Saints be, when every face shall shine as the Sunne! When the Lord shall begin to reckon up his people in their distinct orders, in his Fathers kingdome; and when he shall render unto every man according to his works, the rewards which he hath promised, that is *Heavenly* for *Earthly*, and *Eternall* for *Temporall*.

Think therefore upon the dayes of old, and call to mind the years which

which are yet for to come. Think upon *Eternitie*, O man, think upon *Eternitie*; Think upon the *Eternitie* of Torment, and the *Eternitie* of Joy, which is to follow after this ſhort life ended, and I dare warrant thee, thou wilt never complain of any adverſitie, thou wilt never let ſlip out of thy mouth ſuch a word as this, *This is too grievous*, or, *This is intolerable*, or *This is too hard*: Thou wilt, I dare ſay, count all things eaſie and tolerable whatſoever can happen in this life, and thou wilt never be better pleaſed then when thou art moſt afflicted.

It is reported by *John Moſchus* of one *Olympius*, an old man of ſingular patience, who lived cloyſtered up in a Monaſterie near unto *Jordan*, that he had his mind ſo bent and fixt continually upon *Eternitie*, that he had ſcarce any ſenſe or feeling at all of any temporall ſorrow or miſerie. For (as he goes on with his ſtorie) Upon a time, as it hapned, a certain religious man turned out of his way to viſit him, and

and finding him in a dark *Cell*, place, as he thought, inhabitable b reason of heat and swarms of gna and other flies, not without muc admiration spake thus unto him And canst thou, *Olympius*, endu to live in such a close room, so ex ceeding hot, and so much presse with gnats and swarms of flies But what did *Olympius* answer And dost thou wonder at this? tell thee, my sonne, all these are but light matters; I count them to lerable, that so I may escape *Eter nall* torments, which are intole rable. I can endure to be stung b gnats, that so I may not feel th sting of Conscience, and the gnaw ing of the worm that never dieth. This heat which thou so complain est of I can suffer easily, when I think upon the *Eternall fire* o Hell, which is unsufferable. These troubles, if I may so call them, are but short, and shall have an end But the torments in Hell are with out end. Whereupon said the other, Certainly, *Olympius*, thou art led by the spirit of wisedome and truth;

truth; ſo wiſely and truely haſt thou anſwered. I would there were more of thy mind, that would think thus ſeriouſly upon theſe things! Then certainly there would be more then there are now a-dayes, that would after thy example patiently ſuffer and endure all things.

CHAP. III.

The Concluſion of all.

Zeuxis the moſt famous for his skill amongſt all the ancient Painters that we have heard of, was obſerved to be very ſlow at his work, and to let no piece of his go abroad into the world to be ſeen of men, till he had turned it over and over, this ſide and that ſide, again and again, to ſee if he could ſpie any fault in it: And being upon a time asked the reaſon why he was ſo curious, why ſo long in drawing his lines, and ſo ſlow in the uſe of his pencill, he made

this answer, I am long a doing whatsoever I take in hand, because what I paint, I paint for *Eternitie*. And thus stands the case with all, we paint also *for Eternitie*. Whatsoever we do, it so belongs unto *Eternitie*, that a man may truely say of it thus, I write, I reade, I sing, I pray, I labour, whatsoever I do, whatsoever I say, whatsoever I think, all is *for Eternitie*. Now if this be the nature of our thoughts, words and deeds, if they shall remain *for all Eternitie*, we had need have a care what we think, speak or do; it concerns us to look about us, to mind our businesse, not to go negligently and sleepily about our work, not to let any thing go out of our hands rude and imperfect, but to polish and perfect it with all the care, skill and industrie that we can use. We paint with *Zeuxis for Eternitie*. When we have done our works, they are presently transmitted to *Eternitie*, to be viewed by a most judicious and all-seeing eye, that no fault can escape; and being viewed and cen-

sure

ſured they are to be committed either to be *Eternally* puniſhed or *Eternally* rewarded. What I have ſaid before I here ſay again, becauſe it cannot be ſaid too often, though I ſhould ſay it a thouſand times; Whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do, once thought, ſpoke or done, it is *Eternall*, it abideth for ever.

Will you heare what S. *Gregorie* ſaith? In all our actions we muſt uſe great care and circumſpection, we muſt well weigh and conſider with our ſelves what it is that we take in hand, and to what end we do it, that our minds be not ſet upon any thing that is *Temporall*, but upon thoſe things which are *Eternall*. Therefore in all thy actions labour to be perfect. Pray for *Eternitie*, ſtudy for *Eternitie*, ſuffer for *Eternitie*, contend for *Eternitie*, labour for *Eternitie*. So live to God, that thou maiſt live with God; So live in Earth, that thou maiſt live in Heaven; So live for *Eternitie*, that thou maiſt live to *Eternitie*. *Greg.*

Here alſo what S. *Bernard* ſaith, Our works do not paſſe away aſ- *Bernard.*

ſoon

soon as they are done (as they may seem to do) but as seeds sown in time they rise up to all *Eternitie*. The foolish man which hath no understanding will wonder to see such a plentifull increase rise up of such little seeds, be it good or be it evil, according to the nature of the seed which is sown. But he that is wise will ponder these things and count no sinne little: For he hath an eye still not to that which is present, but to that which is to come; not to that which is sown, but to that which is reaped; not to that which is done in time, but to that which remains to all *Eternitie*.

Oh the dangerous and miserable madnesse of the sonnes of *Adam*! God created us unto the possession of infinite and *Eternall* goods: And why are we carried then with the whole bent of our affections to those things which are flitting and vanishing? God made us heirs of Heaven and *Eternall* possessions: And why do we so miserably entangle our selves in our vanities,

ties, and run headlong to destruction? Let us be wise in time, let us look well to our steps, let us make speed on the way of *Eternitie*: Let us so live that we may live to *Eternitie*. The way thither is short and narrow, but the Term thereof is very large.

But O miserable and foolish men that we are! We fain would obtain *Eternall* life; but we are loth to tread in the way that leads to it: we fain would be there; but we will not take pains to go thither. Every man desires to be blessed. There is no man, saith Saint *Augustine*, of what condition or degree soever he be, but hath a desire after that life which is blessed for ever: Therefore that life is the common haven at which all men desire to arrive; but all men know not how to steere their course aright: It is a thing which all men without controversie would fain possesse; but how to compasse it, what course to take, which way to go, that is the point they cannot agree upon. We may seek it long

Augustin

long enough upon earth; and it is a question, whether we shall ever find it or no: Not that I condemne the seeking of it, but the not seeking it in the right place. One is of opinion that the Souldiers life is most blessed: but another denies that, and sayes, The life of the Husbandman is most blessed: And again, this another denies, and sayes that the Lawyers life is most blessed; and he gives his reason for it: For the Lawyer is worshipped by the people, and is much sought unto, he is ever taking of fees and pleading causes.

And again, this another denies, and sayes, The Judges life is most blessed: For he hath power of hearing causes and deciding them. And yet again, another denies this, and sayes, The Merchants life is most blessed: For he sees divers countreys, learns many fashions, gathers together much wealth. You see, dearly beloved, in so many severall kinds of lives there is not any one to be found that will

please

pleaſe all. But the life bleſſed for ever, that is it which pleaſeth all.

Bleſſedneſſe therefore is not to be expected here, but is to be ſought for elſewhere, and never to be found out but by a good & godly death. Ungodly men themſelves deſire to die the death of the godly, but they will not live the life of the godly: For to die well is the way to felicitie; but to live well is matter of labour: And yet that is not to be obteined without this. *Eternitie* depends upon death: and there is no dying well without living well. Chooſe which thou wilt, life or death. If thou liveſt well, thou canſt not but die well; and it ſhall be well with thee for ever: If thou liveſt not well, thou canſt not hope to die well; but it will be ill with thee forever.

Not many years ago a man of a good houſe, having more wit in his head then religion in his heart, being asked what he thought of the ſtrict lives of the religious, and the looſe lives of the licentious,

which he esteemed best, answer
thus, I could wish to live like t
licentious, but to die like the re
gious. Some wit there might be
his answer, but I am sure there w
little religion in it. He had spo
like a Christian man if he h
said thus, I desire to live the l
of the religious, that my end m
Num. 23.10. be like his. *Balaam* could say, *L*
me die the death of the righteo
and let my last end be like his. B
he had said a great deal bette
if he had said thus, *Let me li*
the life of the righteous, that I m
die the death of the righteo
and that my last end may be l
his. For whosoever liveth
life of the godly shall be sure
die the death of the godly: A
whosoever liveth the life of t
ungodly shall be sure to die t
death of the ungodly; once
shall die, but that once shall be
wayes, and that alwayes for e
and ever.

A certain Souldier being c
led in question by *Lamachu*
Centurion, for some misdem
no

nour or other committed in the camp, earnestly desired pardon for that once, and promised never to offend in the like kind again: But the Centurion made him this answer, *In bella, bone vir, non licebit bis peccare; Oh Sir, know you thus much, There is no offending in warre twice.* But in death (alas!) there is no offending once: There is no hope of pardon. Once dead, and alwayes dead. He that dies once ill is damned for ever. There is no returning again to life, to amend what was done amisse. There is no appealing from the sentence of condemnation, if it be once passed. As death leaves a man, so judgement findeth him; and as judgement leaves him, so *Eternitie* findeth him.

It is the saying of *Iphicrates*, That it is a shame for an Emperour at any time to say with the fool, *Non putaram*, *I did not think it:* But it is a greater shame for a Christian man to say, *Non putaram*, *I did not think* there had been such a difference be-

tween a chaſte life and a voluptuous life. *I did not think* that *Eternitie* was to follow after this life. *I did not think* that I ſhould have died ſo ſuddenly. Alas! alas! how ſleepily do we go about the buſineſſe of *Eternitie!* whereas the nature of this mortall life of ours is ſuch, that we cannot be certain at any time that we ſhall live for any time, no not ſo much as for one minute; when as we know for certain that we muſt depart from hence, and yet are moſt uncertain at what houre we ſhall depart; and when that houre ſhall come, then alſo we ſhall ſeem not ſo much to have lived as to have poſted unto death in a moment. Here we are but as ſojourners in a ſtrange land, and not as Citizens in our own countrey; we are but Tenants at will, and not Free-holders: Will we, nill we, we muſt depart. *For here we have no continuing Citie, but we ſeek one to come.*

Hebr. 13.14.

Baruch 3.16. The holy Prophet *Baruch* asketh this queſtion, *where are the*

Princes

Princes of the heathen become, and such as ruled the beasts upon the earth, that hoorded up silver and gold, and made no end of their getting? Do they retein and keep their kingdomes and their glory still? Not so: For thus saith the Prophet answering his own question, *They are vanished and gone down to the grave, and others are come up in their steads. They are vanished,* saith the Prophet; For they were but sojourners and no Citizens: *they are gone, and others are come up in their steads:* their houses are let out to others, and they are cast out themselves, and gone down to the grave. But if the question be asked again, *where are the Princes of heaven,* whose dwelling is above the seventh Sphere, where are they? It may be answered likewise, that *They are also vanished, and others are come in their steads*; but they are translated to the kingdome of Heaven, there to abide for ever, without all fear of being dispossessed. 17. 19.

Wisd. 2.8. *Let us crown our selves with Rose-buds*, sing those men of most loose and deplorate lives. Why with Rose-Buds? Because the beauty and smell of them is gone in one day, and they are withered: and such fading crowns do best become those which shall shortly perish. But as for the Blessed, it is not so with them, but they are crowned with jewels and precious stones whose beautie never fadeth. The woman mentioned in the *Revelation* had *upon her head a crown*, not of Rose buds of the garden, nor of jewels of the sea, but *of* the *Starres* of Heaven. As then the heavenly orbs are incorruptible, so likewise they that inhabit them are incorruptible, they are not subject to any change, they are immortall. *The righteous live for evermore.* All worldly things are transitorie, but heavenly things are everlasting. Here are we wearied with labour, but there shall we be refreshed with *Eternall* rest. Why do we seek for rest before our labour is ended?

Wisd. 5.15.

We

We are yet upon the *Stage*; Therefore we must *act* our parts: We have to deal with potent *enemies*; Therefore we must be alwayes prepared *to fight*: We are still in our race; Therefore we must *hold out* to the last. Let us then so *act* our parts, that the *Angels* may rejoyce to be *Spectatours*; let us so *fight*, that we may *winne* the *Crown*; let us so *runne*, that we may *obtein*.

Well saith S. *Gregorie*, If we well consider with our selves what and how great things are promised unto us in heaven, all things on earth will seem vile unto us: For what tongue can sufficiently expresse, or what heart conceive, how great the joyes be in that Citie which is above? Where we shall bear a part in the Heavenly *Quire* with Angels evermore lauding and praysing God; where we shall be in Gods presence, and see him face to face; where we shall behold light incomprehensible; where we shall be in no fear of death; where we shall have *Gregor.*

the privilledge of heavenly Saints and Citizens, to be for ever incorruptible. Me thinks I find my mind inflamed and set on fire whileſt I am ſpeaking of theſe joyes; and me thinks it ſhould ſet on fire all that heare it. Me thinks it ſhould ſo work upon us all, that even now we ſhould moſt earneſtly and ardently deſire to be there, where we hope to be for ever hereafter. But thus much we muſt know, That there is no coming there without much labour. It is not I, but *Paul* the Preacher that ſaith it, *A man is not crowned except he ſtrive lawfully.* Let then the greatneſſe of the reward encourage us and prick us forward; and let not the labour and pains, the ſhort labour and the little pains, hinder us or keep us back. We muſt go on, and we muſt go on with perſeverance: we muſt not ſo much conſider the roughneſſe of the way, as the bleſſed *Eternitie* which is the end thereof. And this, the ſame holy Father declares moſt excellently, ſaying, This is a ſpe-

2. Tim. 2. 5.

ciall

ciall badge and cognizance of the elect, that they know how to carry themselves in the way of this present life in such manner, that by the certainty of hope they are assured that they have atteined unto a great pitch, in as much as they see all transitorie things far beneath them, and for the love of *Eternitie* trample all sublunarie things under their feet. And this is it which the Lord speaketh by the mouth of his holy Prophet, saying unto every soul that followeth him, *I will lift thee up above the high places of the earth.* For as for losses, reproches, povertie, disgrace, and such like, these are, as I may so call them, the lower places of the earth, which the lovers of this world, as they walk through the plain of the broad way, do not love to come near, but keep off as farre as is possible. But as for gain and profit, the fawning and flattering of inferiours, abundance of riches, honours, and places of dignitie, these are the high places of the

earth, which whosoever is worldly-minded, and hath settled his affections on things here below, he, I say, esteemeth highly; because to him they seem great: But whosoever is heavenly-minded, and hath setled his affections on things above, he, I say, esteemeth them not; because to him they seem what they are, that is vile and base. For as it is with a man going up an high mountain, still the higher he goes the lower he sees the earth beneath him: So is it with him whose conversation is in Heaven; The higher he mounts from the earth with the wings of pious cogitations, the farther he flies from the earth with the wing of his affections. He knows that all the glory of this world is nothing; and therefore his thoughts and affections are altogether upon another world. This is the man that is *lifted up above the high places of the earth.*

You have heard what S. *Gregorie* saith: It will not be amisse in the next place to heare likewise what

Saint

Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith. What is that? It is a leſſon worth our learning. That which we muſt loſe, *Auguſt.* ſaith he, one time or other upon neceſſitie, it is wiſdome to diſtribute abroad in time, that we may purchaſe thereby the reward of *Eternitie*. *Moſes* lived long indeed, *Deut.* he lived in health; but at length 34.5. *he died*: *Methuſelah* lived longer then he; but it follows, *And he* *Gen.5.* *died*. This is, or ſhall be every 27. mans Epitaph, *Et mortuus eſt*, *And he died*. *For we muſt needs die,* *2.Sam.* *and are as water ſpilt on the* 14.14. *ground*. But the ſoul is immortall, it is *Eternall*, it ſhall live for ever, either in *Eternall glory*, or elſe in *Eternall torments*. Here our lot is caſt, in which *Eternitie* we ſhall have part, and there is no revoking it. Oh bleſſed *Eternitie*, oh *Eternall* bleſſedneſſe! How comes it to paſſe that ſeldome or never we think upon thee; or, if we do at any time, we do it but upon the by? How comes it to paſſe, that we do not labour more for thee, that we do not ſeek for thee, that we are

not

not ſolicitous for thee. O Lord God, open thou our eyes, that we may ſee and know what *Eternitie* is, both that of glory, and that other of torment, and how infinite both; how bleſſed the one, and how miſerable the other. Thou haſt created us unto thee, thou haſt created us unto *Eternitie*: For thou art *Eternitie*. Thou wouldſt have us be partakers of thy *Eternitie*; Lord, let it be according to thy will. Thou haſt ſaid it; Lord, let it be according to thy Word. Thou haſt promiſed; Lord, make good thy promiſe; Make us partakers of thy *Eternitie*. Grant that we may ſpend the ſhort moment of time granted unto us here in this life, grant, we beſeech thee, that we may ſpend it in ſuch a religious and godly manner, as men that labour for *Eternitie*, contend for *Eternitie*, ſuffer for *Eternitie*. To this end cauſe thy miniſters often to call upon us to think ſtill upon *Eternitie*; make us call one upon another in every place to think upon *Eternitie*, that ſo by thy mercy

mercy we may reigne with thee, O *Eternitie*, and as many as it is possible may be kept from perishing everlastingly. Heare this ye *Christians* all, heare it ye *Pagans*, heare it ye *Kings* and *Princes*, heare it ye *Germanes*, heare it ye *French*, heare it ye *English*, yea let all the world heare it. *There can be no sufficient securitie where there is danger of losing Eternitie.*

Oh long, Oh profound, Oh bottomlesse, Oh *Eternall Eternitie!* *Blessed are they, O Lord, that dwell in thy house: they shall be still praising thee.* They shall praise thee throughout infinite *myriads* of ages. *Psal.* 84.4.

Moses being near unto his death, commending unto God in his prayers his people Israel, and blessing them, thus took his leave of the tribe of *Asher* and said, *Let Asher be blessed with children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oyl. Thy shoes shall be iron and brasse; and as thy dayes, so shall thy strength be. There is none like unto the God of* *Deut.* 33.24. 25. 26.

Jesurun,

Jesurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellencie on the skie. The Eternall God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Thus God stretcheth forth the arms of his power throughout heaven infinitely: and by his arms all the world, all time, and all things in the world are directed, guided and governed. So God from the beginning, yea from the *Eternitie* of his predestination, hath carried in his breast all the godly, and doth protect them daily and hourely, and as it were embraceth them with his arms. Ascend therefore, O my soul, and have no more to do with earth and clay. Stretch forth thy self, and ascend up unto him that rideth upon the heavens, ascend up unto thy God, whose dwelling is in the highest mountains, those mountains of *Eternitie:* There shalt thou sit in safetie, and behold the earth beneath: and so shalt thou plainly perceive how little and of none esteem all things are here below, which now either

either ſolicit thee with love, or terrifie thee with fear; thou ſhalt plainly perceive what a ſmall thing it is, whatſoever is conteined within the *Centre* of the world, that little *globe* or *point* of earth; thou ſhalt plainly perceive how that all things created are vain, weak, ſhort, vile, yea vanitie it ſelf, yea rather mere nothing in reſpect of God and of *Eternitie*. Therefore ſeek thou after the onely true and ſovereigne good, and regard not other things. Truſt in God, relie on him, open thy heart wide to entertein him; tread under the feet of thy affections whatſoever is under the Sunne and Moon, whatſoever allureth thee with ſmiles, or terrifieth thee with frowns; think upon *Eternitie*, and alwayes keep in mind that excellent ſaying of Saint *Hitrome*, No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternall* glory.

It is reported by Saint *Hierome*, that there was upon a time a certain

tain Camel haunted by an ev
ſpirit, which being brought befo
Hilarion a devout and godly ma
began to rage in ſuch a ſtrang
and terrible manner as if it woul
preſently have devoured him: Bu
the Holy man nothing afrai
ſpake thus unto the evil ſpirit
Do not think to fright me, tho
evil ſpirit, although that tho
haſt got a Camel on thy back
it is all one to me whether tho
comeſt in a Camels skinne or i
a Foxes skinne: And preſently
the fierce Camel fell down befor
him, and became very tame an
gentle, to the great laughter of all
thoſe that ſtood by. Such are all
flatteries, fawnings, allurements,
and tentations of this world; ſuch
are all fears, frowns, frights and
terrours. What doſt thou hope
for? what doſt thou fear? what
doſt thou love? He that rideth
upon the Heavens is thy hel-
per; he ſhall embrace thee with
his everlaſting arms. With thoſe
arms of his he is able to fetter
all thine enemies whether they

fawn

fawn or frown upon thee, he is able at a beck to squeeze them in pieces like so many flies, and break them in pieces like a potters vessel. Doth the pleasure then of lust, or gluttonie, or intemperance solicit thee? That is nothing: Be not moved at it, passe it by, regard it not; think rather upon the pleasures which are *Eternall*. Art thou terrified with threats, oppressed with sorrows, passed by with contempt, afflicted with sicknesse, tired out with povertie? All these are a matter of nothing. The more violent these are the shorter while they will last: Despise them, lift up thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh thy help, look up to Heaven, *think upon Eternitie. There shall no evil happen unto the just.* Prov. 12.21.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ, Horat. Carm. lib. 3. Od. 3.
The just man shall not be afraid,
Though heaven fall upon his head.

Therefore the just man is never sorrow-

sorrowfull: no tribulation doth ever assault him. But are not the tribulations of the just many? Yea but yet they make nothing of them. That onely they count evil, which is *Eternall*, which separateth a man from God, as sinne doth, and *Eternall* death which is the wages of sinne. The Preacher of the Gentiles bids us *Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.* Why so? For saith he, *The things which are seen are temporall, but the things which are not seen are Eternall.* The things which are not seen, the things which are *Eternall*, those are the things which are great indeed, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

2. Cor. 4. 18.

But whilest we look onely at the things which are seen, and seldome or never at the things which are not seen, what do we make of our selves but great and foolish boyes? great, but yet foolish; at the best but boyes. If the ice fall out of our hands, we presently fall a crying, and yet that is such a thing

hat we cannot hold long: We are righted at ſhadows, and dream of reat matters: We ſpend our ſelves on ſuch things as not onely ſhall hortly paſſe away for certain, but re already paſſing away: For it is not ſaid, *The figure*, or *the faſhion of this world ſhall paſſe away*, in the *Future*: But, *The faſhion of this world paſſeth away*, in the *Preſent*. It is paſſing away already. As all the goods which we enjoy here are but tranſitory, ſo all the evils which we ſuffer here are but tranſitorie; they cannot continue long. Thoſe things which are not ſeen, and thoſe onely have a permanent ſtate; they know no end, they have no term, they are not ſubject to any change, they are firm, they are immoveable, they are *Eternall*. I repeat it again, what I ſaid a little before; for it deſerves to be repeated a thouſand and a thouſand times; No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternall* glory. 1. Cor. 7. 31. Hieron.

Symphorianus a Chriſtian young man

man after that he was almoſt ſcou
ged to death, as he was dragged t
execution at *Auguſtodunum*, m
his mother upon the way; B
how? Not tearing the hair fro
her head, or rending her clothe
or laying open her breaſts, or ma
king grievous lamentation, as th
manner of fooliſh women is to do
But carrying her ſelf like an Hero
icall and Chriſtian Lady. For ſh
cryed out and called unto her ſon
and ſaid, *Sonne, my ſonne, I ſay
remember life Eternall, look up t
Heaven, lift up thine eyes to hi
that reigneth there. Life is not ta
ken from thee, but is exchange
for a better.* At which words o
his mother the young man was ſo
exceedingly animated, that he wen
willingly to execution, and chear
fully like a ſtout champion laid
down his head upon the block,
and expoſed his throat to the fa
tall ax.

Heare this, O Chriſtians all, and
remember your ſelves. This is th
caſe of every man living; We are
on our way to death; we go not
ſo

ſo faſt, it may be, as *Symphorianus* did; but yet we are all going, and we have not farre to go. The noble armies of Martyrs which are gone before us, they call unto us from Heaven, and ſay as the Chriſtian and couragious mother ſaid unto her ſonne as he was going to execution, *Remember life Eternall, look up to Heaven, and lift up your eyes to him that reigneth there.* Carrie thy ſelf therefore like a *Symphorian*, whoſoever profeſſeſt thy ſelf to be a *Chriſtian*. Do not hang back, be not loth to go, withdraw not thy neck from the yoke, nor thy ſhoulders from the croſſe; be not afraid to ſuffer for Chriſt, be not afraid to die for Chriſt, be not afraid to eat fire, or to devoure the ſword for the name of Chriſt. Here ſhew thy ſelf a man, take good courage, pull up a good heart. And when thou art at any time tempted, when thou art grieved, when thou art made ſorrowfull, when thou art vexed, when thou art deſpiſed, when thou art made a laughing-ſtock, when thou

thou art disgraced, when th
art spoiled of thy goods, wh
it is with thee as it was with
upon the dunghill, or, if it can
worse, then call to minde *Symp*
rian, and a thousand more st
Christians such as he was, & le
of them Christian courage a
magnanimitie, and boldly and fr
ly break forth into these words, a
repeat them often; Whatsoeve
suffer here, it is but a *Modicum*,
is but short. Farewell then all t
world, and all the things tha
are therein: And welcome
to me, thou art wel-
come *Eternitie*.

Of *Eternitie* there is
no
FINIS.

Thomas Col